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November 1920

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE



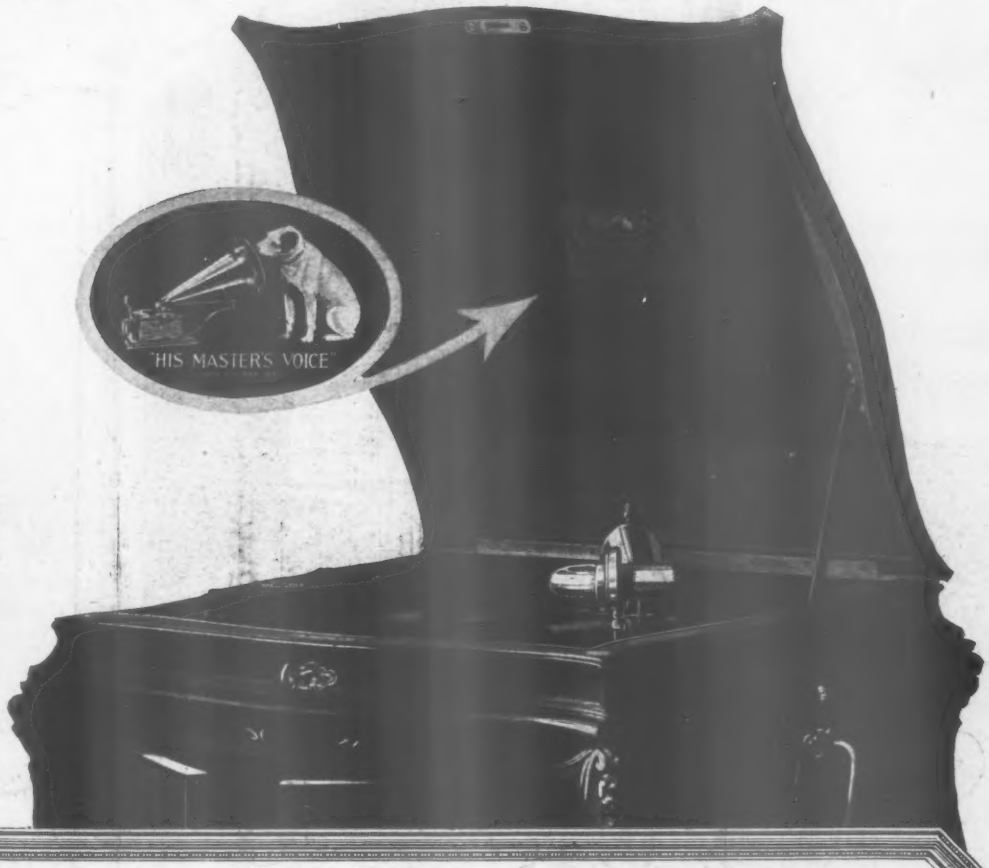


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You can't buy a better typewriter at any price.

Mail the coupon now, for either a Free Trial Oliver or further information.

This Simple Plan Makes It Easy to Own an Oliver

This sales plan is a legacy of the war, which taught us all new economies—ones we won't forget.

By reorganizing our method of distribution, we were able to make a radical reduction in price.

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During the war we learned that it was unnecessary to have great numbers of traveling salesmen and numerous, expensive branch houses throughout the country. We were also able to discontinue many other superfluous, costly sales methods. You benefit by these savings.

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Merely send us the coupon. We ship an Oliver to you. Try it for five days. Then if you agree that it is the finest typewriter at any price, merely send us $4 per month, until the $64 is paid.

If you do not believe that this is the greatest typewriter opportunity, return the Oliver to us, express collect. We even refund the outgoing transportation charges. You have not placed yourself under any obligation to buy.

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This does not place me under any obligation to buy. If I choose to return the Oliver, I will ship it back at your expense at the end of five days.

☐ **Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your book—"The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," your de luxe catalog and further information.**

Name .....

Street Address.....

City..... State.....

Occupation or Business.....

"I put it off—just put it off"

The cost of delay was the fruits of twenty years of his life

Merely changing the names to protect his pride, let us tell his story in his own words.

He had written to the Institute asking for information about the Modern Business Course and Service; and our representative found him in his "office"—a box-like structure eight feet square attached to a ramshackle building which was the "works."

"ALEXANDER Hamilton Institute!" he exclaimed with a pathetic smile. "Will it be any use, I wonder, now that the funeral is over?"

He paused a moment and then went on—

"Six years ago I clipped a coupon to send to the Institute, but—I didn't send it. I put it off . . . . just put it off.

"I was thirty-nine then, with a flourishing business—

and considerable property besides. Now I am forty-five and all I own is the tools out there in the shop . . . . Last week I sent in a coupon—six years late . . .

"You know where the Emerson Store *was*, don't you?" he asked. "Well, I'm it. I'm the bankrupt."

"Lack of experience?" the Institute man ventured.

"On the contrary, I've had a pretty broad experience. I've made money as a retailer, as a salesman and a jobber. And I know the heating and sheet-metal business as well as any man in this country—

"But I didn't know enough

"The National Homes Company built a hundred homes here during the war. I got the contract for the heating and roofing work. It was my big opportunity. But I'd never been thoroly grounded in the fundamentals of business; I didn't understand all the underlying currents that can carry a man forward or hurl him on the rocks.

"Rising material and labor costs got me . . . . The business and $18,000 is gone . . . . And so you see me here today . . . . with one man, and my tools—all that is left after twenty years' work. At home it's pretty tough."

He stopped and lighted his pipe, then his slightly stooped shoulders straightened.

"But it's not too late to begin again," he declared, "and this time I'm going to start right. That's why I sent in the coupon and asked you to call . . . . But what a world of difference it would have made to me," he concluded, "if I'd acted on my impulse six years ago, instead of putting it off!"

Opportunity can either make or destroy

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Some men are ready. They seize their chances and establish themselves for life. Countless other men also seize their chances—men who know enough to handle smaller things but lack absolute knowledge of one or more vital departments of business. So the opportunities that should lift them overwhelm and destroy them instead.

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The Institute has had the privilege of helping thousands of men to be ready for their opportunities.

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YOU may put it off but—

The Institute *urges* no man to accept its training; it wants no man who needs to be urged to consult his own best interests. It takes only an opportunity to lay the full facts of its Modern Business Course and Service before you, leaving you to decide. The facts are contained in a 116-page book entitled "Forging Ahead in Business." It was this book that the man whose story is told above *meant* to send for six years ago. Considering what this training has meant to so many other successful men, isn't it worth while for you to send for it now? It will be sent without obligation.

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Send me "Forging Ahead in Business" which I may keep without obligation.

Name_____

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We can assure all subscribers that their copies are being mailed as early as heretofore, in fact, earlier; any delay in delivery will, therefore, result from causes entirely beyond our control, which not only affect magazine deliveries but delivery of shipments of every description.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY
Vol. XXXVI, No. 1

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

NOVEMBER
1920

Cover Design, painted by Haskell Coffin. *Art Section*, Beautiful Women

The *Best* Serial Novels of the Year

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The Immediate Jewel — By Ben Ames Williams — 58
Illustrated by E. F. Ward

The Yellow Horde — By Hal G. Evarts — 78
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The *Best* Short Stories of the Month

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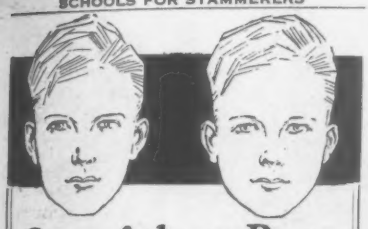
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The World Wanted These Women



Photo by Aimée DuPont



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IT wanted them because there were tasks to be done that only they could do. And they're doing them—superlatively well, as you will learn from the November Green Book Magazine.

For instance, the thousands of friendless children of New York needed a big sister with a heart of gold. This young woman qualified for the job. Her story will go straight to *your* heart.

This woman found her fortune in a can of coffee. She is today recognized as an expert in the trade. How she became that is told you, together with some coffee facts that will be new to you.

The story of the young woman below is a story loaded with human interest. What she has done alone, and is doing for the poor and illiterate in the Kentucky mountains, is an epic of the new womanhood.

The girl opposite came to this country an immigrant child with a kerchief on her head. Today she is the leader of her sex in a profession that until a few years ago was locked and barred against all women.

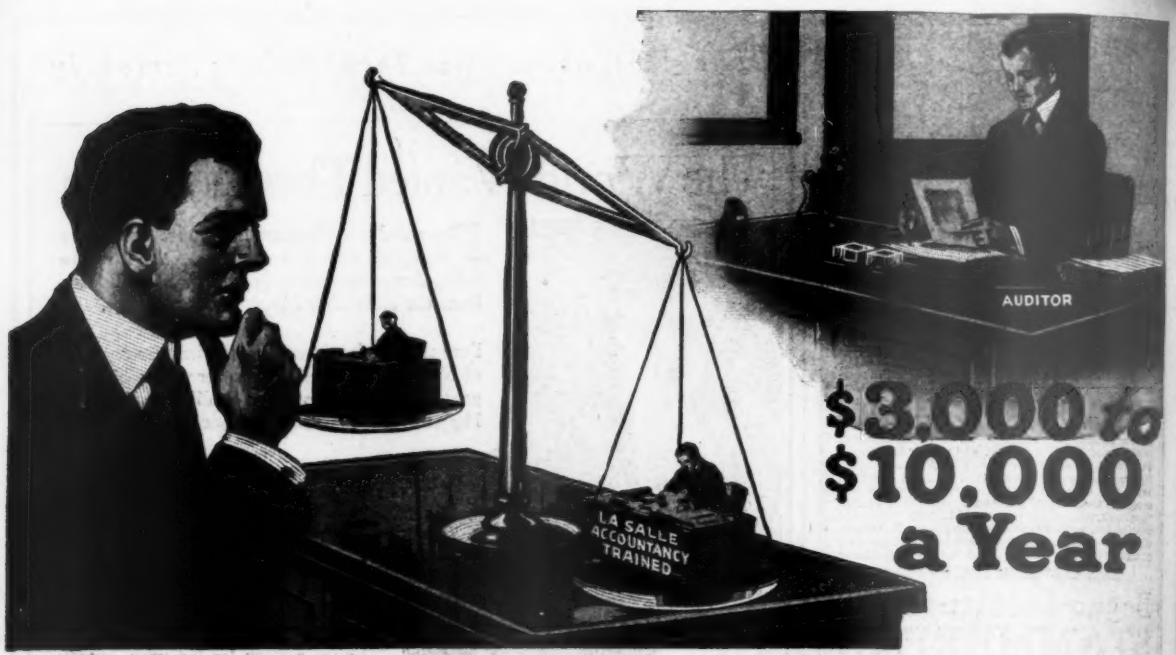
The young woman below discovered one day that paint—wet paint—might be turned into gold and the joy of life for her. So she transmuted it thus. Her story also is in the November Green Book Magazine.

CAPTIVATING FICTION

All of which is to say nothing of the splendid fiction and up-to-the-minute special articles in the November number by E. Phillips Oppenheim, Berta Ruck, Emily Newell Blair, Agnes Laut, Marjorie Greenbie, Arthur Valentine, Helen J. Ferris, Forrest Crissey, Clay Perry, Kate Jordan and others no less distinguished

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A Startling Memory Feat That You Can Do

How I learned the secret in one evening. It has helped me every day

WHEN my old friend Faulkner invited me to a dinner party at his house, I little thought it would be the direct means of getting me a one-hundred-and-fifty per cent. increase in salary. Yet it was, and here is the way it all came about.

Toward the close of the evening things began to drag a bit, as they often do at parties. Finally some one suggested the old idea of having everyone do a "stunt." Some sang, others forced weird sounds out of the piano, recited, told stories, and so on.

Then it came to MacDonald's turn. He was a quiet sort of chap, with an air about him that reminded one of the old saying that "still waters run deep." He said he had a simple "sturt" which he hoped we would like. He selected me to assist him. First he asked to be blindfolded securely to prove there was no trickery in it. Those present were to call out twenty-five numbers of three figures each, such as 161, 249, and so on. He asked me to write down the numbers as they were called.

This was done. MacDonald then astounded everyone by repeating the entire list of twenty-five numbers backwards and forwards. Then he asked people to request numbers by positions, such as the eighth number called, the fourth number, and so on. Instantly he repeated back the exact number in the position called. He did this with the entire list—over and over again, without making a single mistake.

Then MacDonald asked that a deck of cards be shuffled and called out to him in their order. This was done. Still blindfolded, he instantly named the cards in their order backwards and forwards. And then, to further amaze us, he gave us the number of any card counting from the top, or the card for any number.

You may well imagine our amazement at MacDonald's remarkable feat. You naturally expect to see a thing of this sort on the stage, and even then you look upon it as a trick. But to see it done by an everyday business man, in plain view of everyone, blindfolded and under conditions which make trickery impossible, is astonishing, to say the least.

* * * * * * * *

ON the way home that night I asked MacDonald how it was done. He said there was really nothing to it—simply a memory feat, the key to which anyone could easily learn in one evening. Then he told me that the reason most people have bad memories is because they leave memory development to chance. Anyone could do what he had done, and develop a good memory, he said, by following a few simple rules. And then he told me exactly how to do it. At the time I little thought that evening would prove to be one of the most eventful in my life, but such it proved to be.

What MacDonald told me I took to heart. In one evening I made remarkable strides toward improving my memory and it was but a question of days before I learned to do exactly what he had done. At first I amused myself with my new-found ability by amazing people at parties. My "memory-feat," as my friends called it, surely made a hit. Every one was talking about it, and I was showered with invitations for all sorts of affairs. If anyone were to ask me how quickly to develop social popularity, I would tell him to learn my memory "feat"—but that is apart from what I want to tell you.

The most gratifying thing about the improvement of my memory was the remarkable way it helped me in business. Much to my surprise I discovered that my memory training had literally put a razor edge on my brain. My brain had become clearer, quicker, keener. I felt that I was fast acquiring that mental grasp and alertness I had so often admired in men who were spoken of as "wonders" and "geniuses."

The next thing I noticed was a marked improvement in my conversational powers. Formerly my talk was halting and disconnected. I never could think of things to say until the conversation was over. And then, when it was too late, I would always think of apt and striking things I "might have said." But now I can think like a flash. When I am talking I never have to hesitate for the right word, the right expression or the right thing to say. It seems that all I have to do is to start to talk and instantly I find myself saying the very thing I want to say to make the greatest impression on people.

It wasn't long before my new-found ability to remember things and to say the right thing at the right time attracted the attention of our president. He got in the habit of calling me in whenever he wanted facts about the business. As he expressed himself to me, "You can always tell me instantly what I want to know, while the other fellows annoy me by dodging out of the office and saying 'I'll look it up.'"

* * * * * * * *

I FOUND that my ability to remember helped me wonderfully in dealing with other people, particularly in committee meetings. When a discussion opens up the man who can back up his statements quickly with a string of definite facts and figures usually dominates the others. Time and again I have won people to my way of thinking simply because I could instantly recall facts and figures. While I'm proud of my triumphs in this respect, I often feel sorry for the ill-at-ease look of the other men who cannot hold up their end in the argument because they cannot recall facts instantly. It seems as though I never forget anything. Every fact I now put in my mind is as clear and as easy to recall instantly as though it were written before me in plain black and white.

We all hear a lot about the importance of sound judgment. People who ought to know say that a man cannot begin to exercise sound judgment until he is forty to fifty years of age. But I have disproved all that. I have found that sound judgment is nothing more than the ability to weigh and judge facts in their relation to each other. Memory is the basis of sound judgment. I am only thirty-two but many times I have been complimented on having the judgment of a man of forty-five. I take no personal credit for this—it is all due to the way I trained my memory.

* * * * * * * *

THESE are only a few of the hundreds of ways I have profited by my trained memory. No longer do I suffer the humiliation of meeting men I know and not being able to recall their names. The moment I see a man his name flashes to my mind together with a string of facts about him. I always liked to read, but usually forgot most of it. Now I find it easy to recall what I have read. Another surprising thing is that I can now master a subject in considerably less time than before. Price lists, market quotations, data of all kinds, I can recall in detail almost at will. I rarely make a mistake.

My vocabulary, too, has increased wonderfully. Whenever I see a striking word or expression, I memorize it and use it in my dictation or conversation. This has put a remarkable sparkle and pulling power into my conversation and business letters. And the remarkable part of it all is that I can now do my day's work quicker and with much less effort, simply because my mind works like a flash and I do not have to keep stopping to look things up.

All this is extremely satisfying to me, of course. But the best part of it all is that since my memory power first attracted the attention of our president, my salary has steadily been increased. Today it is many times greater than it was the day MacDonald got me interested in improving my memory.



* * * * * * * *

WHAT MacDonald told me that eventful evening was this: "Get the Roth Memory Course." I did. That is how I learned to do all the remarkable things I have told you about. The Publishers of the Roth Memory Course—The Independent Corporation—are so confident that it will also show you how to develop a remarkable memory that they will gladly send the Course to you on approval.

You need not pay a single penny until you have examined the Course and found that it fully lives up to all the claims made for it. Send no money. Merely mail the coupon, or write a letter, and the Complete Course will be sent to you instantly, all charges prepaid. If after examination you decide that you do not want to keep the Course, then return it and you will owe nothing. On the other hand, if you find, as thousands of others have found, that the Roth Memory Course will do wonders for you, then merely send five dollars in full payment.

You have always wanted a good memory. Now you can have it. Remember, you pay no money until you have proved that the Course will benefit you. You have everything to gain and nothing to lose by taking immediate action. So mail the coupon NOW before this liberal offer is withdrawn.

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- ☐ Paragon Shorthand ($5) By Alexander Lichtenter

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An Amazingly Easy Way to Earn $10,000 a Year

Let Me Show You How Free

TO the average man the $10,000 a year job is only a dream. Yet today there are a surprising number of men earning five figure salaries who were merely dreaming of them a short while ago. The secret of their success should prove a startling revelation to every ambitious man who has ever aspired to get into the $10,000 a year class.

There is nothing fundamentally "different" about the man whose salary runs into five figures. He is made of the same stuff as you and I. It is not necessary that he must enjoy the privilege of some influential connections or "pull." For example take J. P. Overstreet of Dallas, Texas. A few short years ago he was a police officer earning less than $1,000 a year. Today his earnings are in excess of $1,000 a month—more than $12,000 a year. C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa., was formerly a railroad employe on a small salary—last month his earnings were $1,562.

Why Salesmen Earn Such Big Pay

Just stop a moment and think over the successful men of your acquaintance. How many of them are connected with some form of selling? If you will study any business organization you will see that the big jobs go to the men who sell, for upon their efforts depend the profits a company makes. Without trained men to place a product on the market, the finest goods are worth no more than so much clay. Salesmen are the very nerve centers of a business. Is it any wonder that they earn big pay?

The man who starts working as a bookkeeper or clerk for $25.00 a week, never increases his value to the firm. Any advance in pay is merely a reward for length of service. At the end of ten years he is no more essential to the life of the organization than he was at the end of ten weeks. He is only a necessary liability—drawing his pay because somebody must be found to work at the unimportant, routine jobs. Once established in the rut, he becomes a cog in the machine—when he is worn out, he can be easily and cheaply replaced.

Why Don't You Get Into the Selling Field?

Mr. Overstreet, Mr. Campbell and the others whose letters you see on this page are all successful salesmen. They realized their ambitions by landing $10,000 jobs in an amazingly simple way, with the help and guidance of the National Salesmen's Training Association. Sometime—somewhere back in the past, each one of them read of this remarkable course of Salesmanship training and Employment Service just as you are reading of it today. Each one of them was dissatisfied with his earning capacity—as perhaps you are—and each one cast his lot with the N. S. T. A. Today they are important factors in the business world—enjoying all the comforts and luxuries money can buy. And yet they are not exceptions, for there are thousands of N. S. T. A. trained salesmen who are making big money, as we will be only too glad to show you if you will mail the coupon.

We Train You and Help You Land a Job

The National Salesmen's Training Association is an organization of top-notch salesmen and sales managers formed for the express purpose of training men in the science of successful selling. You don't need to know the first thing about selling—for the N. S. T. A. trains you from the ground up—gives you a complete insight into selling methods—in your spare time without making it necessary to give up your present position until you are ready to begin actual selling.

In addition to this remarkably efficient course of training, the N. S. T. A. maintains a Free Employment Service to help its Members to jobs in the lines for which they are best suited. This in itself is of incalculable value for it allows the prospective salesman to make a complete survey of the selling field and to select the work which most appeals to him.

Read These Amazing Stories of Quick Success

Earned $524 in Two Weeks

I had never earned more than $60 a month. Last week I cleared $306 and this week $218. You have done wonders for me.—George W. Kearns, 107 W. Park Place, Oklahoma City, Okla.

I Now Earn as High as $100 a Day

I took your course two years ago. Was earning $15 a week clerking. Am now selling many of the largest firms in the U. S. I have earned more than $100 in a day. You secured my position. Our Sales Manager is a graduate of yours.—J. L. DeBonis, 1628 S. Crawford Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Earns $1,562 in Thirty Days

My earnings for the past thirty days are $1,562 and I won Second Prize in March although I only worked two weeks during that month.—C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa.

Earned $1,800 in Six Weeks

As soon as I received a letter from you and your literature, I knew that I was on the right track, and very soon after I applied for a position as a Salesman to one of the firms to whom you informed me were in need of a Salesman and to whom you had recommended me. As soon as they received my Application, which was by mail, they wired me to come for an appointment which I did, with the result being that I sold my services to them in about thirty minutes, took a territory in Illinois and Wisconsin and made a success of it from the very first week.

From that time on I have been what might be termed as a "high pressure" Salesman, selling lines where nine out of ten Order Takers would fail. I have sold goods in a highly successful manner in nine or ten States, both North and South. My earnings for March were over $1,000 and over $1,500 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were $356.00. I travel eleven months out of the year, working five days each week.

The N. S. T. A. dug me out of a rut where I was earning less than $1,000 a year and showed me how to make a success.—J. P. Overstreet, Dallas, Texas.

Salesmen Are Needed—Now!

Get out of the rut! Work for yourself! Salesmanship is the biggest paid of all professions. Just because you have never sold anything is no sign that you can't. We have made Star Salesmen of men from all walks of life, with no previous selling experience. These men have jumped from small pay jobs to big selling positions and handsome incomes. The same training on which they founded their success is open to you. You can follow in their footsteps. Why don't you get in a class with men who make real money? Never before have the opportunities been greater. At least you cannot afford not to investigate the great field of Selling and see what it offers you. It will only cost you a 2 cent stamp and the facts and proof you will receive will surprise you.

Free Book on Salesmanship

Just mail the coupon or write for our free illustrated Book, "A Knight of the Grip," which we will be glad to send without any obligation on your part. Let us prove to you that regardless of what you are doing now, you can quickly become a Star Salesman. Let us show you how you too can step into the ranks of these big money makers of business. See how easily you can learn this fascinating, big pay profession at home in your spare time. Learn what we have done for others and what we stand ready to do for you. Don't put it off until to-morrow—write us to-day. Every hour lost keeps you that much farther from success. Mail the coupon at once.

National Salesmens Training Association
Dept. 22-S Chicago, Ill, U. S. A.

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Please send me without any obligation on my part, your free Book, "A Knight of the Grip," and full information about the N. S. T. A. system of Salesmanship training and Employment Service. Also a list showing lines of business with openings for salesmen.

Name .....

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R. B. 11-20

How I Learned The Knack of Forceful Speaking

One Man's Accidental Discovery of the Most Potent Power in Business and the Quick Advantage It Gave HIM

An Actual Episode in the Writer's Progress

"LET'S go," said Hill, laying on the desk before me a newspaper clipping. "We're sure to have some fun out of it and meet some of the old crowd."

The item was an open invitation to all former residents of the small city that Charlie Hill and I thought of as our "home town" to attend a get-together dinner of former residents of the place.

I was enthusiastic about it and met Hill on the following Friday evening at the hotel where the meeting had been called. Familiar faces were everywhere even before we got to the banquet room. It seemed as if half of the friendly old town had descended on the hotel in a body.

As we finished dinner the chairman rapped for silence and the crowd quieted down expectantly. Speaker after speaker was applauded generously and each one of them had something interesting to say about people or things back home. Hill, myself and a dozen more in our group were enjoying a regular neighborhood reunion when the blow fell.

"We are further honored to have with us tonight," began the chairman and continued with a flattering eulogy of the next speaker. I sat listening eagerly for the name, hoping it would be some old friend that I had not yet seen, when he ended up by looking directly at me, calling me by name and with a wave of his hand indicating that I should rise and say something to my fellow townspeople.



FREDERICK HOUK LAW

LEARN HOW TO

Make a business proposition interesting. Present plans so they will get attention. Give advertising talks. Give sales talks. Talk when making an application for a position. Make a public appeal. Cultivate fluency in speech. Enlarge your vocabulary. Explain things. Be a leader in every conversation. Avoid expressions of annoyance, irritation, anger, opposition. Be brief. Cultivate ease in speech. Give directions. Give demonstration talks. Talk in selling insurance. Talk in selling investments. Use the hands effectively in speaking. Talk when answering a complaint. Talk when asking for a loan. Talk when offering an excuse. Overcome drawling, lisping, stuttering. Cultivate a pleasant voice. Pronounce difficult words correctly.

I was stunned. I hadn't considered even the possibility of such a thing. I had no idea what to say. A thousand things raced through my mind, none of them appropriate. I tried to think of a story, a reminiscence, an anecdote, anything to carry the thing off and get back in my chair. I rose slowly, hands in my pockets, and opened my mouth to speak, hoping that a kind Providence would send me words to use and thoughts to express.

I hate to recall what followed. It is so painful to me that I have made every effort to forget it. Those few minutes are practically a blank in my mind. Hill, who was sitting next to me, told me afterwards that he could not make much out of my remarks and that, through nervousness, I jingled the keys in my pockets so continually while I was on my feet, that it sounded like a sleighbell accompaniment. I know that I sat down abruptly in the middle of a word and didn't look up from my coffee cup for many minutes afterward. It was the most embarrassing moment I have ever known in my life.

Worse yet, I had done myself a terrible injustice. I was perfectly able to talk to a group of men and had done so many a time in business, although looking back on it I realize that I had always thought of the right word just a little too late to use it and never quite got the hand of rounding off the last sentence so that the strongest possible impression was left with my hearers. I was just about average when it came to informal speaking. But the "home town" dinner had been the first time I had been expected to stand up without notice and say something in a voice that could be heard by some two hundred people. I shudder to this day as I think of it, yet the greatest good fortune of my career has sprung from that humiliating occasion.

I wanted to apologize to someone for the embarrassment I had caused my hearers that night, for I knew they suffered with me in my mumbling monologue. I looked up the man who had been chairman at the meeting—a man who had attained a prominent position in the city of our adoption. He asked me to lunch with him very cordially and when I brought up the subject of the weakness that I had shown he interrupted to say that he was glad I mentioned it.

"Never mind apologizing," he continued. "I was on the point of getting in touch with you when you telephoned. I want to tell you something that I have learned in several active years of business during which I have seen men rise and fall and in most cases I have known the inside causes of their success or failure.

"If some experienced man had told me what I am going to tell you I would have been spared many years of almost fruitless effort. I have found that one of the very cornerstones of success in any line is the ability to talk forcefully, concisely, pleasantly and to the point whether it is to one man or to a thousand. Speech is the most important vehicle of the mind. It doesn't matter what you know if you can't tell it in the right way when the time comes, you might just as well not know it. The very intonation of every word is important. In the modern world personality is the groundwork of progress, and personality is chiefly expressed in spoken words. What you say and the way you say it will make or break your career."

Before we parted that day I learned of the work of Doctor Frederick Houk Law, a man who is devoting his life to teaching business men how to talk. He was recommended by the very man who had uncovered my weak point and I got in touch at once with him.

It has only been a few months since I first followed Dr. Law's suggestions, but the results that I can definitely trace to them seem incredible to those who do not realize the tremendous power of trained, forceful speech. Last week I addressed a gathering of 3,000 people at a rally of our firm's employees. I talked as naturally as I am writing this and the point I urged with my hearers was carried unanimously.

I have learned to secure complete attention to what I was saying; to speak with the right inflection and intonation; to make my words and sentences forceful and convincing; how and when to use humor; how to start a talk, and, perhaps as important as anything, when to stop. For more practical, every day use, I have learned how to give directions, to explain things, to give oral reports, to dictate effective letters, and how to be brief as well as fluent. My vocabulary has enlarged so that I am able to select the exact word I want and use it with confidence.

My income has almost doubled, and at the present rate of increase will soon actually do so. The priceless hint that reached me through that most miserable, embarrassing moment of my life has been worth more than ten years of actual business experience to me and its value grows as my prospects widen.

Send No Money

There has developed such a wide demand for Dr. Law's help by men and women everywhere, that he has written a course in eight easy lessons which any one can easily follow with the same results as from his personal course.

The Independent Corporation is so confident that you will see at once the tremendous value of Dr. Law's Course in "Mastery of Speech" that it is willing to send you the entire course on free examination. Send no money whatever. Simply mail the coupon or write a letter and the complete course will be sent you prepaid. You may send it back at any time within five days and you will owe nothing.

If you are pleased with it, as thousands of other men and women have been, send only $5 in full payment. You take no risk, so mail the coupon now before this offer is withdrawn

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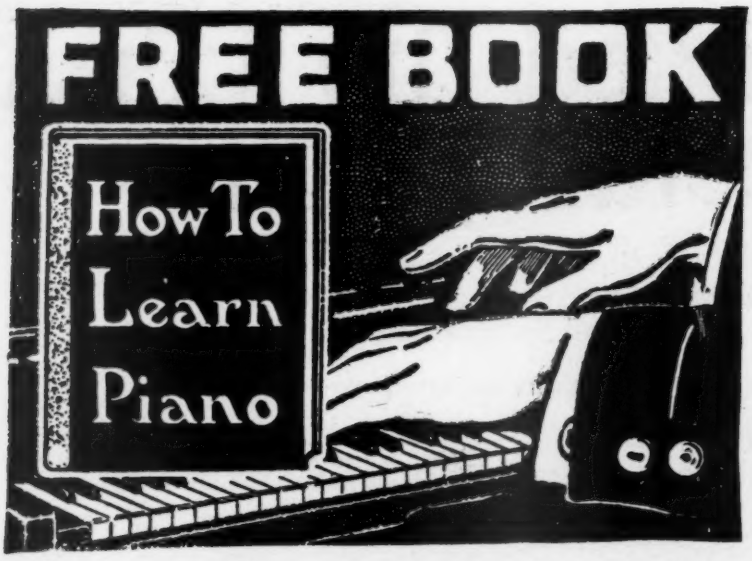
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My free booklet contains the names of scores of accomplished players of piano or organ who obtained their entire training from me by mail. I will give you the names of many others living **near you** whom you can consult if you wish. I have hundreds of students in every state of the Union, in every province of Canada, and in all other countries no matter how remote. They will soon satisfy you that I am not exaggerating when I say that I will teach you in quarter the usual time and at quarter the usual cost. Investigate, is all I ask. Send for free booklet.



I make use of every possible scientific help—many of which are **entirely unknown** to the average teacher. My patented invention, the COLOROTONE sweeps away playing difficulties that have troubled students for generations. By its use, Transposition—usually a "night-mare" to students—becomes easy and fascinating. With my fifth lesson, I introduce another important and exclusive invention, QUINN-DEX. Quinn-Dex is a simple, hand-operated moving-picture device, which enables you to see, right before your eyes, every movement of my hands at the keyboard. **You actually see the fingers move.** Instead of having to reproduce your teacher's finger movements from MEMORY—which cannot always be accurate—you have the correct models before you during every minute of practice. The COLOROTONE and QUINN-DEX save you months and years of wasted effort. They can be obtained **only from me** and there is nothing else anywhere even remotely like them.

Men and women who have failed by all other methods have quickly and easily attained success when studying with me. In all **essential** ways you are in closer touch with me than if you were studying by the oral method—yet my lessons cost you only 43 cents each and they include all the many recent developments in scientific teaching.

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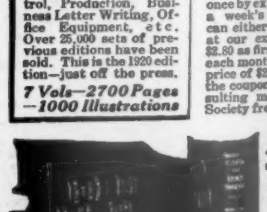
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Col. A. W. Wilke did it one day, and in four years jumped to almost $100,000 a year. J. F. Gibson jumped his earnings from $150 to $800 a month. Let me send you my secret of earning more money, to try five days Free. All you risk is a two-cent stamp

By A. L. Pelton



MY name is Pelton—Albert L. Pelton. Four years ago I was as poor as a church mouse. I was out of a job, $300 in debt, and my wife and two children were living on starvation rations. Yes, I've known the bitterest kind of want.

Today I have money and all that money will buy. I have my own home. I have no worries about high prices of food or clothing or rent.

Even if I never make another nickel, I don't think I will have to worry about money matters.

During the past three years I have been making on an average of over a thousand dollars a week.

That's quite a change from the time I was "on my uppers," isn't it?

Now let me tell you how I did it.

You will probably think I'm funny when I tell you that for twelve years I held in my hand the secret that at last won me riches.

But it's true.

For twelve years I struggled—with gold right in my hand.

It was this way.

I used to sell books—from door to door—eking out a poor man's living.

One of the books I sold was written by Dr. Frank Channing Haddock.

I never thought much about the book—although I sold a few from week to week.

For twelve years I never even took the trouble to read it.

It was called "Power of Will."

I didn't know anything about will power.

What's more, I didn't care.

I thought it might be a good book for fellows who *had* to read it.

But I was too busy earning a living to bother about will-power.

Probably I thought then, as tens of thousands think today, who've heard and read about this great book—that will-power was some myth, or impractical thing for dreamers.

You see—I hadn't analyzed the lives of the world's greatest men then, and discovered that will-power is the mightiest force men have ever known.

I was fooling myself—cheating myself fearfully, as I found out later.

One day I ran across a man who had purchased the book from me a few months back.

He stopped me on the street and said, "Hello, Pelton, say, I'd like to have another copy of that Haddock book,—can you send it up right away?"

I told him I would. Then I asked him casually if he liked it.

What he told me made me go home and *read* the book myself—for the first time since I began to sell it twelve years before.

That same evening I borrowed $300.

The next day I was in New York.

I secured the exclusive selling rights to the book.

Then I spent $150 for a page "ad" in the Review of Reviews magazine.

It brought me about $2000 in cash.

As fast as the money came in I shot it back into advertising.

When I got $2500 in cash I bought a half page "ad" in the Saturday Evening Post.

The first year I spent $50,000 in advertising.

The next year I spent nearly a hundred thousand.

I guess I've spent over half a million dollars since my first $150 "ad," and already 450,000 men and women—including great executives, international diplomats, famous authors, etc., also have taken up this study.

At first some people said I was crazy to advertise that book.

When they found that the book was selling—and that I was spending as high as *$20,000 a month* telling people about it, they said I had more nerve than sense.

But, my friends, all this time I was simply taking my own medicine.

I was telling people that the will was the motive power of the brain—that a strong will could batter down every obstacle to success—that weak will-power could be made strong, as easily as the muscles of the arm could be made strong—and that simply because they didn't *use* their will-power.

I had strengthened my own will and was *using* it when people were calling me "crazy." And it was my *will-power* that people called "nerve."

Anyway, it was the secret of my success. Without it I might still be plodding—still canvassing.

Or even if I had gotten up enough courage to advertise I might have made only a piker's success.

It was my will-power that got me the $300 loan.

It was my will-power that got the exclusive sale of Dr. Haddock's book.

It was my will-power that made me plunge into advertising instead of going slowly.

And finally, it was my will-power that made me say to the public—"Send No Money—Read Power of Will 5 days free. Pay me if you decide to keep it—Send it back if you don't want it."

That was a new sort of proposition to most people. They had nothing to lose—and a lot to gain, if the book was worth while.

So the orders came in by the hundreds—then by thousands.

At times I was 15,000 orders behind—just couldn't print books fast enough.

And letters from readers came pouring in so fast I simply couldn't read them all. Col. A. W. Wilkie of Roscoe, S. D., wrote that one day's study of "Power of Will" netted him $300 cash, and that four years later, by using the methods Haddock formulated, his earnings had risen to nearly $100,000 a year. V. P. Coffin of Rochester, N. Y., wrote, about *one month* after getting the book—"'Power of Will' already has produced an increase of $5,000 a year in my income." J. F. Gibson, of San Diego, Cal., said that since reading "Power of Will" his salary jumped from $150 to $800 a month.

Men like Judge Ben Lindsey, Supreme Court Justice Parker, Asst. Postmaster-General Britt, Governor McKelvie of Nebraska, Senator Capper of Kansas, Secretary of Agriculture Meredith, Governor Ferris of Michigan—and a host of other big men, show the class of leaders who have studied Haddock's methods.

Surely there must be something in "Power of Will" for you, my reader.

It helped me. It has helped half a million others. I could send you a circular mailed with hundreds of letters from readers. But, better still, see the book and read it 5 days *free*.

All you lose, if you don't think "Power of Will" will increase your earnings, is a two cent stamp.

It may make $300 for you next week—it might carry you upwards to $50,000 or $100,000 in a few years—I don't know. I do know it has made a lot of money for its readers.

I do know, too, that if you pass this offer by—if you are a scoffer and a doubter—I will lose only the small profit on the sale of a book—but you—you may lose the difference between peanut money and real money.

It costs only 2c stamp to mail the coupon.

Don't wait 12 years—as I did. You may have gold within your reach and not know it. Send for "Power of Will" *now*. You've seen my ads before—now answer this one and see if this masterful volume doesn't contain the one little push you may need to make your life rosy-red. Begin training your will by sending in the coupon *this very second*.

A. L. PELTON.

Pelton Publishing Co.
31-T Wilcox Block Meriden, Conn.

Pelton Publishing Company
31-T Wilcox Block, Meriden, Conn.

You may send me "Power of Will" at your risk. I agree to remit $4.00 or remail the Book to you in five days.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....



OUT of "the rainbow gleams of her youthful dreams" has come The Great Reward! The happy sequel to all her burning hopes—her eager aspirations! The magazine editor has accepted her story. His letter brings the happy news.

She moves as one in a daze. "Can it really be true?" she asks herself over and over. And all the while she glows with the pride of authorship, her aspiring spirit transformed in the bewilderment of this new triumph. 'Tis life's deepest moment for her.

She has crossed the Golden Rubicon! Enthralled, she stands upon the threshold of a New Life! She is at last—"AN AUTHORESS." The story she has written, filled with fresh, bright realism, stirring incident and sparkling dialogue—written out of her very heart—painted in glowing words upon the Screen of Romance, will be read by thousands!

But yesterday, in her girlish fancy, she deeply envied those who live and move in that fascinating sphere, the Realm of Authorship.

But yesterday her life was a dull, drear grind in a department store. Her girl's soul was slowly shriveling. The drab, grey life was deadening every spark of hope within her. Thinking of her youth and yearnings, she would oft' hopefully repeat to herself these lines from some beautiful book, "It is the Spring! It is the Spring! And Life is so FULL of Flowers! Ah, surely some of them are MINE!" But there was the monotony, the dull servitude, from 8 to 6—it never varied—it went on and on and on—a dumb fate that seemed to stare her in the face forever, just as it might be pictured in a story by O. Henry.

Not that all girls are unhappy who work in stores, but she—she dreamed of higher things. She wanted more out of life than a humdrum existence. Why should Success be a thing OTHERS could attain and not she? She had two good hands and a brain—she was intelligent, observing, and though not a genius, surely she could learn to write stories as good as hundreds she had seen.

One day her sweet-faced little mother noticed a small advertisement in a magazine. It said: "Free to writers—this wonderful book. Tells How to Write Plays and Stories." "Here, Dorothy dear," said Mrs. Dean, "here is something about writing plays and stories. Here's a concern offering a free book on the subject. Why not get it? See what they can do for you. You never can tell—maybe you really CAN learn how to write the way you've dreamed so long, and just think how wonderful that would be!"

The Authors' Press has this young woman's letter on file. She wrote for our free book—and the picture above tells the happy sequel.

This is a true story, as startling as it is romantic, and here is the most startling thing of all—a remarkable discovery that will thrill ambitious men and women of all ages throughout the world! The discovery is that: MILLIONS OF PEOPLE CAN WRITE STORIES AND PHOTOPLAYS AND DON'T KNOW IT!

For years the mistaken idea prevailed that you had to have a special knack in order to write. People said it was a gift, a talent. Some imagined you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. They discouraged attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

Yet only recently a great English literary authority declared that *"nearly all the English-speaking race want to write! It's a craving for self-expression, characteristic of the present century."*

So a new light has dawned that will gladden the hearts of "all the English-speaking race who want to write." Astounding new psychological experiments have revealed that "the average person" may learn to write! Yes, write stories and photoplays; thrilling, human, life-like; filled with heart-throbs, pathos, passion, pain.

You may learn it just as you may learn anything else under the sun! There are certain simple, easy principles to guide you—new methods that produce astonishing results for beginners. A remarkable New System, covering every phase of writing, has been perfected by a great literary bureau at Auburn, New York, which is now busy night and day supplying this information broadcast. And this New Method of writing stories and photoplays is *everybody's property. Not for the select few.* Not for those specially gifted. Not for the rich or fortunate, but for men and women of ordinary education and no writing experience whatever—thousands upon thousands who don't even DREAM they can write!

This institution at Auburn is the world's school for inexperienced authors—a literary institute for all humanity. And EVERYBODY is taking up the idea of WRITING. The fascination has swept the country by storm! People are dumbfounded at the ease with which they learn to write!

Shakespeare said: "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players." Life's stage all around you is filled with people and incidents that will make stories without number. From the great Screen of Humanity and its changing tide of Human Emotions—Love, Hatred, Jealousy, Happiness—you can create endless interesting plots for stories and photoplays. This tide flows on in an Endless Stream of Circumstance—like Tennyson's brook—forever! Every person you know is a type, a character. "Every house has a story." And those who dwell within have impulses, ideas, hopes, fears, fancies that furnish material for you. The daily newspapers are filled to the brim. The Foothights of Fate reflect scenes and incidents for the Pen of Realism.

There is nothing that so dominates the heart and mind as the fascination of WRITING. It gives you a new power, a new magic, that charms all those around you. It lends a new attraction to your entire personality. Authorship carries with it new honors, admiration, respect—in addition to glorious material rewards.

THERE IS A NEW BOOK AWAITING YOU THAT AMAZES EVERY READER—and the most amazing thing of all is—IT'S FREE! This new book is pouring glad sunshine into the lives of aspiring people who want to become writers. Within its covers are revelations for doubting beginners that have caused a sensation everywhere, because it is crowded with *things that gratify your expectations*—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthuse; stories of success, brilliant instances of literary fame coming unexpectedly; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know!

"The Wonder Book for Writers" tells how stories and plays are conceived, written, perfected, sold. How many suddenly realize they can write, after years of doubt and indecision. How the scenario stars began. How they quickly rose to fame and fortune. How ordinary incidents become thrilling stories and plays through these New Easy Methods that simplify everything! How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to really test your natural writing ability. How stories and plays are built up step by step. How to turn Uncertainty into Success.

This book and all its secrets are *yours!* You may have a copy absolutely free. You need not send a penny. You need not feel obligated. You need not hesitate for ANY reason. The book will be mailed to you without any charge whatever.

There is no need to let your laudable ambition stand still—no need to starve the Noble Flame that burns at the Altar of your Dearest Hope—no need to wait, to wish—to merely dream of being a writer. Your golden chance is HERE AND NOW! Get your pencil—use the coupon below.

The Authors' Press, Dept. 136, Auburn, N. Y.
Send me ABSOLUTELY FREE *"The Wonder Book for Writers."* This does not obligate me in any way.

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You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position?

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competion is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. YOU CAN DO IT.

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. We are so sure of being able to help you that we will cheerfully return to you, at the end of ten lessons, every cent you sent us if you are not absolutely satisfied. What fairer offer can we make you? Write today. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

American School of Correspondence
Dept. H-881, Chicago, U. S. A.

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I want job checked—tell me how to get it.

.....Architect $5,000 to $15,000	.....Lawyer $5,000 to $10,000
.....Building Contractor $5,000 to $10,000	.....Mechanical Engineer $4,000 to $10,000
.....Automobile Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Shop Superintendent $3,000 to $7,000
.....Automobile Repairman $2,500 to $4,000	.....Employment Manager $4,000 to $10,000
.....Civil Engineer $5,000 to $15,000	.....Steam Engineer $3,000 to $4,000
.....Structural Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....Foreman's Course $3,000 to $4,000
.....Business Manager $5,000 to $15,000	.....Photoplay Writer $2,000 to $10,000
.....Certified Public Accountant $7,000 to $15,000	.....Sanitary Engineer $2,000 to $5,000
.....Accountant & Auditor $2,500 to $7,000	.....Telephone Engineer $2,500 to $4,000
.....Draftsman & Designer $2,500 to $4,000	.....Telegraph Engineer $2,500 to $5,000
.....Electrical Engineer $4,000 to $10,000	.....High School Graduate In two years
.....General Education In one year	.....Fire Insurance Expert $3,000 to $10,000

Name .....

Address .....



YOU MAY BE A $25,000 MAN

Just what is your salary limit? Do *you* know? Have you ever given yourself the chance to *prove* what you can do? Have you *ever tested* your ability at the one job Business pays big prices for—MANAGEMENT?

Here is a measure for you, and it's the sort to make a man *think*.

Take the business leaders of today—such self-made men as Schwab, Vanderlip, Davison, Willys, Johnston of the Chemical National, Willard of the B. & O. Who in the early days could have laid hand on their shoulders and said, *"There,* gentlemen, are the men who thirty years from now will be the outstanding successes in American business?"

No one on earth could have foretold it—*and they themselves least of all!*

Not in any way were they phenomenal—and they themselves would be last to claim it. Indeed, they were not so greatly different from other young men of their time—except in one particular: They were *preparing* for the big chance, so that when it came it would find them *ready*.

Your Chances Greater

Pause a moment and consider what these pioneers in business self-education were confronted with—and how hard was their path compared with yours.

When these men started, business knowledge was unorganized. Business TRAINING, such as La Salle University offers today, was unheard of. The only way to learn the laws that govern sound management was through one's own experience. The process was slow, and often costly.

Today, the principles and procedure of successful business have been analyzed and charted. Through La Salle Extension University, the man ambitious for promotion can avail himself of the condensed experience of 450 business specialists and successful executives in every department of business.

Today, by the La Salle *Problem Method* of instruction, a man may actually solve, under expert guidance, practical problems lifted bodily from business life; he can steadily progress to a mastery of business fundamentals. No reason today why *any* man of ordinary education, ambitious to succeed, should not be ready for the big chance when it comes!

Big Pay for Men Who Can Manage

Business heads are literally searching the country for men big enough to share their burdens. Not *brilliant* men, they say, but *trained men*—sound thinkers; men who have grasped the fundamental principles and practices of modern business and can apply them quickly and surely to the solution of business problems. Such men often *name their own salaries.*

You can develop *your* ability to manage. Make up your mind *right now* to acquire that broad mastery of business which will enable you to do big things and command big pay. *Aim* for the $25,000 mark. You may not reach it, but there are thousands of lesser places from $5,000 up that you *can* reach. *Someone* is going to fill them. Will it be you or those other fellows who are neck and neck with you to-day—or even behind you?

Get the TRAINING and you will be surprised how steadily ABILITY keeps pace!

Our book, "Mastering the Knack of Management," sums up in a forceful, stimulating way the qualities that go to make the successful executive—shows how *you* can qualify for higher executive and managerial positions. Thousands of men have got from this book an impulse that set them straight on the road to bigger opportunities, greater responsibilities, more money. They read the facts regarding this new profession of management, resolved to qualify—and then they ACTED.

Big opportunities are ahead of *you* in the field of management. Would you *see* them, *analyze* them, *master* them? Show *your* decision, *your* determination to win, by filling in the coupon and mailing it TODAY.

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Please send me catalog and full information regarding the course and service I have marked with an X below:

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With catalog of this course, send me details of your *"Problem Method"* of training for official, managerial, sales and executive positions. Also free copy of book "Mastering the Knack of Management."

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The Largest Business Training Institution in the World



Common Mistakes in Shampooing

Are you giving Packer's Tar Soap a chance to render FULL co-operation?

ONE of the very *commonest* mistakes, of course, is in not being *systematic*. Do you use Packer's Tar Soap regularly?

Unless you shampoo systematically you can hardly expect to get *all* the benefit from your "Packer" shampoo.

Another common mistake in shampooing consists in working the lather into the scalp but *once* during the shampoo.

It is true, a single application of the clean-smelling, pine-tar lather of Packer's Tar Soap is delightfully cleansing and invigorating. However, dermatologists say that rinsing and working up a second lather is worth the little extra effort, in order to get the additional benefit after the pores of the scalp have once been opened.

And right here a word or two regarding the *manner* of working up the lather in shampooing. A common way of going about this is to develop a lather by simply *rubbing the cake on the hair.*

Many have found that a better way is, first, to make a lather with the hands and then to apply this lather to the entire scalp.

Packer's Tar Soap

"Pure as the Pines"

PACKER'S TAR SOAP is a household word the country over. You can get it at good drug stores everywhere, also in toilet goods departments.

PACKER'S LIQUID TAR SOAP is commended to those who prefer a shampoo soap of Packer *quality* in liquid form. It is made from pure vegetable oils and yields the copious, cleansing lather so important in shampooing.

THE PACKER MFG. COMPANY
Dept. 83K
120 West 32nd Street, New York City

To soften hard water for shampooing

Hard water contains mineral salts and is unsatisfactory for shampooing. In many localities, though not in all, hard water can be softened with bicarbonate of soda—about a teaspoonful to a basin of water. In localities where water does not respond to this treatment, the use of rain water is recommended for all toilet purposes.



Send for these "PACKER" Samples

1. HALF-CAKE of Packer's Tar Soap, good for several refreshing shampoos—10c.
2. LIBERAL SAMPLE BOTTLE of Packer's Liquid Tar Soap, delicately perfumed and delightfully cleansing—10c.



PAINTED FOR FATHER TIME BY HUGH RANKIN

AT the belt of the proud night-watchman of a quaint old Franconian town hung the "Nuremberg Egg"—warning the eloping lovers of the hour for closing the outer gates.

For many years old Nuremberg, birthplace of the world's first watch, was the chief source of supply. The clumsy drum shape persisted till after the death of Henlein, its inventor. Then came the oval watch, derisively nicknamed the "Nuremberg Egg."

Gradually this novel timepiece, despite its crudeness and inaccuracy, won its way into the hearts of the people. Its nickname proved more significant than the sixteenth century ever dreamed—for from this curious "egg" were hatched those timekeeping marvels of the present day—

Material, construction, adjustments and service fully covered by Elgin Guarantee • • • •



Elgin Watches





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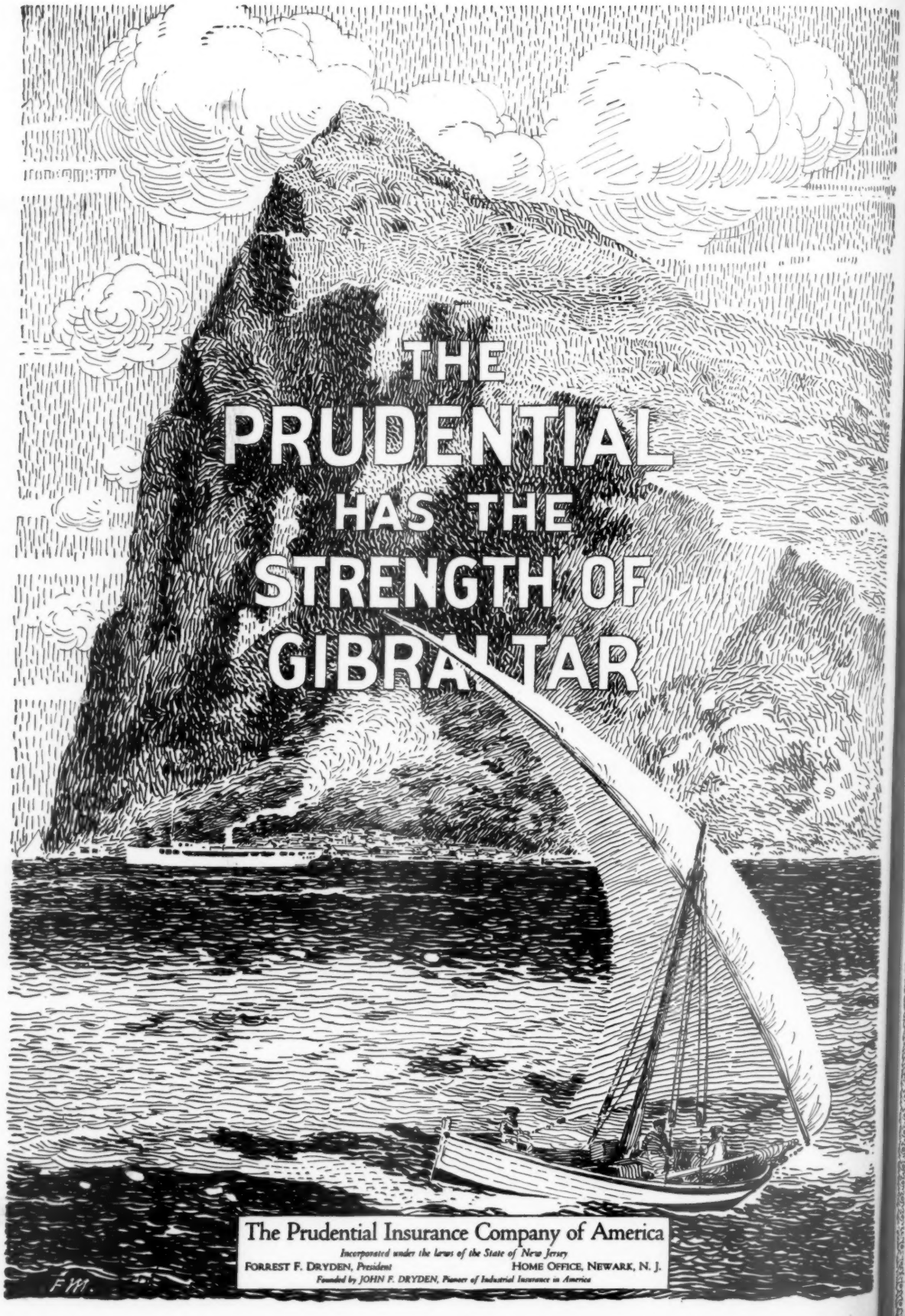
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The Magazine of a Remade World

The Acid Test for Reformers

A common-sense editorial by BRUCE BARTON

A HUNDRED and fifty years ago there lived a man who wrote a splendid book.

The title was "The Friend of Men;" and the progressive elements in France and England hailed it as an important contribution to their cause.

What sort of a man was the author, the Marquis of Mirabeau?

He did his best to ruin the career of his son, the great Mirabeau.

He kept his wife locked up in an asylum the greater part of her life, while he lived with another woman.

He persecuted his daughter, and reviled his second son.

In his study, locked away from the world, he could dream fine dreams of universal kindliness and friendship; but in actual life the "Friend of Men," as Carlyle said, "was the enemy of almost every man he had to do with."

I have known a good many reformers in my life, and have found them an interesting study.

Of course, as a class, they are not as interesting as reformers were two hundred or three hundred years ago; and for the simple reason that there is now no danger nor inconvenience attached to the profession.

When a man ran the risk of being burned at the stake or losing his head on the block for the sake of convictions, he compelled a certain admiration whether one agreed with him or not.

But the modern reformer runs no such risks. He may denounce the rich until he is out of breath, and the penalty is only applause. He may thunder away at the church or the state, and instead of incurring any sacrifice he wakes up to find his picture in the Sunday papers.

But the two general types of reformers remain what they have always been — the small, quiet, conscientious group of those who back up their words by their works; and the noisy, unpleasant and selfish group who criticize conditions as they are, but do nothing by their lives to make conditions better.

Before I accept any man's criticism at face value, I want to know of him:

Is he supporting a wife and children? Is he as good a husband and father, on the whole, as the men he is denouncing?

Does he pay taxes and vote? Is he as good a citizen as those whom he assails?

Does he meet his payroll regularly and treat his employees well? Is he as good an employer as those whom he would overthrow?

If he does not meet these tests, then though he speak with the tongues of angels, he does not interest me, and I will not leave my book at night to go out to a hall and listen to him.

Why was it that with all his faults we loved T. R. so well? He preached at us disturbingly, but *he practiced what he preached.*

In his zeal to make us better, he did not neglect the duty of being a good father and good citizen out at Oyster Bay.

This truth was written many years ago:

"If any man say 'I love God' and hateth his brother he is a liar: for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen?"

That's the real acid test of reformers to me. Before they tell me how much they love God and the race, I'd like a chance to ask them, please: "First, how do you stand at home?"

Another of Bruce Barton's Common-sense Editorials will appear on this page in the next issue of the Red Book Magazine.



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AFTER the rush for the final goal comes the dash for the gymnasium showers and Ivory Soap.

How soothing Ivory feels to the sweating, chafing skin! No smarting or burning. Just a gentle, but thorough, cleansing that removes every particle of dirt and perspiration and carries it all away under the rushing shower.

What cool, clean comfort follows its use—the healthy comfort of a skin free from irritation, scrupulously clean, and breathing in refreshment at every pore.

IVORY SOAP . . . . . IVORY IT FLOATS . . . . . 99 44/100 % PURE

THE Manufacturers of Ivory Soap and Ivory Soap Flakes also make the following general household soaps: P. & G. The White Naphtha Soap, Star Soap, and Star Naphtha Washing Powder, thus enabling the housekeeper to use a Procter & Gamble high quality soap for every purpose.

PROCTER & GAMBLE EST. 1837

NOVEMBER, 1920
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THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

KARL EDWIN HARRIMAN
Editor

HERE begins the record of the remarkable Adventures of Mr. Cray, American abroad, of which the first is no less than the facts in—



"Sit down," Mr. Cray replied. "I'll make the bargain for you."

THE DOMVILLE CASE

By
E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM

Illustrated by
RAEBURN VAN BUREN

THE long Continental train drew slowly into Victoria Station, London, and through a long vista of wide-flung doors a heterogeneous stream of demobilized soldiers, nurses, "Wrafs" and other of the picturesque accompaniments of a concluded war, flowed out onto the platform. The majority lingered about to exchange greetings with friends and to search for their luggage. Not so Mr. Joseph P. Cray. Before the train had come to a standstill, he was on his way to the barrier.

"Luggage, sir?" inquired a porter, attracted by the benevolent appearance of this robust-looking, middle-aged gentleman in the uniform of the American Y. M. C. A.

"Checked my baggage right through," Mr. Cray replied, without slackening speed. "What I need is a taxi. What you need is five shillings. Let's get together."

Whether he was serving a lunatic or not, the five shillings was good money and the porter earned it. In exactly two minutes after the arrival of the train, Mr. Cray was on his way to the Milan Hotel. The streets were not overcrowded. The driver had seen the passing of that munificent tip and gathered that his fare was in a hurry. They reached the Milan in exactly nine minutes. Even then Mr. Cray had the strained appearance of a man looking into futurity.

He stopped the man at the court entrance, fulfilled the chauffeur's wildest dreams with regard to emolument, and presented himself eagerly before the little counter.

"Key of 89, Johnson," he demanded. "Get a slither on."

"Why, it's Mr. Cray!" the hall porter exclaimed, after a single startled gaze at the newcomer's uniform. "Glad to see you back again, sir. Here's your key, sent over half an hour ago."

Mr. Cray snatched at it.

"Any packages?" he demanded, as he made for the lift.

"A whole heap of them, sir," was the reassuring reply. "All in your room."

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Mr. Cray slipped half a crown into the lift-man's hand, made pantomimic signs with his palm, and they shot upward without reference to the slow approach of a little party of intended passengers. Out stepped Mr. Cray on the fourth floor, and his face beamed as he recognized the valet standing before number eighty-nine.

"Hot bath, James," he shouted. "Shoot!"

"Certainly, Mr. Cray, sir," the man replied, disappearing. "Glad to see you back again."

"Gee, it's good!" the newcomer exclaimed, dashing into the bedroom. "Off with the ornaments."

NO convict ever doffed his prison garb with more haste and joy than did Mr. James P. Cray divest himself of the honorable though somewhat unsuitable garments, for a man of his build, which he had worn for two years. The absurd little tunic looked shorter still as it lay upon the bed, his cowpuncher hat more shapeless than ever; his ample breeches—they needed to be ample, for Mr. Cray's figure was rotund—collapsed in strange fashion as they sank shamelessly upon the floor. Naked as the day on which he was born, Mr. Cray strode shamelessly into the bathroom.

"Get me some clothes ready out of those packages, James," he directed. "Bring a dressing-gown and underclothes in here. Get busy."

Then for a quarter of an hour Mr. Cray steamed and gurgled, splashed and grunted. His ablutions completed, he dried himself, thrust his legs into a white silk union suit and trotted into the next room. He was still in a hurry.

"Dinner clothes, James," he ordered. "Slip me a white shirt. Speed's the one and only."

"You're in a hurry, Mr. Cray," the man observed, smiling, as he handed him the garments.

"I've been in a hurry for twelve months," was the feeling reply.

Ten minutes later, Mr. Cray left the room. The strained expression was still in his face. He rang for the lift, descended like a man absorbed with great thoughts, walked through the grill-room, climbed the stairs, passed through the smoke-room, and stood before the bar before he slackened speed.

"Why, it's Mr. Cray!" one of the young women declared.

"Double dry Martinis," Mr. Cray directed reverently. "Just a squeeze of lemon, no absinthe, shake it till it froths."

The young woman chatted as she obeyed instructions. Mr. Cray, though a polite man, appeared suddenly deaf. Presently the glass was held out to him. He raised it to his lips, closed his eyes and swallowed. When he set it down, that look had passed from his face. In its place shone the light of an ineffable and beatific contentment.

"First in twelve months," he explained. "Just mix up another kind of quietly, will you? I'll sit around for a bit." . . . .

"Mr. Cray! Mr. Cray! Mr. Cray! . . . . Mr. James P. Cray!"

Mr. Cray, who was engaged in an animated conversation with a little group of old and new acquaintances, broke off suddenly in the midst of an animated chapter of reminiscences.

"Say, boy," he called out, "who wants me?"

The boy advanced.

"Lady to see you, sir, in the hall," he announced.

"Have you got that right, my child?" Mr. Cray asked incredulously.

"Mr. James P. Cray, to arrive from France this evening," was the boy's reply.

"That's me, sure," the person designated admitted, rising, and brushing the ash from his waistcoat. "See you later, boys. The next round's on me."

Mr. Cray made his contented but wondering way into the lounge. A tall and very elegant-looking young woman rose to her feet and came to meet him. Mr. Cray's eyes shone and his smile was wonderful.

"Sara!" he gasped. "Gee, this is great!"

"Dad!" she replied, saluting him on both cheeks. "You old dear!"

They went off arm in arm to a corner.

"To think of your being here to welcome me!" Mr. Cray murmured ecstatically.

"And why not?" the young lady replied. "If ever anyone deserved a welcome home, it's you. Twelve months' work in a hut in France is scarcely a holiday."

"And never a single drink," Mr. Cray interrupted solemnly.

"Marvelous!" she exclaimed. "But was that necessary, Dad?"

"Well, I don't know" he admitted. "I guess they don't all know how to use liquor as I do. Some of the lads out there get gay on nothing at all. So the day I put the uniform on I went on the water wagon. I took myself off," he murmured, with a reminiscent smile of joy, "an hour and a half ago. Where's George?"

"Sailed for the States yesterday."

"You don't say!"

Sara nodded.

"He's gone to Washington on a Government commission. He'd have been here—sent all sorts of messages to you."

"Not ashamed of his disreputable old father-in-law, eh?"

"Don't be silly, Dad. We're all proud of you. George has said often that he thinks it fine of a man of your age and habits to go and work as you have. What are you going to do, Dad, now?"

"Order dinner for us two, I hope, dear."

"Just what I had hoped for," she declared. "I think it's wonderful to have your first evening together. What are you going to do, Dad—stay over here for a time?"

"Why, I should say so," was the prompt reply. "You've heard what's got 'the old country'?"

"You mean—"

"Gone dry!" Mr. Cray exclaimed, in a tone of horror. "All the bars selling soft drinks. Tea fights in the saloons, and bad whisky at the drug-stores. That's what they did while we were out fighting."

"I'm afraid Mother was one of them," Sara observed.

"Sure," Mr. Cray acknowledged. "She's president of half a dozen prohibition societies. She's now working up the anti-tobacco campaign."

"She doesn't say anything about coming over, I suppose?" the young woman asked, a little timidly.

"I should say not," Mr. Cray replied, with a little shiver. "Too busy over there."

Sara slipped her hand through her father's arm.

"We'll have a lovely time for a month or two, Dad," she said. "You know how happy I am with George, but this English life is just a little cramped. I suppose I must have a bit of your wandering spirit in me, Dad. Anyhow, for just these few months let's see a lot of each other. You're just as fond of adventure as ever, aren't you?"

A slow smile parted Mr. Cray's lips; a fervid light shone in his eyes.

"Sara," he whispered, "after the last twelve months I'm spoiling for some real fun. But you, my dear—you're Lady Sittingbourne, you know. Got your husband's position to consider and all that."

She laughed in his face.

"You can cut that out, Dad, for a time," she said. "Come along now. We'll talk over dinner. I'm nearly starving, and I want to know if you've forgotten how to order."

AS they took their places at a table in the corner of the restaurant, Sara exchanged friendly greetings with a girl a short distance away, who was dining alone with a man.

"Lydia Domville," she whispered to her father. "Lydia's rather a dear. She was at that wonderful school you sent me to in Paris. She's only been married a year."

"They don't seem to be living in a garden of roses exactly," Mr. Cray commented, glancing at the young man. "Seems all on wires, doesn't he? Has he had shellshock?"

Sara shook her head.

"I don't think he did any soldiering at all," she replied. "He volunteered once or twice, I know, but he couldn't pass the medical examination. He was in one of the ministries at home."

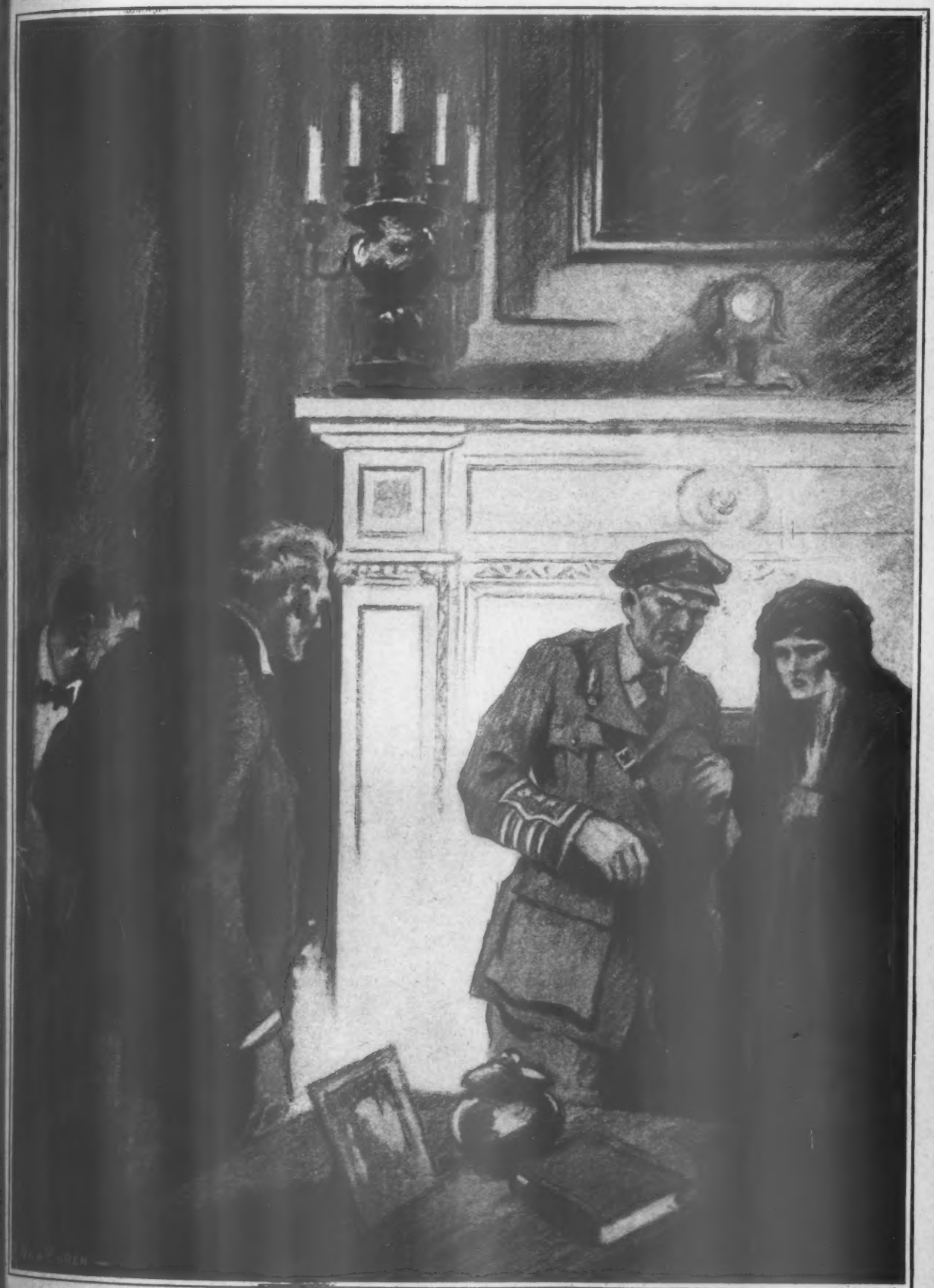
Cray's interest in the couple evaporated. Without being a gourmand, he loved good cooking, civilization, the thousand luxuries of a *restaurant de luxe*. He ordered his dinner as he ate it, slowly and with obvious enjoyment.

Nevertheless, he happened to be looking across the room when a small page in black livery approached the adjoining table and presented a note to Domville. He saw the look in the young man's face as he received the envelope, tore it open and glanced at the card inside. Mr. Cray forgot his dinner just then. It was as though tragedy had been brought into their midst.

The young man spoke to the girl, hesitatingly, almost apologetically. She answered with pleading, at last almost with anger. Their dinner remained untasted. In the end, the man rose and followed the boy from the room. The girl remained.

"Queer little scene, that," Mr. Cray whispered.

Sara nodded.



Mr. Cray was suddenly a different man. His tone was still brisk but as cold as the Colonel's.

"I can't think what's the matter with Lydia," she said.

"Kind of annoyed at having their little feast broken into, I guess," her father murmured soothingly.

Sara said nothing and for some moments her father sought and found oblivion in the slow consumption of a perfectly cooked *sole colbert*.



The young man had the look of one making a strong effort to control his feelings.

"Gee, this fellow is the goods!" he murmured appreciatively. "If you'd seen what they'd been giving us over there, good solid chuck enough, but after the first month everything tasted alike. Thought I'd got paralysis of the palate!"

After a moment, "I'm worried about Lydia," Sara confided.

"She does look struck all of a heap," Mr. Cray assented.

"I'm going across to speak to her, if you don't mind."

"Sure!" Mr. Cray assented, with his eye fixed almost reverently upon the grouse which the *maître d'hôtel* was tendering for his inspection.

"Don't wait for me, Dad," she begged.

"I wont," Mr. Cray promised. . . . .

Mr. Cray ate his grouse with the slow and fervid appreciation of the epicure, an appreciation unaffected by the fact that within a few yards, his quick sensibility told him, words of tragedy were being spoken. It was obvious that Sara's friend was confiding in her, and it was obvious that the confidence was of tragical import. In the midst of it all, the young man who had been called away returned. He had the look of one making a strong effort to control his feelings. Mr. Cray, who had seen much of life during the last two years, recognized the signs. Not a word was audible, but when Sara, after her friend's husband had been presented to her, engaged him in earnest conversation, Mr. Cray began to understand.

"A little job for me," he murmured to himself. "Pity about Sara's grouse, though."

She returned presently, and it was obvious that she had much to say. Mr. Cray was firm.

"Not a word, Sara," he insisted, "until you have eaten your portion of grouse. Charles here has kept it hot for you. Not a word! I'm the stern father about that bird. What you've got to say will keep ten minutes.

Sara obeyed. She generally obeyed when her father was in earnest. It was not until she found herself trifling with a soufflé, a dish for which her father had no respect whatever, that she was permitted to unburden herself.

"Lydia is in great trouble, Dad," she confided. "There is something wrong with her husband. She doesn't know what it is, but he came home, a fortnight ago, looking as though he had received a shock, and has not been the same man since. This is the third time he has been taken away from a restaurant by a page in that same livery."

"I saw you talking to him when he came back."

She nodded.

"I asked him right out what was the matter with him, and I told him about you, Dad; told him how clever you were at getting people out of difficulties, and how you didn't mind a little risk if there was an adventure at the back of it. I think I impressed him. He says he can promise you all the adventure you want, and they are coming here to take their coffee."

"If this is some little burg," Mr. Cray murmured ecstatically, "Just two hours back and the wheel begins to turn!"

The arrival of Gerald Domville and his pretty young wife, a few minutes later just as coffee was being served, did not seem likely to contribute in any way towards the gaiety of Mr. Cray's evening. The young man at close quarters seemed more distraught than ever. He ignored his coffee, but drank two glasses of liqueur brandy quickly. His wife scarcely took her eyes off him, and Sara's attempts to inaugurate a little general conversation were pitifully unsuccessful. Mr. Cray took the bull by the horns.

"Say, Mr. Domville," he began, "Sara tells me that you're up against a snag somewhere. If there's any way I can be of service just open up. You and I are strangers, but anything my daughter says goes, so you can count on me as upon an old friend."

"You are very good," the young man replied, without enthusiasm. "I am in a very terrible position—through my own fault, too. I am to attend a sort of investigation tonight, and I am invited to bring any friend I like who isn't connected with any of the Services. If you'll come along, I'll be glad, but I tell you frankly that I don't think the shrewdest man in the kingdom would be of any service to me."

"That sounds hard," Mr. Cray observed, "but if I'm not butting in I'll come along, with pleasure. What time is this show to be?"

"We shall have to leave in five minutes," the young man answered, with a little shiver.

Mr. Cray withdrew the liqueur bottle from his companion's reach.

"Take my advice and leave that stuff alone," he said. "If it's as bad as it sounds, you'll want your head clear."

Domville became no more communicative in the taxicab which drove them presently to a gloomy-looking house in one of the southern squares. They were admitted by a soldierly-looking manservant, who ushered them into a somberly furnished library on the ground floor. A man who was seated at a desk—a grim, soldierly-looking person in the uniform of a colonel—looked up at their entrance and nodded curtly. Seated in an armchair was a pale-faced young woman in widow's weeds, who turned her head away at their entrance.

"You have brought a friend?" the Colonel inquired.

Domville nodded in spiritless fashion.

"Mr. James Cray—Colonel Haughton. Mr. Cray is an American and has not been in England for two years."

Colonel Haughton touched a bell by his side.

"Show the young lady in," he directed the soldier servant who answered it. "How much of this affair do you know, Mr. Cray?" he inquired coldly.

"Not a bit," was the emphatic reply. "I wanted Mr. Domville to put me wise on the way down, but he said he'd rather leave it to you."

Colonel Haughton made no reply. There was a knock at the door and a young woman was ushered in. She was fashionably dressed, and her face was familiar enough to anyone studying the weekly papers. Mr. Cray recognized a compatriot at once. The woman in the chair glanced up at the girl and then away. Every now and then her shoulders shook. The Colonel pointed to a chair.

"Will you be seated, Miss Clare?" he said. "You gentlemen pleasure yourselves. I propose to recapitulate this unfortunate case for your benefit, Mr. Cray. I have my own idea as to the course which Domville should adopt."

"Go right ahead," Mr. Cray invited genially. "I'm kind of cramped in the legs with traveling today, so I'll take an easy chair if there's no objection."

"A year ago," Colonel Haughton began, speaking in sentences of sharp, military brevity, "Domville here held an appointment in a certain British Ministry. It was his duty frequently to bring dispatches of great importance to a certain branch of the War Office over which I presided. On one occasion, Domville appears most improperly to have broken his journey at Miss Clare's flat in Clarges Street."

"There was no breaking the journey," Domville interrupted. "My instructions were to deliver the dispatches into your own hands, and when I got to the War Office you were out for an hour. I came up to have tea with Miss Clare instead of waiting in the office."

"Mr. Domville left his wallet of dispatches hanging in Miss Clare's hall," Colonel Haughton continued, "a disgracefully careless proceeding. When he found me at the War Office that evening, he handed me two envelopes instead of three. He said nothing to me about the third, but realizing the loss, returned to Miss Clare's and later searched his own rooms. Miss Clare knew nothing about the possibly missing dispatch; Domville could discover nothing in his rooms. In the meantime, a prisoner in the Tower was shot at midnight that night. The contents of the letter which never reached me, would have saved him."

The woman in mourning began to sob. Domville wiped the perspiration from his forehead.

"Say, that's bad," Mr. Cray admitted.

"Owing to information patriotically tendered by Miss Clare," Colonel Haughton continued, "a constant visitor to her flat was arrested soon afterward and dealt with in the usual way. He admitted having opened the dispatches which he found in Domville's wallet, and made use of their contents. The one which he could not open he took away, and finding it of no interest to his cause, destroyed it. The situation, therefore, amounts to this. Owing to the criminal carelessness of Domville, a young American whose innocence was beyond doubt, was shot for a spy."

The woman in mourning looked up. Her eyes flashed fiercely across the room.

"My husband!" she sobbed. "All that I had in the world!"

Domville looked at Cray as though pleading for his intercession. Cray turned to the young woman.

"Madam," he said, "may I ask your name?"

"Ellen Saunderson," was the tearful reply. "My husband was Joe Saunderson. He was as innocent as you or I. The letter which never reached Colonel Haughton would have proved it."

Mr. Cray fingered his chin thoughtfully.

"Shot for a spy, eh," he ruminated, "and that letter contained reports which would have saved him. Say, that's hard! Has any official notice been taken of this matter?" he continued, turning to the Colonel.

"Mr. Domville came to me a few days later," the Colonel said, "and confessed that he had not delivered to me one of the dispatches entrusted to him, and explained that he was not in a position to trace it. A few days later, the contents of that dispatch reached me officially. I advised Mr. Domville to tender his resignation, which he did. Communications have passed in secrecy between a certain department of the American Secret Service and our own, concerning this unfortunate mistake. It has been decided, for obvious reasons, that it shall not be made a press matter. The question we now have to discuss is the amount of compensation which shall be offered to Mrs. Saunderson."

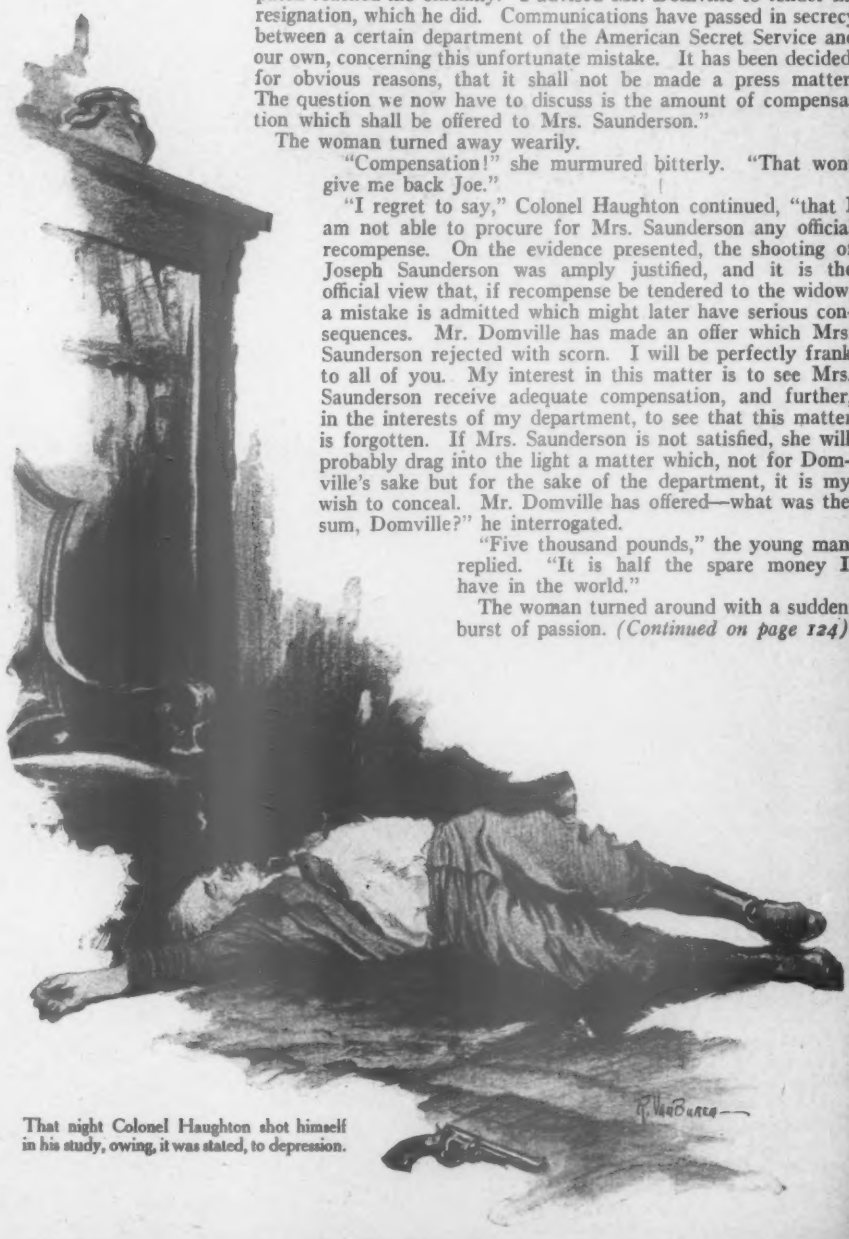
The woman turned away wearily.

"Compensation!" she murmured bitterly. "That wont give me back Joe."

"I regret to say," Colonel Haughton continued, "that I am not able to procure for Mrs. Saunderson any official recompense. On the evidence presented, the shooting of Joseph Saunderson was amply justified, and it is the official view that, if recompense be tendered to the widow, a mistake is admitted which might later have serious consequences. Mr. Domville has made an offer which Mrs. Saunderson rejected with scorn. I will be perfectly frank to all of you. My interest in this matter is to see Mrs. Saunderson receive adequate compensation, and further, in the interests of my department, to see that this matter is forgotten. If Mrs. Saunderson is not satisfied, she will probably drag into the light a matter which, not for Domville's sake but for the sake of the department, it is my wish to conceal. Mr. Domville has offered—what was the sum, Domville?" he interrogated.

"Five thousand pounds," the young man replied. "It is half the spare money I have in the world."

The woman turned around with a sudden burst of passion. *(Continued on page 124)*



That night Colonel Haughton shot himself in his study, owing, it was stated, to depression.



SALOME—WHERE SHE DANCED

A Story of the Old-New Southwest

By MICHAEL J. PHILLIPS

Illustrated by DOUGLAS DUER

THE Borderland Trail curves through the ample Southwest like a gray thread on a khaki skirt. It knows little of water and of greenery, except the factitious greenery of the everlasting desert shrubs and cactus. It is accompanied on its journey by heat, thirst, stifling dust, and the bones of many creatures. The coyotes sit on neighboring hills and grin at it. The buzzard and the carrion-crow soar above it. And more and more do air-shod vehicles pass over it, for it is by way of being a national highway.

The cities along its loopy length might be snarls in the gray thread and the towns small double knots. The little, little towns, mere pauses in the mesquite, are single knots. Two of the thinnest and most tightly drawn of these small knots adorn the thread in New Mexico, down near the border. They are ten miles apart and they rejoiced in the names of Copper Canyon and Drinkman's Wells. There was, apparently, scarce life enough in either place to stretch and yawn. But those two handfuls of shacks hated each other with energy and venom. It was the rancorous distaste that Los Angeles cherishes for San Francisco, and Chicago entertains for New York, and that Dallas nurses for Houston—the way the nearest rival regards your own county-seat town.

A stranger might say, unguardedly, that they were much like each other, and receive a hostile stare for his pains, if he made that error in either Copper Canyon or Drinkman's Wells. Yet, in a way they were alike. Both were shepherded by mountains on the north and south. Both were reached by roads that wandered leisurely through the desert, roads that were a stretch of sand ruts, rock-strewn flats and cracked dry washes. Both fried beneath a semi-tropical sun nine months out of the year.

There were, however, points of difference. Copper Canyon for instance was the older, and its birdshot group of scattered houses was composed of corrugated iron, now red with rust, or of crumbling adobe. It had, also, a railroad and a perky little station that gave its sandy, deserted Main Street a certain faint air of metropolitan sophistication. But the railroad ran only a score of miles below the border to Santa Rosalia, and above a dozen miles to Ballard's Crossing. The town saw nothing but an abbreviated ore train once a week, wheezing out of Mexico with copper earth for the smelters. A salesman would identify the railroad as a mere talking point when it came to actual superiority—nothing more.

Drinkman's Wells, on the contrary, being more modern than its neighbor, was of frame and canvas construction. Moreover it had, at either entrance to town, a huge sign with its name fashioned in glaring black letters thereon. To identify the location of these signs more concisely and precisely, since the desert seemed to flow right up to Drinkman's Wells, into it, through it and out the other side without pause, it might be stated that the eastern sign was by the big dry wash, known as Copper Creek, whereas the board on the west stood by the butte around which the Trail curves a quarter of a mile out. These signs were the work of young Perley Bluett, who ran the only store the place could boast of and who had imbibed modern commercial notions by attending a business college at Deming for one term. On falling heir to the store at the death of his father, Perley had made many other signs out of packing-box sides and distributed them for thirty miles in each direction, nailing them up on the semaphoric cactus along the desolate roads. They were naïve, boyishly original:

"Good Water at Drinkman's Wells," "Real Nice Canned Goods At Drinkman's Wells," "Anything You Want At Drinkman's Wells," "Entertainment For Man, Beast and Motor At Drinkman's Wells," and even "Real Oil, Best Gas, At Drinkman's Wells Garage." This latter was out of compliment to whitebearded Pop Beardslee, who ran the "garage." Another, "*Some* Hotel At Drinkman's Wells," complimented Aunt Hetty Beardslee, Pop's wife, who ran the squat hostelry of unpainted yellow pine and yellow canvas that barely poked its nose above the wilderness of mesquite and greasewood two hundred yards from the garage, on the south side of town. What little else there was of "the Wells" was sown carelessly, as if from a playful hand, between the garage and the hotel. And wide were the vacant spaces between.

The residents of the two towns worked at hating each other every waking hour, worked thus unostentatiously but wholeheartedly. Consider for example the case of Pop Beardslee, who came closest in touch with the traveling public. He was a benevolent-appearing person, who might have been a retired preacher living on his pension. His unbacked note was good for any amount he cared to ask in any bank from El Paso to Yuma. And his word was as good as his bond on any subject except Copper Canyon. Here, then, is the way a little comedy was played over and over again at his garage:

A dust-filmed car, laden with suitcases and canvas-wrapped ckages strapped to the running-board, draws up for oil and gas. ere is a poring over maps by the occupants of the car.

"What's the next town?" queries the driver.

"Senmeter, thirty-four miles up."

Another reference to the map.

"But this says there's a town up here, looks like ten or fifteen les, named Copper Canyon."

Pop smiles, and shakes his patriarchal old head.

"Nuthin' there, except three or four rusty shacks. Used to be a wn there long time ago but it just naturally dried up and blew ay. Lucky you stopped here for gas. You was gittin' low."

A dismayed female voice:

"Henry, what we going to do for bread for supper? There nt a quarter-loaf left. And some canned things—"

"Right over at Bluett's store, Missis. See that building right wn there, standin' alone?" Needlessly, a forefinger indicated it.

"Next town east?" he would echo, looking up from the oil-measure which was discharging its contents into the vitals of the car. "Nuthin' till you get to Bramwell's, forty-two miles."

"But this map says there's a town, Drink—Drinkman's Wells, about ten miles down."

Tom's smile is as bland as Pop's own.

"Not no more. Wuz once; feller from back East had an idea they could raise cotton on them God-forsaken flats. But he went broke long ago and the town soon follered him."

This time an interior voice:

"Why, Jim! Don't you remember all those signs we've been seeing for forty or fifty miles—about 'entertainment for man and woman' at Drinkman's Wells? And where you changed that hind tire was a big one: 'Nice Canned Goods At Drinkman's Wells.' I remembered that, because I wanted to get some."

"'S right," agrees Jim, fumbling in his pocket for the change. "How about them signs, pardner?"



Her son made frequent trips between the house and the little town.

That's it; best store in the county; full assortment of every-ing."

"Mercy! That little shack? It doesn't look it."

"No, Missis, not that one." This with considerable dignity. The one nearer this way. The other's the hotel."

"Oh, well, I suppose you know more about your own country an these maps. But the map shows a town and a railroad."

"No place to camp, Missis. Too many rattlesnakes. Worse ace for varmints you ever see! Better keep right on going to mmeter, if it's too early to stay here."

Meanwhile, ten miles nearer the setting sun, lumbering, round-Tom Marrah, proprietor of Copper Canyon garage, also on similarly manhandling the hated rival.

"Oh, them signs! Well, they was so sure they'd have a town there that they painted them signs and stuck 'em up all along the Trail, and there never was a store started! Guess the feller that did it was more or less crazy. If you need any bread or canned stuff or a extry tire—I got a good secondhand one'd just fit your car—you can git 'em here or go without clear to Bramwell's. Yes, sir!"

When the Great War broke out, Perley Bluett, whose father was alive then and running the store, volunteered at once. Drinkman's Wells gave him a rousing sendoff, in which there was much smug complacency. He was the only man of fighting age in either community. They'd put something over on Copper Canyon, even if it had taken a world war to do it.

Their sense of superiority was soon pruned to a minimum when tidings of a dastardly act followed hard on their triumph. Chuck Widdams, who was forty and had a wife and two children, joined the artillery at Copper Canyon, and the sendoff he got transcended Perley's. The Wells always maintained that Chuck, who was trifling and a poor provider, had been subsidized by Tom Marrah and the balance of the Canyon's lubberly crew, to go off and enlist, just to get even.

During the first and second Liberty Loan campaigns the Canyon hung it onto the Wells in total subscriptions and boasted all over the district about it. In the third, though, the Wells came back with a vengeance, due to the resourcefulness of Pop Beardslee. The campaign was on strong, when, one day, a large, red-faced city stranger, accompanied by three other strangers, and driving a large red car, drove into the garage to have a radiator leak plugged. Pop spotted the tourists at once —New Yorkers, men of money, seeking out copper signs, for the government needed copper for munitions and those who had it to sell were assured of a good price.

"Much do I owe yuh?" grunted the red-faced man, from behind the wheel, as his fat hand withdrew from his vest pocket a plethoric roll. Pop and old Sammy Ginn had fixed the leak.

"Not a thing, except a five-hundred-dollar subscription to the Liberty Loan," said Pop.

"What's that?" barked the red-faced one, while the three others leaned forward.

"We're runnin' neck-and-neck with a miserable little prairie-dog town up here," explained Pop, "and we just got to beat 'em. They won the last heat by a hundred and fifty and they aint been no livin' with 'em since. We can sure take the conceit out of 'em with a subscription from you."

He spoke calmly, but the grimy hand he laid on the tonneau trembled with eagerness.

"Aw, come off!" snapped the big man. "How much do I owe you?"

"I told you."

"Say, I wired my office in New York yesterday to subscribe a hundred thousand! I can't make any piker bets. What's your bill?"

"Still a five-hundred-dollar subscription to the Liberty Loan—nothin' else a-tall."

"I can't stand here talking foolishness all day," enunciated the big man, fiercely. "What's to prevent me driving off and leaving you to whistle for your pay?"

"This," returned Pop, and picked up his rifle from behind the door. "You start drivin' and I start puncturin'. I don't much care which—you or your tires."

The big man stared, then turned to his companions and roared with laughter. The four of them subscribed thirty-five hundred dollars and Copper Canyon was outdistanced. Thus it went, check and checkmate. First one town and then the other had a brief and hard-won advantage. When news came back that Perley Bluett had taken a machine-gun nest and had received a decoration from General Pershing's own hand, Drinkman's Wells swelled up like a toy balloon. But it shrank like that same balloon pin-pricked, when it learned that Chuck Widdams was traveling all over France as an entertainer in behind-the-lines shows, doing roping stunts.



All watched her, utterly absorbed, as she cr

There were times, however, when rivalry was forgotten and the hamlets made common cause. Those times were usually simultaneous with the visitations of Juan Batista, bandit.

Batista, a slim, malicious devil with a joyless grin, had been a Villa underling and had learned his lesson well. He always had good horseflesh and a few picked followers who were willing to throw in with him on raiding ventures. He would steal horses, run cattle over the border, rob isolated stores and ranches, set fire to houses, or perform any other commonplace villainy at any hour when the signs were right. On occasions, when he felt cocky, and smuggled ammunition was plentiful, he emulated Columbus raid on a small scale. The twin towns of the Border land Trail, being close to the line, were frequent sufferers at his hands.

The hardworking border patrol could not keep tab exclusively on Batista since it had other and larger game to hunt as well. His horses were so good and his command so mobile that he could strike and get away before the cavalry could organize for pursuit. Among other qualifications which made him hard to catch were native cunning and an instinctive knowledge of strategy.

They were of the pioneer breed in the little, sun-baked town and when Juan and his cutthroats swooped down from the brown mountains they always gave him a fight. Once he had to burn Drinkman's Wells. It had been a midnight thrust



about the dominating figure of the leader.

timed and well-executed. But a call over the single pair of wires to Copper Canyon brought to the rescue the entire population of that stout-hearted hamlet on every conveyance that galloped or rolled, and the augmented garrison ran him off.

Months later, he drove at Copper Canyon at false-dawn time from the southwest. Again the wire proved the savior and Drinkman's Wells hit the ground at the Canyon, shooting at and cursing everything that wore a sombrero. On this occasion they followed the raging Juan six miles into his own desert lair, for the rum helped them to speed him on his way. That they shot as straight as they swore was proved by the frequent discovery of a dead Mexican, left shoe off, shirt pulled roughly up from the trousers-band. They grinned at these evidences of Greaser thrift, for they knew that a Mexican carries his wealth in a money belt, or wrapped in cloth alongside his left heel. The chase was never too hot for one of Juan's bravos when a comrade dropped, to garner the fallen brother's wealth.

Juan sent back word later that he held Drinkman's Wells alone responsible for his defeat on that occasion, and that in good time he would teach the town to mind its own business. Whereat Drinkman's Wells laughed, as at a prime joke.

Thanks were neither expected nor given after such a diversion. It was all a matter of course, part of the day's work, to make bumptious Mexicans hotfoot to whence they came. When it was done, the assisting brothers slipped pistols into holsters and rifles under arms and waved nonchalant farewells as they rode homeward. The blackguarding of the other town was at once resumed, precisely where it had been interrupted.

It so happened that in the struggle for supremacy, Copper Canyon finally gained an advantage, and held it. Even the return of the resourceful Perley Bluett from France had not brought the Wells stock back to par.

A custom had grown up in the Wells when it was necessary to acknowledge that there was such a place existent as Copper Canyon, to say:

"Copper Canyon—huh! They call it that because there aint no copper and no canyon."

But after a certain unfortunate occurrence, the Canyon chortled in reply:

"Drinkman's Wells, hey? Mebbe so they got a dried waterhole there, but they aint got no Drinkman!"

Mr. Drinkman, who had given the place its name, had made both his accent and his arguments offensive about the time of the cracking of the Hindenburg line. He had retired southward precipitately through the desert growth, followed and accompanied by a flight of steel-jacketed bullets, some of which scraped, though they did not penetrate, his person. After that, the residents of the town began to refer to it exclusively as "The Wells."

It was annoying, extremely annoying, for so patriotic a community to be named for an enemy alien who had run away because of an excess of anti-patriotism. And it was exquisitely exasperating to have a Copper Canyon resident say, with a grin like a gaping lizard:

"We've been a-hearin' that Conrad Drinkman left town sudden for Mexico the other day. Too bad to lose a prominent citizen that way, 'specially one that christened the burg!"

That irked Drinkman's Wells as a hungry horsefly irks a mettlesome steed. Tom Marrah's habit of instructing innocent tourists to be sure to inquire at the Wells when Mr. Drinkman, the mayor, was coming back, didn't help any. It was distinctly a bad sign to have Marrah acknowledge to strangers that there was such a town as Drinkman's Wells. It indicated a feeling of superiority that feared no rivalry.

It served to bring Drinkman's Wells to the defensive, a sullen, bitter defensive, but a defensive nevertheless. For the first time in history, the Wells wasn't carrying the fight to its adversary. It was backed into a corner, attempting to assimilate the battle which was brought to it in large and jagged masses. Copper Canyon was boring in. Drinkman's Wells was edging back.

The Wells, in fact, was so disconcerted by this latest gibe that its teamwork was badly shattered. There was a general, but feeble, agreement, that the name of the town should be changed, and tentative titles were discussed and rejected. Pershing and Wilson and Roosevelt had their admirers, but they lacked the momentum to put any name over. Pop Beardslee, who had never forgiven nor forgotten the historic campaign of 1912, declared for Taft if there was to be any change and stuck to Taft, loudly and profanely.

Perhaps the real reason for failing to agree to a rechristening was the feeling that it would be a public acknowledgment of defeat. The town hated the name of Drinkman's Wells and would have blotted it out overnight had not Copper Canyon indicated that such was the proper course to pursue. It would be indeed

a bitter, bitter day when Perley Bluett should mount a ladder to repaint those signs now so brazenly announcing that this was Drinkman's Wells, and to have each stroke of the brush accompanied by a cackle from the rival town; so, abhorring the taste of gall and wormwood, the Wells decided to postpone that day as long as possible.

Bad as the situation was, it grew worse violently. Came, one day, the stunning news that Copper Canyon had a minister!

He didn't live there all the time, but he did drive over in his flivver from Semmeter every third Sunday and hold services in Tom Marrah's garage.

Copper Canyon, buttons popping with pride, took to recounting its superiorities exclamatorily:

A new copper mine to be opened in the Malibus! A railroad! A railroad station! Test wells going down for cotton-land irrigation! A preacher!

AS a result of the coming of the preacher to Copper Canyon, Salome came to Drinkman's Wells. For the Canyon experienced a spasm of moral housecleaning. It sought for some object upon which to expend its energy, and she was the most convenient.

Old Chip Perry brought her and her ten-year-old son to Pop Beardslee's garage one afternoon on his light truck.

"Here's a couple o' new inhabitants," he announced with a leer which split his tobacco-stained beard. "Come and look."

Pop looked, dubiously. The woman was unquestionably all that she should not have been. Her floppy-brimmed hat, a cheap imitation of a Leghorn, was decorated with full-blown artificial roses, riotous, purple-red roses, beneath the brim, and with great, staring, yellow daisies above it.

About her wasted neck was a rope of imitation pearls. Her gown, once white, was stained and soiled with desert dust. There was a deal of pinchbeck embroidery about it and it was cut square and low in front.

Her hair had been curled by means of a curling-iron heated in the chimney of an oil lamp and surrounded her thin face with an aura of pale blonde frizzes whose reluctant and fading color had been imparted by peroxide. The face had been a sign-manual of her profession—carefully made up, by being first powdered to a ghastly white, then eyebrows and eyelashes blackened on. The lips had been reddened vividly with lip-stick. A dab of rouge on either cheekbone had not been needed, for disease had painted a more enduring bloom thereon.

As one accustomed to knowing only the sordid and selfish side of man, the woman neither asked nor expected help in clambering down from the high and awkward seat of the truck. As she swung about to risk it, wrinkled cotton stockings, dubiously white, came into view. Her white canvas shoes were wrinkled and stained across the instep and the high heels were hopelessly run over. As she dropped into the road, there appeared an inch of sleazy purple petticoat beneath the fraying hem of her skirt.

The boy followed his mother. He was largely freckled, with sun-bleached hair. He was clad in a pair of overalls, a collarless brown-and-blue checked cotton shirt, and a pair of rusty brogans. He stood beside her, looking up at Pop. His appealing eyes were exactly like hers.

Pop was frankly perplexed and showed it.

"Well, ma'am," he began, hesitatingly, "you thinkin' of locatin' at the Wells?"

"I got to locate somewheres," she replied, in a voice thin and slightly husky. "They got ree-ligion and druv me out of Copper Canyon."

The significance of the remark did not penetrate at first. Pop realized only that his wife, accredited leader of the feminine population of Drinkman's Wells, would be stonily against the tarrying of the Strange Woman amongst them. He did not know why good women were ever so; he knew only they were.

"I don't know, ma'am," he began, doubtfully, and paused to look up at Chip, who was looking down at the tableau, toothless jaws moving as regularly as the legs of marching troops.

"Can't—can't you take her along to help out on the ranch, Chip?" he asked the truck driver.

The Perry gums hastened their pace agitatedly on the mouthful of tobacco. The Perry leer gave way to a l of alarm.

"Not none, Pop! Couldn't think of it nohow. When a mi aged feller has a young wife, he can't be too careful. Must shovin' along, now. I'm late as it is. *Adios.*"

The gears meshed with a clatter and Chip was gone in a thi cloud of dust.

"He picked me up back here a piece, after I walked five mile. My feet are all blisters," said the woman, dully. "T druv me out this mawnin'. I wasn't doin' nuthin' to 'em, j restin'! Pears to me I need a lot o' rest these days."

Her eyes, with a fear in them like the eyes of a lost ch turned on Pop.

"But they sent me away, me an' Marmaduke Archibald couldn't think of nowher's to come but here," she went on, between her words. "I just want to rest. I'll go straight, if you'll let me stop. I promise you I will! If you can't t me in—"

Two tears slipped down the thin cheeks. Pop noted, from streaks in the powder and the dust and the rouge, that they w following the course of many others.

It was then that the situation struck in and inspiration seiz him. Copper Canyon had found religion, but in doing so lost the most precious heritage of the Western town—charity a generosity. Drinkman's Wells must take her in! For in so doi it would cast shame upon the pretensions of the Canyon, a define its own breadth of view and tolerance.

"You come right in and set down in the shade, you a Archie," he said, warmly. "If anyone asks for gas, tell 'em t wait. I'll be back in five minutes."

He put on his tattered straw hat and went to Perley's stor accumulating Holiday Bill Hemingway, the blacksmith, from h shop *en route*. There were no customers and they chatted in th dim interior briefly but satisfyingly. Then, returning to the ga rage, he closed the door and led the way to the hotel. The woma hobbled painfully, the boy walked sturdily, behind him. As h had foreseen, his wife was sternly set against the newcomer.

"Pop," she said in the dining-room, while the woman and th boy, to pay for their supper, were helping Tillie in the kitchen, "sh can stay in my house tonight, but that's all. Then she's got to g

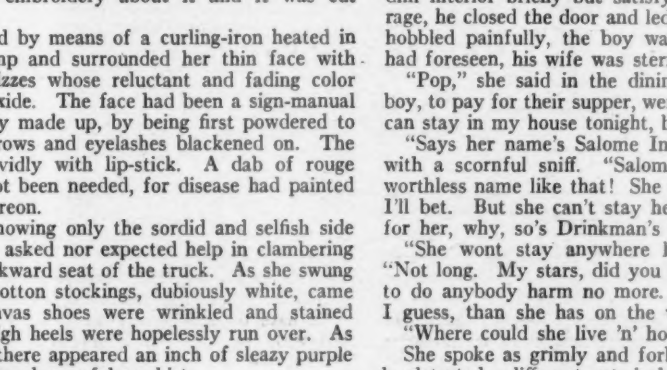
"Says her name's Salome Imogene Chesterfield!" she went o with a scornful sniff. "Salome! Bah! Outlandish, heathenis worthless name like that! She got it out of a paper-backed novel I'll bet. But she can't stay here. If Copper Canyon's too goo for her, why, so's Drinkman's Wells!"

"She wont stay anywhere long, Hetty," replied Pop, gently. "Not long. My stars, did you hear her cough? She aint the kind to do anybody harm no more. The world's been harder on her, I guess, than she has on the world."

"Where could she live 'n' how?"

She spoke as grimly and forbiddingly as ever, but Pop thought he detected a different note in his wife's voice.

"I thought of the Drinkman ranch, mebbe. The house is in pretty good shape 'n' it's been idle since we run that scamp over the border. 'Taint likely he'll ever come back, while she's alive. And, Hetty, we'll have to feed her. Drinkman's Wells can't be the same sort o' piker Copper Canyon is. They turned her out to starve. Guess they'll sing another song when they see us takin' care of their poor for 'em. We can do it, too. I know all the boys'll chip in."



And so it was arranged. The next day Salome and her son were duly conducted to Drinkman's two-room 'dobe shack, with a small truckload of housekeeping paraphernalia. The half-dozen women of the Wells gave their husbands freely of their opinion of the erring sister, but they gave just as freely of their scant belongings. They passed her wordless, with righteous eyes fixed straight ahead, but they saw to it that the initial supply of provisions was generous and inclusive.

"We can't let that horrid old Copper Canyon *(Continued on page*



PUSS OR BEAR CAT

By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE

Illustrated by EDWARD RYAN

"EASY—aw—easy!" chuckled Alderman Macaw, in contemplation of his prospects at the coming election. Then in came his henchman, Smiling Tom Egan, and told him something.

"Hey?" sneered Simon Macaw, small eyes starting. "Hey?"

"That's what I said. A woman is going to run for alderman from this ward."

"Haw-haw, haw-haw!" laughed Simon, assimilating the idea—round warty face opening widely, sloping brow disappearing under an avalanche of loose bay hair, and his huge globular front quivering like a jelly. All of Macaw, and there was much of him, was agitated with merriment, for the Seventeenth Ward had confirmed itself through twenty years in the habit of sending him to the city council. "Where'd you get that stuff, Tom?"

"One of Fred Lind's girls is maid at old Armstrong's. She heard a bunch of these highbrow club women put it over up there yesterday afternoon."

Simon reddened slightly in the overlying folds of the neck. "Put it over? What over?"

"The deal to knock you out."

"Deal? Who'd they deal with?" Macaw's eyes rolled in their pockets of fat and his features expressed a momentary concern.

"Themselves!" exploded Tom, all but choking himself with laughter over the idea, and then, breathless, set out to extort additional entertainment by a series of wheezing imitations of the proceedings over the teacups as he imagined them to have been. "'Macaw is impossible!' cheeps Sarah Greystone," he began, knowing all the ladies well from the club and social columns of the newspapers, though not otherwise. "'Oh, quite—quite!' cackles Mrs. Armstrong," he mimicked next, and Simon, catching Tom's drift, leaned back and twiddled his thumbs, smiling broadly. "'That gross creature representing us!' shudders Mrs. Moline."

The alderman's smile became a happy convulsion.

"'A s'loon-keeper all his life, and now if that soft-drink emporium of his on Webster Street aint a blind pig, I don't know a pork when I hear it grunt!' croaks Hannah Smart."

Simon's laughter was abruptly terminated. "That battle-axe!" he barked. The alderman's fat face expressed loathing. He recalled a woman whose eyes were hard, whose countenance was rectangular, who wore a male hat and as near an approach to a male coat as she could induce her tailors to cut, and who faced the world in low-heeled, square-toed shoes. "That's the woman kept steppin' on my feet about the playground ordinance." Simon threw up his eyes dramatically.

"'They say he beats his wife,'" was Tom's next line.

"Who said that?" blurted Macaw.

"'Let's send Puss to the council in place of him!'" the mimic continued.

"Puss!" Alderman Macaw's wrath was once more dissipated by chuckles. "Puss who? Oh, Jerusalem, my happy home!" he panted, "one of these man-waisted—"

"Nothing like it," averred Tom with a sudden accession of respect. "She's Mrs. George Oliver—the fluffy, sistery kind—sort of soft, smiling, rabbity little woman; smart as tacks, too, they say."

"Age?"

"Thirty-two by the great register."

Simon's thick fingers tapped his pudgy knee meditatively.

"I hate to fight a nice woman. Why don't they run that old girl with the face like Gibraltar?"

"Because she couldn't be elected. The other woman can—*they think*."

"Think?" The nostrils in a large flat nose narrowed—a difficult feat—and an upper lip tightened and then curled scornfully.

The two men were sitting in that little alcove off the end of the bar wherein was a roll-top desk before which Simon transacted all his business, and beside which was a small but exceedingly well-constructed safe which contained those of his political secrets that existed on paper. Out of this Simon now lifted a small card-index, the separate units of which showed evidence of much thumbing.

"There's two hundred key men in that box, each of 'em swinging from five to fifteen, sometimes, by heck, forty votes. What chance has a woman got to beat *me?*"

"Key *women* might turn this election," suggested Tom thoughtfully; for this was to be the first time for women voters in the city, and there was honest speculation as to how the new political creatures would behave.

"The woman vote wont make any difference. They'll vote the way their men tell 'em," declared Simon with conviction.

"Will they, I wonder?" reflected Tom. "Wouldn't it be hell now, if instead of that, the men voted the way their women told 'em—in case the women got interested? You might have to throw the box away and learn a new game, Chief."

At that juncture there sounded upon the door of the little den a sharp and determined knock. The alderman rolled an inquisitive eye at the paneling. Had he been able to penetrate it with his glance, he would have observed the figure of a woman, for women, now that the bar was soft instead of hard, frequently

called on Simon here: indeed there was nowhere else to call upon him. The woman was young, twenty-eight years of age, mayhap; and heavy—some two hundred pounds most certainly. Nevertheless she carried her tonnage jauntily, almost airily. She was dressed in a black tailored suit, obviously an economical purchase; she wore a large hat rakishly, and in features was well-favored, although here again generosity was the essence of all construction, there being a good deal of nose, considerable firmly closed mouth and a broad chin, which, in the present poise of her head, was thrust well in advance of the rest of her countenance while she waited a response to her imperious knock. And imperious her knock might be, for the lady was Miss Rebecca Mussell, business representative of the Laundry Worker's Union.

"See who 'tis, Tom," directed Simon. "Why, how'd do, Miss Mussell? How'd do? Come right in. Set down. Excuse us a minute, wont you, Tom?"

MISS MUSSELL did not unbend at the warmth of Simon Macaw's greeting as manifested in his smiling face.

"He can stay for all of me," Miss Mussell announced in tones that rather boomed. "I'd just as soon talk to you out between the car tracks for that matter, Simon Macaw." Her demeanor certainly was not promising. Tom remained, on account of a nod from his chief, but did not smile as was his wont, and struggled to efface himself.

"Somethin's on your mind, Miss Mussell," divined Simon, still standing uneasily, for his visitor had not sat down.

"You're gettin' real bright," conceded the lady. "Maybe you're smart enough to tell me why you don't get that ordinance out and through and on the books."

Simon's face assumed an expression of grieved concern.

"So that's it, is it? Well, now, Miss Mussell," he deprecated, "I been havin' an awful time with that ordinance. First I got a majority for it on the committee, and then I haven't." But the face of the lady before him was the face of one who had made up her mind.

"Macaw," said Miss Mussell, leaning forward and waving a stout finger under a huge squat nose, "you been stallin' on that ordinance long enough. You come across! The time has come to pass it through or pass it up. Think you're going to keep on whip-sawin' me the rest of my life, do you? Well, I'll fool you. I been promising the girls that ordinance every meeting night for six months. Now, by golly—"

Simon bristled. "If you think the way to get your ordinance is to come here and bluff—"

"Who's bluffin'?" Miss Mussell's glance was smoking. "Who's four-flushin', you better say." The lady's hands were on her ample hips; her attitude was one of final exasperation. "I want that ordinance, Macaw, y'understand? I come to serve notice. I want it at the next meeting of the board." Having delivered the ultimatum, Miss Mussell turned upon her heels, swished herself out and slammed the door behind her—hard.

"That there's real trouble now," bemoaned Simon, fixing an eye first on the quivering door and then rolling it toward Tom. "How in time am I goin' to hold that girl is what I got to figure out and figure out quick."

"By passing her ordinance, I suppose," ventured his lieutenant dryly.

"You know perfectly well I can't let that ordinance go through, Tom," remonstrated Macaw. "Mr. Lusk has got stock in some of these laundries."

"Oh, Mr. Lusk?" Tom's manner was respectful but his mood was reflective and his tone insinuating. "Mr. Lusk is that friend of yours I've never seen," he commented.

"He's been pretty good to you at that," suggested Simon.

"I'll say so," agreed Tom readily, although to his experience Mr. Lusk was not a man, but a fund—out of which emoluments were doled from time to time to the trusty helpers of Macaw. When pickings were short and assessments uncollectable, then it was that the mysterious Mr. Lusk enabled them to feel his saving presence near.

Simon put the card index back in the safe, and as he did his eyes rested fondly upon certain pigeonholes full of fat envelopes, the ends of which his finger tips caressed with a lingering sweep of the hand before he closed and locked the inner door. Smiling, Tom went out to scout around, which at this stage was his chief duty, and the alderman remained behind, twiddling his thumbs and engaged in reverie, thinking hardly at all of Mrs. George Oliver but a good deal of Miss Rebecca Mussell.

And he had a right to his placidity, so far as Mrs. Oliver was concerned, for it was not going to be easy for her to campaign against the man—for a number of reasons. To be sure there were rumors about the alderman—ugly rumors that had, in years past, induced one reformer after another to take saddle against him. Each had launched a loud and windy campaign that seemed at first to be sweeping the ward, but when the tumult and the shouting died and the votes were counted, Simon was to be found wearing a halo of victory tipped at a proud angle over his receding brow.

And what could a woman do—a fluffy, rabbity little woman—even though she were, as Tom had conceded, sharp as tacks? Even among the women of her own class there were adverse opinions, as for instance, this very afternoon where Mrs. Sylvester Pridham was "pouring" for a select coterie of her intimates.

"Puss Oliver! That minx? Trying to get around men with her kittenish ways."

"The little notoriety-seeker!"

"How did they ever come to think of running her?"

"Probably she thought of it herself."

"She'd better be at home looking after her two children."

"Of course it's just the principle of the thing—that we should have at least one woman on the council."

"If it's a matter of principle, why didn't they run Hannah Smart? She's *all* principle."

"But it's Hannah that insists on Puss. Hannah is so shrewd, you know. She claims the situation demands Lucille Oliver and nobody else. Puss is awfully smart, you know, and she'll fight for anything she believes is right. I can't imagine anybody ever backing her down once her dander was up."

"Well," conceded Mrs. Sylvester Pridham, "since it's for the cause I suppose we've all got to stand behind her. I'll give her an afternoon right away. What would you think of white for decorations—pure white—purity in politics, you know?"

And while Mrs. Sylvester Pridham speculated over this grave problem Hannah Smart was undertaking the management of Mrs. George Oliver's campaign. She opened it with a bang. Meeting followed meeting. Puss was thrilled by finding herself the motif of each—it was like being an honor-guest at every function, week after week. She thrilled, too, at seeing her name in the headlines and on the billboards and knowing it was on the screen at every movie in the ward every day and night. The ward, too, began to teem with women workers.

"Hell's bells!" ejaculated Simon Macaw one day. "These women take to politics like a dachshund to a sausage. And how big a sock have they got, is what I want to know."

"They don't have to have much of a sock," explained Tom, who had been nosing into the women's campaign. "It's a new thing with them. They volunteer—stenographers volunteer out of office hours to do their copying and indexing for 'em; telephone operators volunteer to do calling up for 'em; women insurance agents and solicitors of every kind come around and offer to put in an hour or a half-day or maybe a whole day, certain days a week, ringing door-bells for 'em and talking up the woman's candidate till every woman in the ward has probably got that Oliver woman's picture stuck in a mirror somewhere round the room where she sees it every day. Darned pretty woman, you know, Simon, with those two kids of hers standing up beside her, one in a sailor rig and the other in a boy-scout uniform and George Oliver himself parked behind and holding the stars and stripes over the bunch of 'em. Old picture, made during the war out on a lawn somewhere, half a joke most likely, but, say, it's good campaign stuff, believe me!"

TOM was right in opining that the women had found a new interest. Social gatherings had gained a fresh motif. Political meetings in women's homes became the fad. They could be turned wonderfully to account. Prestige could be enhanced and points scored in the contest with rivals. Mrs. Sylvester Pridham gave her "afternoon" for Puss Oliver, with her friends massing to the number of forty, and to them the lady candidate made a speech. It was a great success—from Mrs. Pridham's standpoint. It put Mrs. Johnson-Liggett's eye out completely.

"Puss, dear!" cooed that lady. "I want you to let me have a meeting for you next Tuesday afternoon. May I?"

"That would be awfully sweet of you, Ellen," she agreed.

And Mrs. Johnson-Liggett worked the telephone hard so that limousines were ranged round her spacious lawns on Tuesday until they almost hid the house. She had coaxed out more than twice as many women as Mrs. Pridham, and had inveigled and dragooned into the gathering a few lorn men who, at first, sat or stood meek in the feminine throng, but escaped one by one at opportunity afforded, to the stairs where they congregated [illegible]



"Look at this street," she exclaimed, "littered with refuse that not even these poor lights could hide! You could have clean streets if Simon Macaw cared."

ily while Hannah Smart made a speech. When the speech was ended they applauded heartily, and made a flying wedge for the front door.

"Wasn't it lovely? Lovely!" declared Puss ecstatically. "Oh, I'm so grateful to you, Ellen!" She kissed Mrs. Johnson-Liggett on both cheeks: which would have led Simon Macaw to remark that it was indeed cheap campaigning when one could pay one's political debts with a kiss.

"It isn't getting us much, though," decided Hannah Smart, on the way downtown. "There aren't two hundred votes to the square mile out there. We've got to get in down here on the east edge of the ward where there are two hundred votes to the block. They're the votes that count."

"Wanted—an issue!" announced Puss. "There ought to be some reason why I should be elected over this man other than that I am a nice feminine sort of person and he is an unusually unspeakable male."

"The fact is," admitted Hannah soberly, "that our campaign isn't taking hold very well—under the surface, I mean. The man has got friends in high places too—astonishingly high places." She was thinking, for instance, of Mr. Thomas Armstrong, in whose own home the candidacy of Puss Oliver had been determined upon. "Run against Simon Macaw!" he had exclaimed in amazement. "Ill-advised. Most ill-advised! Simon's a rough, uncouth creature to be sure: but a very reasonable man. Very reasonable."

Mr. Armstrong was himself a man of the highest standing in the community. He would not have defended a political corruptionist. But he was also president of the water company. As an alderman the water company had found Simon Macaw reasonable—quite reasonable.

"I wonder what they mean by 'reasonable?'" fretted Hannah Smart.

And there was Mr. Sylvester Pridham, too, director in a trolley company. He also had understood that Simon Macaw was a person of rough exterior, but that he possessed a most responsive nature. The candidacy of Mrs. George Oliver, as announced in the newspapers, had made no impression upon Mr. Pridham. It was only when by chance he learned, while seated at his own dinner table, that during this same afternoon the walls of his home had resounded to the slogan of "Defeat to Simon Macaw!" that he sat up and took notice. There and then he issued a thunderous command—a command that none of his should by precept, by example, or by influence, or by ballot, put one jot or tittle in the way of the triumphant reëlection of Simon Macaw.



"Maybe you're smart enough to tell me why you don't get that ordinance on the books."

Mrs. Pridham was frightened. In the ensuing lecture on the economy of politics with which her husband followed up his order, it was made clear to her that the social and industrial foundation on which their comfort rested had somehow been created by men like Simon Macaw. About the same time the same sort of a view was planted in the mind of Mrs. Armstrong by her husband. Thus in social circles a strong back-current developed. Women who had kissed Puss on the cheek when they met before now kissed her on the mouth.

"The cats!" complained Puss to Hannah; "they are stabbing me in the back. I know it."

"So do I," was the reply. "We are up against the 'interests,' Puss—the interests that have always saved Simon Macaw before."

The eyes of Mrs. George Oliver snapped: her face took on a new expression. "We'll see," she said. "Hannah, I'm going down into the eastern edge as you suggest—down where the real people live. I'm going to them with my campaign. I am going to talk to the mothers of the industrial classes in the ward with my hands on their shoulders."

And she tried it on Mrs. Brockitt first. Alone and on foot Puss was pushing her way down by the river where the unskilled workers lived. The pavements under her feet were rutty and mussy. "I have a notion to go down this alley and up some of these back stairs," she said to herself, and let the notion lead the way. Dirty-faced children stared at her: a man with his shirt unbuttoned at the neck and a hairy chest exposed ogled her as she passed. At the landings were gathered the ashcans of the various floors, full to overflowing, covers awry and odors rising unpleasantly. On the third floor, panting for open air, she turned toward a window at the end of a hall and found herself looking out upon a fire-escape, a flimsy, rickety thing that was scarcely workable in the first place, and was blocked at landings with everything from a bathtub full of coal to bird-cages, a baby buggy and family washings.

Puss, as she leaned out and looked down, noting more heaping garbage cans in the unswept alley, heard a horrible squeaking sound on her right as a window was raised and a woman's head and arms thrust out while she hung some worn underwear upon the iron railing of the fire-escape.

"How do you do?" inquired Puss in her most cordial manner.

The woman regarded her with surprise and suspicion.

"How'd do!" was her grudging answer.

"You get terrible service from the city," Puss began abruptly. "Do you know it?"

"How—how'd you mean?" inquired the woman, taken off her guard.

"The streets aren't swept, the garbage isn't emptied, the fire-escapes are in a dangerous condition, the—" Puss hesitated, awaiting the effect of this trinity of indictments.

The woman looked surprised. She thrust her head out of the window, and gazed downward at the alley. Then her face expressed blank incomprehension. "Yessum," she seemed to decide after a moment. "The rich get all the service, and the working people pay all the taxes."

"Nonsense," declared Puss impatiently. "There are taxes enough collected to keep the entire city clean."

The woman quite as impatiently shook taxes and clean streets out of debate by pointing dramatically to a pint bottle of milk reposing on a corner of the window sill. "Nine cents for that! Up another cent this month, and the drivers tell me going higher before Christmas."

"But that's because of the monopoly through the pasteurization plant. It's the political situation makes that; the grafters are protected, don't you see?"

"Politics don't bother me none, Ma'am," came the quick rejoinder. "It's little Johnnie's sore throat. Seems like he's always getting that."

"But the baby's throat is always sore because the street is unswept, the garbage cans unemptied, and disease germs from both sources fly about in the air. That's politics, isn't it? If the men are paid to sweep the streets and don't; if you pay for having your garbage removed and it isn't removed—why, if the board of health inspectors were doing—"

The woman's face hardened. "There was a board-of-health man in here last Spring," she recalled with venomous eye. "Teacher sent him. He claimed Willie was a 'carrier.' He made me a lot of



Mrs. Sylvester Pridham gave her affair, and the lady candidate made a speech.

trouble. If he was to come round here again, I'd mob him, that's what I would. We don't want no policemen and no inspectors bothering round."

"Oh, but that's quite the wrong view," explained Puss. "All these things are to protect you—to make life easier for you."

"Easier?" The woman uttered the word doubtfully, cynically. Was there any way to make life easier? "Bill Brockitt gets twice as much as he did four years ago, but most everything's more'n twice as high. We got more wants too. Nope! Life don't get no easier."

"But it could be made easier if you— That's what I'm working for. I'm Mrs. George Oliver. I'm running for alderman."

"To make it easier for you—huh?" Mrs. Brockitt's lip curled, and her face brightened with satisfaction at her own keenness.

"No, no!" flushed Mrs. George Oliver. "No! It would be much easier for me not to." And she had a vision of her own immaculate home and clean and happy youngsters.

"A woman mixing in politics!" scorned Mrs. Brockitt. "What you want to run against Macaw for? He's a good man," she defended.

"Why, no, he isn't!" expostulated Puss. "It's his fault that you have all this filth and all this trouble about your garbage. Somebody's grafting. He should protect you."

"He does the best he can against the rich," declared the woman stolidly. "They get everything. I go up to the other end of the ward some Sunday afternoons, wheeling the baby, and we see it all—Bill and me. 'Look,' Bill says, 'that's what the rich get, damn 'em.'"

Puss opened her eyes wide.

"Rich? Simon Macaw is rich himself. As rich as mud. George, my husband, knows—he saw his income-tax return. His income is fifty or sixty thousand dollars a year."

"He got it off the rich, then," she decided stubbornly. "He's the friend of us working folks. He gets us jobs; he sends widdys coal. I wisht you seen the funeral he give old John Still from this very house last week. I wisht you seen it. Hearse and plumes and everything first class. That's the kind of a man Si Macaw is—if you want to know—that's the kind of friend he is. You got the same chance to be a alderlady that I have to be a movin'-pitcher star." The head and arms of Mrs. Brockitt disappeared: the window went down with a bang. Puss was alone in a smelly world. She was also mad—not at Mrs. Brockitt, but at Simon Macaw.

"The hypocrite! The oily hypocrite! He could afford a funeral every day for what he gets out of this house alone." Now Mrs. George Oliver was vague, quite vague, in making this statement for she did not quite see how he got anything in particular out of this house. It was random-wild, and she knew it, but—her woman's determination and woman's suspicion were roused, and she began a series of very private and very pointed investigations. "Everybody's handled that man too gently. I'm going after him," she announced a few days later to Hannah.

George Oliver himself, office manager for the Heron-Alston Company, bond brokers, was now commandeered.

"George," said his wife, "you are to be permitted to render distinguished service to the cause. You take out the car tonight at 7:30, with the top down and with Hannah and me in the back seat, and Mignon riding with you. You drive down Harrison Street and pull up at the curb just around on Webster. I'm going to address the passing throng on the issues of this campaign. It will not pass, believe me! It will stand still. I'm ready to throw things, George. This campaign of ours has been languishing from too much strategy and not enough clubs. Tonight the clubbing begins."

George consented grumpily. "Remember, Puss, I'm sore on this whole thing. If it wasn't that you are just too nice to be beaten for any office, President even, I wouldn't turn a hand. As it is, I'm afraid you're going to be licked flat."

"Perhaps," conceded Puss, "but Simon Macaw will know he's been in a fight." Yet when Puss Oliver said "perhaps," it was out of pure affectation of modesty. In her woman's heart she knew that she was going to beat Simon Macaw, beat him hands down, and felt that she would strike the first blow for victory that very night when, standing in the tonneau of her car on Webster Street near Harrison, she made a speech widely different from the kind she had been making before. It was not a discussion but an attack. She departed from abstract principles and let drive with personalities.

"Look at this dirty street," she exclaimed with wrinkled nose, "littered with dirt, with discarded papers, with refuse, with decayed vegetable matter, with a confusion *(Continued on page 127)*

BEAUTY

By

RUPERT HUGHES

Illustrated by

W. T. BENDA



He made off down the hill with Clelia. As a punishment

The story so far:

MRS. ROANTREE'S house-party had overstayed the Indian summer—a sudden snowstorm hurried their departing motors over the Adirondack roads. And one fear-smitten group lagged behind; for that morning Mrs. Roantree's willful and beautiful niece Clelia Blakeney had disappeared, inexplicably and in most disturbing fashion—clad, it would seem, only in night-clothes.

They searched everywhere through the blinding snowstorm: Burnley the painter, Randel the sculptor, and Larrick, a young Texan. Frewin and Coykendall, two other suitors of Clelia's, had already gone.

Days passed—days of bitter cold and snow: mystery deepened; fear increased. One day Larrick and Nancy Fleet, a very New York girl who had stayed with Mrs. Roantree, went out on snowshoes again to search the lake shore. They found the ice thick and windswept of snow, and Nancy went back for her skates. And then it was that Larrick found Clelia Blakeney—lying face upward, frozen fast in the ice, a gash on her forehead. . . . .

That night it was Larrick who kept a strange death-watch: through the window of the room where he sat could be seen on the snowy, moonlit veranda the beautiful, dreadful statue of Clelia Blakeney, locked in the block of ice which had been cut from the lake and hauled thither by ox-sled. And before his mind the whole curious story of his acquaintance with her passed in vivid review. He had been a penniless cowboy when he saved the life of that gilded young aristocrat Norry Frewin in a barroom row. He had progressed no further when an accident to the wife of his employer sent him riding hard across a desolate stretch of Brewster County in search of a doctor. His horse had shied at a snake and thrown him—and there where he fell he had found the pocket of cinnabar which had brought him a quarter-million dollars. A trip to New York had followed; he had looked up Frewin; and that grateful young man had introduced him to Clelia. . . . . And now he sat here, keeping watch over all that was left of her—himself aflame with longing to "get" the man who, he assumed, had caused her death.

He stirred in his chair and clenched his fist, his jaws and even his throat as he groaned:

"I'll get him! By God, I'll get him good and plenty—the rattlesnake!"

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A LIGHTNING-STROKE of good fortune shocks the heart with the same terror that rattles it when it confronts unforeseen calamity.

Larrick woke with a startle of fright from the dreamful sleep or the lethargy of revery that had absorbed him. He leaped from his chair and leaned against the window, panting hard as he stared at the big block of ice outside that imprisoned the form of Clelia. It fitted her as closely as diaphanous silk; yet it was as firm as steel.

Surely the dead girl had come to life! Surely she was struggling against her crystal coffin, writhing to throw off the smothering cerement as if it were a suffocating nightmare!

Larrick hung on the window-frame, breathing in great gulps like an overdriven fugitive. He could not move to open the door and run out to help her, though he felt the same frenzy to seize an ax and beat away the enveloping ice that Michelangelo used to feel when he saw in a shapeless bulk of marble some heroic figure and assaulted the stone to release and reveal the vision it encumbered.

The very thought of Clelia alive again after the agony of her loss was a frightful bliss, a staggering ecstasy. Such a miracle of resurrection made him faint. An angel must be at work out there, and he dreaded to interfere lest it take flight.

For a few vague, long moments he clung to the casement watching for the completion of the marvel and reveling in the thought of the girl's restoration to the world she had blessed.

Then the cruelty of realism that annuls so much of fancy's poetry brought him down to fact again. He gathered his courage together, and, opening the door as quietly as he could, went out on the porch. The cold of the night flung round him a mantle of chill. Shuddering, he went to the pillar of ice and stared into it, and saw that Clelia did not move. That maddening, breathless, pulseless fixity still prevailed.

His eyes went up in a throe of deluded hope and beheld ragged clouds, driven by a high wind in the upper regions, racing across the moon. The moon seemed to be running swiftly and whirling through them in a panic. The air close to the earth was still frozen and freezing. But the cloud-rush aloft caused a quivering shuttle from light to dark and half-dark that played upon the ice and gave it the illusion of motion.

The miracle was denied. Death was still absolute and relentless. Larrick bowed his head and dropping down to his knees



for Larrick and a torture for Frewin, no doubt, Clelia took his arm.

wept like a woman, sobbing into the crook of his arm, and yielding for the first time to the weakness that his manhood had resisted as a cowardice.

He had seen Nancy Fleet weep over Clelia, and had watched Mrs. Roantree in the despair of age, and the maid Berthe in the passionate resentment of youth, but he had not wept, though he had envied them their clamor.

He had withstood the rack of sorrow; but the gush of joy, the false smile of hope, had tricked him and broken him. He cried as he had never cried in his earliest boyhood.

The aftermath of his tears was an exhaustion of spiritual and bodily strength. He could hardly lift himself to his feet. He wanted to be dead, but he felt that he owed it to Clelia to avenge her; and he hoisted himself up and stumbled to the door.

He paused for a backward glance at Clelia. The shimmer of light so renewed the hallucination of life that, knowing it a cheat, he could hardly disbelieve.

The beauty of the might-be overcame him again, and he whimpered as he closed the door like a coffin-lid and tottered to the fireplace. When he knelt to stir up the dulling embers, he was hardly strong enough to raise a log and lay it on the coals.

Then he crouched in the attitude that prairie wanderers find natural, his feet a-tiptoe and his haunches on his heels. And he stared into the weakening flames, seeing the past pass by again in crimson pictures.

He was again coming down the Adirondack mountain slope, chasing the laughing Clelia, encountering Frewin in the trout-stream, and realizing the jealous wrath in the eyes of the man he had saved from death.

CHAPTER XVII

GOOD deeds, in spite of all the advertisement they get, are as often repented, perhaps, as evil deeds; and nothing looks sillier or more mawkish in retrospect from an altered point of view. And nothing is bitterer than a repented gratitude.

Larrick and Frewin, who had begun their acquaintance as instantaneous comrades, a very Damon and Pythias in a moment, were glaring at each other now with distrust and hostility. And this just because a volatile girl had floated between them like a silver bubble. Time would show that neither of them was to catch or hold that bubble, but at the moment it was the one important thing on earth, and the rivals were ready to trample each other down as stepping-stones for a higher clutch.

Clelia plainly understood the jealousy she inspired, and plainly reveled in it. She was at the age when nature seems to demand that the highest female ideal shall be the exciting of as much jealousy and as frantic a desire in as many males as possible. Laws and moralities and fairy-stories of love frown on this instinct as a deviltry, but nature has her way, let opinion be what it will. Everybody laughs at King Canute for ordering the tide back and getting his feet wet; yet everybody is always imitating his folly and commanding the domestic tides to stand still or to ebb when they themselves are on the flood.

Larrick, looking back on the living frivolity of the Clelia who stood just outside, all frozen in the moonlit ice, shuddered to remember how cruel she had seemed to him that day as she giggled over the torments she inspired in the two men who worshiped her, and hated each other instead of their tormentor. At that moment he had hated her a little too, but with the hate which is the sharpest proof of love.

After he had glared down from the high path at Frewin knee-deep in the tumult of the stream, and Frewin had glared up at him while the torrent carried his hook into a tangle of roots, Larrick felt compelled to say something and could think of nothing better than:

"What luck you havin' down yonda?"

Frewin had snapped back: "Rotten! And the same to you up yonda!"

Larrick reddened with angry confusion, but Clelia snickered aloud, and more to nag Frewin than to comfort Larrick, called down:

"Don't tell on us, Norry darling! We have decided to keep our engagement secret for a while."

Then she seized Larrick's hand and drawing it close to her side, marched down the steep path leaning on his arm and howling a wedding-march.

> Hail to the bride, hail to the bride!
> Lah, de-de dah de-de dah de-de dah!

Larrick could hear the enraged Frewin lashing the air with his fish line, and he was in a worse psychological snarl as to his own duty in the premise. Should he accept Clelia's announcement as pure burlesque and try to laugh with her over what was no laughing matter to him? Should he affect to misunderstand her and take the announcement as a final surrender to the proposal he made every time he got her alone? The latter seemed the more gallant thing to do, though he was not at all surprised when she flung his arm away the moment she was out of Frewin's sight.

He caught back her hand and pleaded:

"I'm takin' this mighty se'iously, Miss Clelia. I'm goin' to announce our engagement to the fust pusson I meet."

She put her finger in her mouth, cast her eyes down and in a parody of *Priscilla* simpered, burlesquing his Texan accent:

"Whah, Mista Larrick, haow praoud you make me!"

She fascinated him so with her incorrigible impertinence that

he grew desperate enough to reach for her in a frenzy of impatience.

She stood still in the loop of his arms and eyed him down as she spoke with more dignity than she had a right:

"Don't be any damneder fool than you have to."

His arms fell away, and he cringed with humiliation. She laughed even at this, with the mercilessness of youth that Nancy Fleet had spoken of. And away she went, like a tantalizing butterfly, fluttering down the mountain side.

Larrick stood fast, trying to be man enough not to follow. But he was too much man to give her up, and jogged after her, feeling as ungainly in mind and body as a balky steer yoked to a galloping antelope.

When Clelia was out of breath, she sat down on a log that spanned the equally frivolous stream. She motioned Larrick to sit by her, and enjoined any sentimentalism by speaking as if he had never suggested love:

"You told me how you found your fortune, but you haven't told me about Ma Milman's leg. Did you get the doctor?"

His self-respect debated whether he ought to sulk, or to ignore the insult. He decided to be as good a loser as he could.

"Well—" he began, when who should emerge from the screening thicket but Nancy Fleet and Roy Coykendall!

Instantly Larrick felt so guilty before the eyes of Nancy that he hardly noted the sudden wrath that turned Coykendall's sun-scorched features livid. But the fleeting impression photographed itself on his remembrance and was filed away and overscored only to come forth in palimpsest now on this bitter night after these many weeks.

COYKENDALL'S anger was as different from Frewin's as the touch of a toad from the wrath of a tiger.

It came upon Larrick that Coykendall, being a man of experience and cynical reaction to experience, had visited his rage upon Clelia and not upon Larrick. Frewin hated Larrick for pursuing Clelia. Coykendall hated Clelia for making a fool of Larrick and of himself. As always, he treated Larrick with a certain disdain, more intolerable than Frewin's really flattering jealousy.

Nancy was for going her way after a casual "Hello!" that failed to be as indifferent as she meant it to be.

(Larrick was stabbed with a sudden intuition that if anybody could have murdered Clelia, it would have been Coykendall. Frewin, he was sure, would have murdered a man, if anybody. He felt that he had turned up a clue and went back greedily to his reminiscence of the encounter.)

But Clelia sang out in the rural dialect she liked to employ:

"Set in, folks, and listen at the goldarndest yarn ye ever did hear."

(Nothing sounds stranger on the ear of memory than the bad manners and flippancies of the dead, the silly little things tossed off in fleeting whims. It seems almost a disloyalty to remember them.)

Larrick had been used to Clelia's childish way of making fun of him. He rather enjoyed it, but what hurt him wonderfully then was her invitation to the others to stop when they were going by. She insisted on turning their twosome into a foursome. He wanted to be alone with Clelia, and if she cared for him, she would want to be alone with him; yet she insisted on dragging in outsiders. This trifle convinced him that he had made little impression on her heart, and he was cruelly disheartened. Love builds mountains out of molehills for its own despair.

Miss Fleet and Coykendall had their own spiritual discomforts to digest, but they stopped because they had not the courage to move on. Clelia, holding them as the *Ancient Mariner* held the wedding guest, gave them a mocking synopsis of Larry's serial up to the point he had reached.

"The mysterious stranger has just been telling me the story of his life—how he was a poor but honest cowpoker down in a hell-hole of a desert, and his boss' wife broke her leg because a dead bear scared a mule, and Mr. Larrick started to fetch a doctor from an Alpine village a million miles away to set said leg, and as he was cutting cross-lots, a most obliging rattlesnake jumped at him and knocked him off his hoss, and he fell into a quicksilver mine worth a million dollars and sold it afterwards to his friend Rothschild. And I was just asking him about the next installment, when you two young lovers butted in."

As Nancy and Coykendall notoriously loathed each other, this allusion added to the discomfort that Clelia loved to create in her impish moods. But it was a dull afternoon, and Nancy was as unwilling to leave Larrick alone with Clelia as Coykendall was; so they dropped on the ground and begged for the story, just to make conversation.

LARRICK did not want to go on, but Clelia bullied him into it, and so he yielded rather than to appear to want coaxing. He soon warmed up to the theme, as one inevitably does who tells his own story to an audience that sits still and makes at least a pretense of interest.

"Well," he welled, "after my hoss th'owed me and I picked up that chunk of cinnabar, I sat still a long while figuring out how much money I might make in case I made any, because I wasn't plumb sure that place wasn't staked out.

"I looked around and found there was quite a showing of cinnabar as far as I could see. The stream had washed away the sand down to the rock; then the winds had blowed the sand over the rocks again, and hid it from anybody else who might have been passin'—if anybody did. Then just before I came along, another wind had cleared off a little of it again.

"Well, I had run across a pocket of cinnabar. There were close onto two hundred tons of it there, though I didn't find that out till later, of course.

"I wrapped that chunk of cinnabar in a handkerchief and tucked it inside my shirt. Then I caught my hoss. He was foolin' round, feelin' too lonesome and lost to run away. Then I lit out for the nearest ranch. I remembered poor Ma Milman and her broken leg, and I was pretty much anxious to get to Alpine on my own account before that cinnabar pocket did vanish.

"I realized that that hoss of mine was going to take too long to make that ninety miles to Alpine; so I turned in at Bowditch's ranch. I didn't want to, because old Bowditch and Pa Milman weren't any too good friends, and Mrs. Bowditch had plumb insulted Ma Milman because she heard her swear once on a Sunday. Ma was drivin' a team of mules at the time, the same pair that broke her limb for her when they got scared of the bear. And anybody that blames anybody for cussing out a mule has funny ideas. But the Bowditchs had a flivver, and Mrs. Bowditch couldn't run it anyways, so she had no occasion to swear. But she wasn't speaking to Ma Milman at the time.

"I felt kind of delicate about borrowing the Bowditch flivver on Ma's account, but on second thoughts I decided it was all the more reason to use it. So I rode in and asked Bowditch to harness up the fliv and take me to town. When he asked why, I told him, and he allowed he couldn't spare the time. I had put my gun on when I went out to see what scared the mules home; so I put the gun in Bowditch's abdomen and allowed that I could tell him where he'd spend eternity if he didn't step along right smart. So he did. He rolled out the rusty old tin lizard, and we got into the can as snug as a pair of sardines.

"We began the jounce across the desert, making such a rattle that the rattlesnakes gave up in disgust. But we hadn't gone many miles before the engine began to sputter and loaf. Bowditch got out and looked her over and said the blamed old radiator was leakin'. We'd been trundlin' that old sprinklin'-can across the sand and wasting precious water on a place that even a cloudburst couldn't do much more than dampen down for a few minutes.

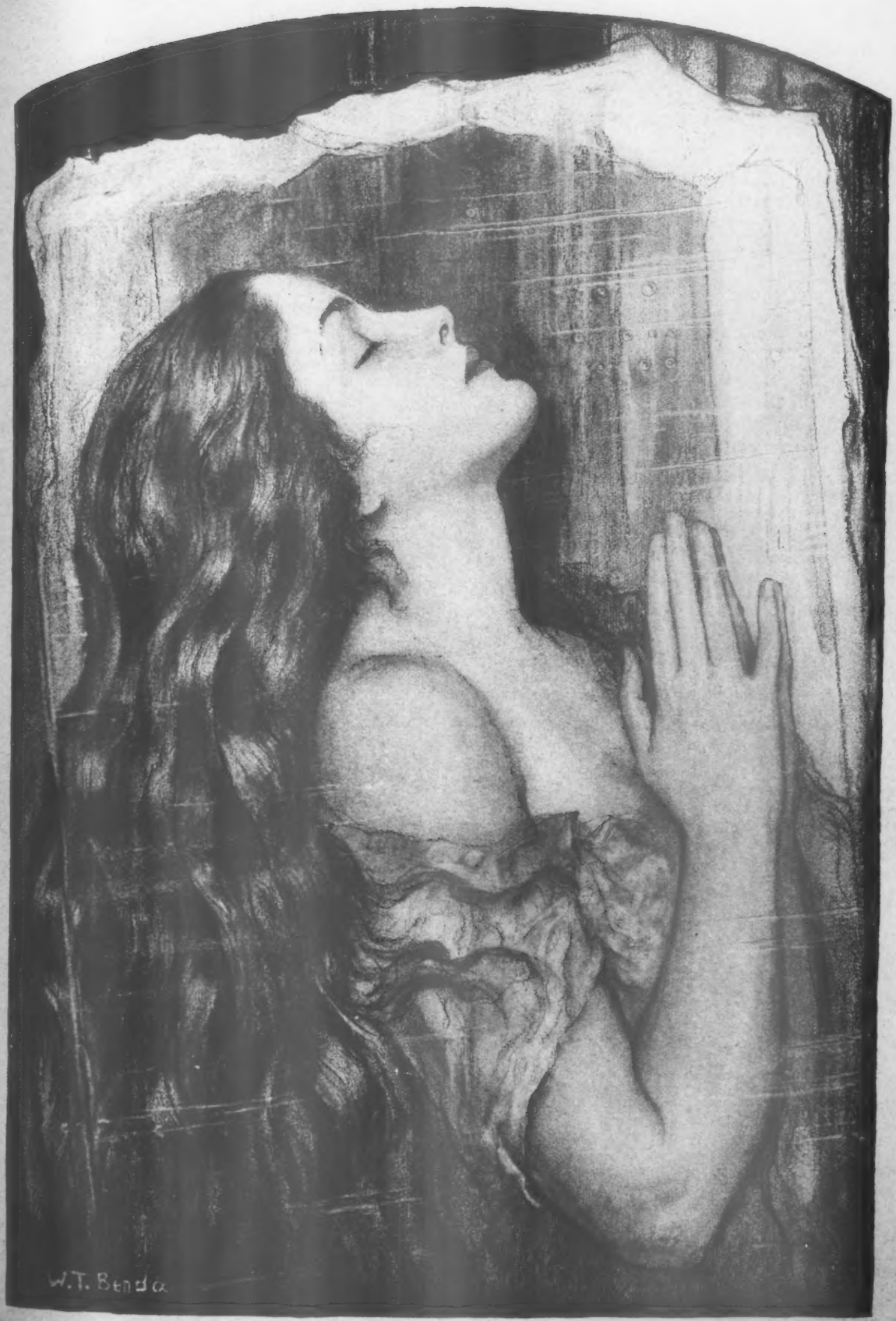
"Down there in Brewster County water is the first and last thing we think of. They sink big tanks where they can catch rainwater, when there is any, and hold it between showers. But we were a long ways from the next water-hole and a longer ways from the last one.

"Old Bowditch scratched his head a long while and allowed we could never make it, on account of the radiator. I got out my old six-gun and said it was feelin' right leaky too, and he'd better pray for an inspiration or something. There was just a mite of water in the radiator, and it was tricklin' out fast, but Bowditch got his inspiration, though it was a long while a-comin'.

"He found a box of crackers in the car. He'd brought 'em along for his supper. Well, he crumbled the crackers up and fed 'em into the radiator, and they made a kind of a paste, I reckon, and stopped up the leak wherever it was. Then we emptied our canteens in on top of what water there was left, and the engine began to pop once more. We moved like a bull-snake with the rheumatiz, but we crawled to the next tank. Always carry some crackers with you, folks, when you go motoring.

"WELL, anyway," continued Larrick, "we loaded the radiator up good and went flyin' along the trail. Just before the twilight petered out, we came to an old 'dobe barn with a thatched roof.

"There was nothing to it but to put up there till daybreak;



Surely the dead girl had come to life! Surely she was struggling against her crystal coffin.

so we did, and mighty glad not to have to sit up in the flivver all night.

"Bowditch rolled himself up in the laprobe and told me he hoped I'd die durin' the night. I wasn't long gettin' to sleep, but I wasn't long asleep when I felt something long and slippery crawlin' up alongside of me. The nights are cool out there, and I realized that some lonesome snake had taken a fancy to my nice warm figger."

EVEN Clelia revolted at this situation with horror. Nancy Fleet blenched and stared in retroactive pity and anxiety as if Larrick were doomed:

"Good Lord, you poor soul, another rattlesnake!"

"Well, I didn't stop to ask any questions. I made one quick grab and got a handful of rubber hose, and I did one of the quickest pieces of rope-throwin' you ever did see. I heard the blamed thing hit the wall with a clump, and I didn't hear anything more.

"I had no ambition to get up and wander round in the dark to find out just what brand of reptile it was; so I just kept still and wondered. The last thing I knew I was listening for that snake to move and trying to bore holes in the dark with my eyes, and the next thing I knew, old Bowditch was shaking me and saying: 'Are you allowin' to lay abed all day? It's nearly five o'clock!'

"I just rolled over very cautious-like and asked for Mr. Snake. Bowditch didn't know what I was talking about, he having slept through it all. I told him about it and said it was too bad I hadn't dropped that living lariat round his neck; it would have saved him from being lynched some day. He said I must have dreamt it all, for there was nary a snake in sight. Finally we looked up, and there we spied our friend wrapped round the center pole of the barn—a big rock-python. He wasn't poisonous, but he could give you a tight squeeze, all right.

"We knocked him down and bashed his head in and just for fun opened up a big swelling in his anatomy, and there we found a dozen baby chickens and three or four sparrows' nests. Good thing he'd had his dinner before he went to bed with me. Eh?"

Ladies have disliked snake stories since a certain famous incident that the sons of Adam feel a delicacy about mentioning. Larrick's venture into herpetology was a complete failure. He saw that even the fearless Clelia had her qualms, and Nancy Fleet was strangely lacking in luster. She spoke uneasily:

"If there are any more snakes in your life-story, please skip them and get on with your flivver."

Larrick apologized. "I'm sorry if I—Well, anyway, we pushed on in the car and made Alpine in pretty good time, considerin'. Bowditch had to take the machine to a garage, and that gave me time to see the doctor. He didn't want to go to the Milman's much. He said he had all the patients he could handle in Alpine. But I told him what Pa Milman had said about fetchin' him one way if I didn't another. And I allowed that if he didn't set Ma Milman's bones, he'd have so many of his own to set that he wouldn't practice on much of anybody but himself for considerable time; so he said he'd come along.

"While we were waiting for the car to get patched up and the doctor to leave farewell pills on all his patients, I put my claim in the hands of a lawyer I could trust and promised I'd give him a rake-off if he made good, and I'd shoot his head off if he didn't run straight.

"Then we piled the doctor and his kit of tools into Bowditch's flivver, and we went pirooting back to the ranch.

"Poor Ma Milman was almost dead with that broken bone those two days and all that night, and we didn't dare tell her the doctor came in the Bowditch car or she'd have refused to see him. The doctor fixed her up fine, and before I left Alpine, she was up and about cussin' the greasers out and babyin' the white men the same as usual.

"I took Pa Milman into my confidence about my discovery, and he said he'd lend me the money to buy the land from the State, if it was State land, or from whoever owned it. He wouldn't go shares with me, either. He said I'd worked hard for him and saved his wife from being a cripple, and if I could turn over a few dollars by selling a little loose mercury, I was welcome to it.

"Old Bowditch nearly suffocated when I told him he had to take me and the doctor back to Alpine, but I saw to it that he did. As soon as we reached town, what do you suppose I found out? Don't trouble to guess, for you'd never make it. My lawyer told me that land was part of Bowditch's property!

"I nearly passed out, right then. But I went up to the old skinflint and told him I'd like to buy a piece of grazin' land off him down near the Milman ranch. He said I couldn't have it for less than five dollars an acre, and after a lot of hemming and hawing, I said: 'All right!' Then I felt kind of guilty and as if I ought to ask him about the mineral rights. But he spoke up fust. He says: 'For a dollar extry per acre, I'll sell you the mineral rights too.' I could tell by the yalla look in his eye that he was tryin' to put something over on me, so I felt better: it didn't seem so bad stealing from a thief. So I says, 'All right!' and the lawyer fixed up the quitclaim deed, at six dollars an acre, bindin' me to pay so much down and the balance within thirty days. When I signed it, Bowditch like to laughed himself to death, tellin' me how he'd stuck me.

"'You didn't happen to know,' he says, 'that I can't sell you the mineral rights, because I had only the grazin' rights, the mineral rights bein' reserved to the public school funds?'

"Texas land laws are complicateder than anything this side of—well, anyway, you see, when the Texas Republic consented to join up with the U. S., she kept all her unclaimed lands for herself and turned 'em over to the school funds with a lot of reservations.

"But my lawyer had looked it all up and told me that the old law had been changed and the title to what was under the ground went with what was on top. When he told Bowditch that, the old fool's jaw dropped, but he says:

"It don't make any diff', for there's no mineral there. I been over every foot of it.' I said, 'If you didn't find any, a hawk couldn't,' and that pleased him so he rode me back to his ranch, and I went the rest of the way on my hoss that I'd left there. Pa Milman loaned me some greasers, and I went out to work the claim. I turned up some pools of mercury and sold what I got for enough to pay Bowditch without borrowing a cent from Pa Milman.

"When Bowditch saw me carryin' my first wagonload of quicksilver past his place to Alpine, and learned what I'd found, he almost shook himself to pieces like he was his own flivver.

"Well, I was putting a little money in the Alpine bank every so often, and some of the swells in town were invitin' me to stay to supper, and some of the leaders of society there were dressin' up special for me.

"My highest ambition was to buy a house in town, and live under my own palm tree and windmill—every yard in Alpine has a windmill bloomin' like a big immense sunflower, for water down there is what champagne is up here since prohibition extended the desert from coast to coast.

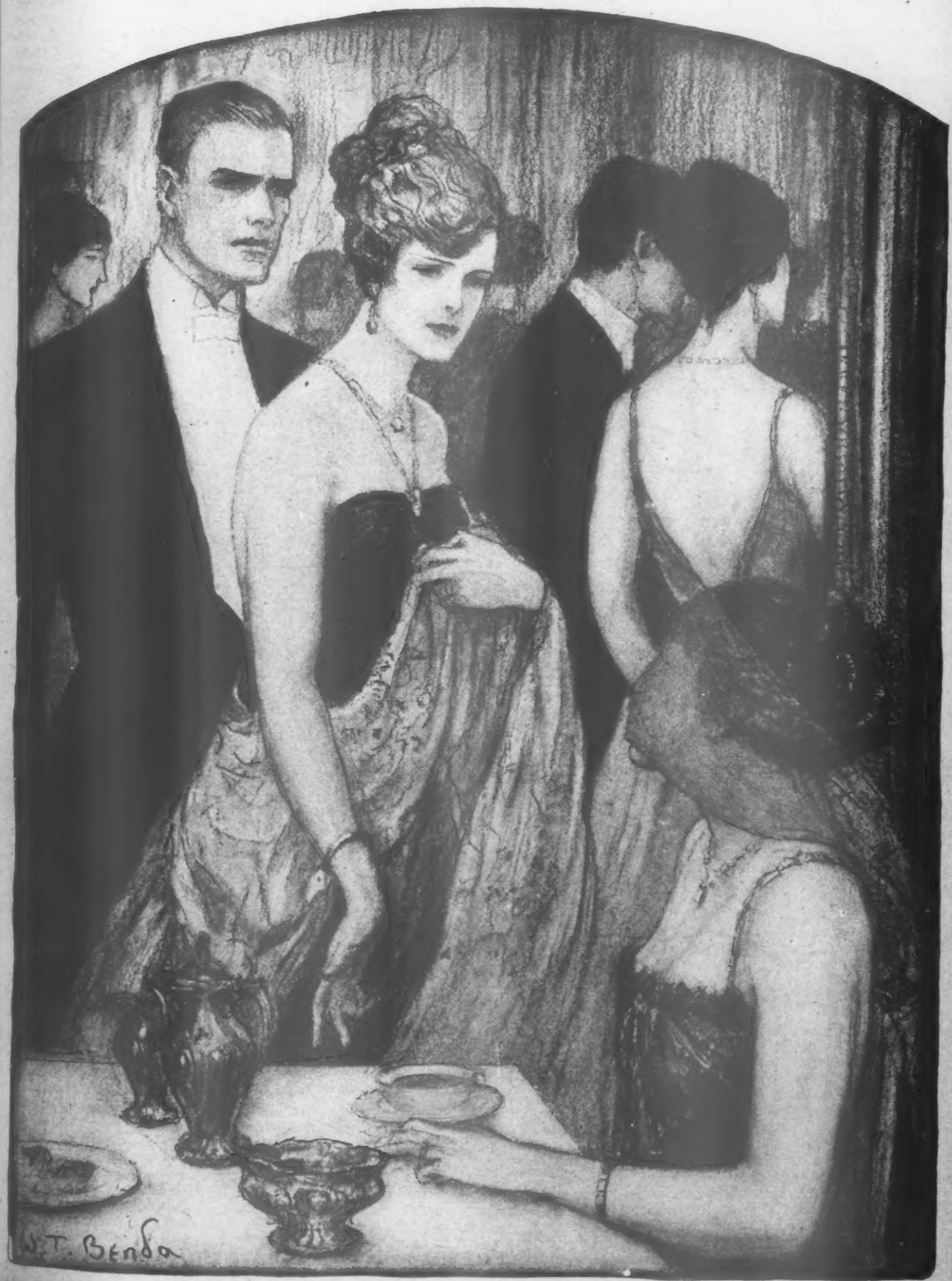
"THEN one day a mining engineer wandered onto my property and asked a lot of questions and poked his nose around a good deal. Pret' soon he asked me if I didn't want to sell out. I said: 'Not specially.' So he offered me ten thousand dollars for my claim. I nearly fell off my hoss onto his neck, and I nearly laughed myself to death. I was thinking of all the things I could do with ten thousand dollars. But he thought I was makin' fun of his offer, and befo' I could sober down, he says: 'Well, how about twenty thousand, then?'

"I'd played one or two games of poker in my day, and I'd kind of learned to size up a bluffer who was pretendin' his hand was not very good and just bettin' easy to encourage the suckers. So I stopped laughin' and threw a little bluff of my own. I growled: 'What do you mean, comin' down here and belittlin' my property when I been polite to you?'

"Well, it worked. When he bid fifty thousand, I ordered him off the place. He said, 'Seventy-five,' and I told a greaser to lead him to the road. He hoisted her to a hundred; and I says, 'I got no mo' time to waste on you,' and I rode off at top speed. The first big rock I turned, I stopped and peeked round, scared to death for fear I had pushed him to his limit. But there he come ridin' after me; so I jammed the rowels into my cayuse and beat it for the little 'dobe house I had put up.

"Well, he got there soon after I did, and his fust words were, 'A hundred and twenty-five.' I says: 'Light off and let me give you some supper. I hate to see a po' crazy man goin' hungry raound here.'

"My greaser cook gave him some *frijoles* and *tortillas* and coffee, and I gave him a genuine alfalfa cigar. Well, he wouldn't let me go to sleep befo' he'd pointed out how foolish it was for me to try to work that claim in all the heat and sweat, and havin' no access to the real market. He told me that I ought to sell out and go to New York or Paris and have a good time. 'You don't see the Baron Rothschilds down here eatin' alkali,' he says. 'You'll find them swellin' round in Paris and Monte Carlo, like you'd be doin' if you had any sense. I'm actin' *(Continued on page 55)*



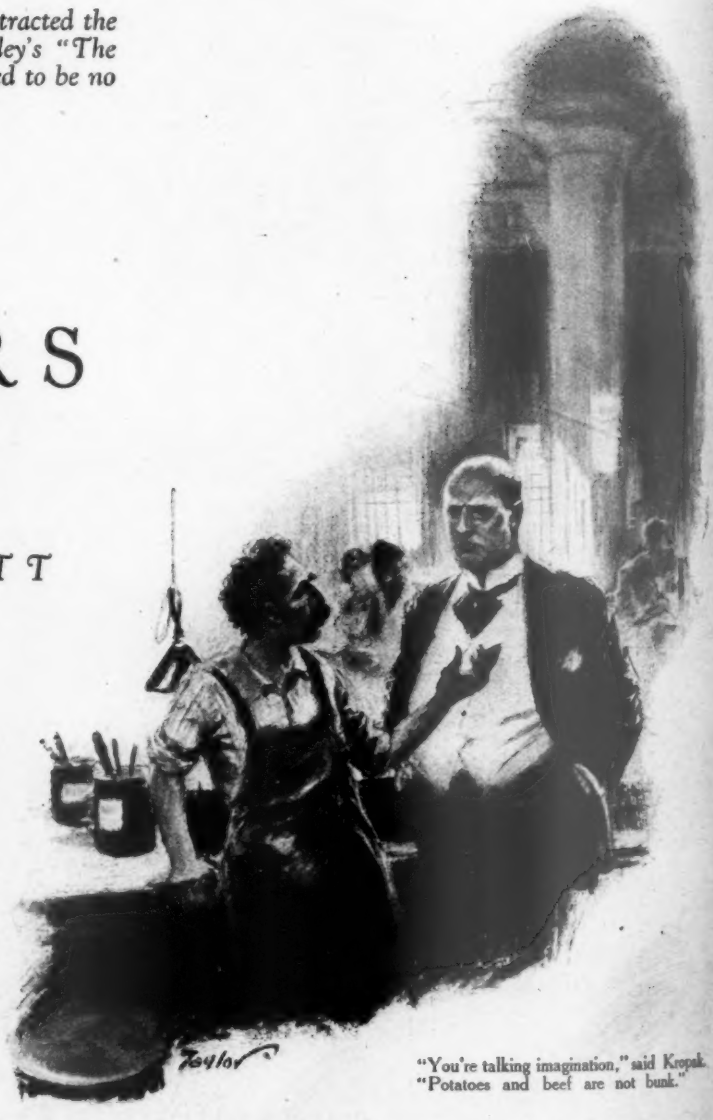
She moved on, with Larrick in her train. He was wondering less about her now than about the woman in the lace mask. As Frewin and his flock passed out the door, Nancy waved her hand to the woman.

NO story published in recent months has attracted the attention that has been given Mr. Woolley's "The Voice." Here is another that seems destined to be no less generally discussed.

TEN DOLLARS A DAY

By EDWARD MOTT WOOLLEY

Illustrated by H. WESTON TAYLOR



"You're talking imagination," said Kropak. "Potatoes and beef are not bunk."

SHABBY young Mr. Hawkins knocked respectfully at the door of the president's office. Receiving permission, he stepped inside. Hawkins was never aggressive.

"Beg pardon—just a personal matter," he stammered. It was a desperate thing he had come to say.

Moving over to the president's flat-top desk, he continued, with the air of a man who had made up his mind:

"I've wanted for some time to have a talk with you, Mr. Sanford. I—well, the fact is I can't live on my salary. I—I'm married now."

The president of the Iron Products Corporation leaned back and regarded his visitor tolerantly. Sanford liked to consider himself a student of types.

"Congratulations," he said; "I hadn't heard the glad tidings, Hawkins. Sit down and tell me about it. Let me see—you are getting—?"

"Eighteen hundred." Emboldened by this favorable reception, Hawkins went on: "It's a year since my last raise. In the four years I've been supervisor of truck records my salary has gone up only fifty per cent."

The president sat for a minute contemplating his caller. Hawkins wore an air of small consequence, along with a ragged bow tie and slightly worn trousers.

"Eighteen hundred," repeated the president, thoughtfully. "Not a high salary, true enough, for a married man in this limousine age. And now that you're on the matrimonial tour, Hawkins, I suppose we'll have to consider you in the six-cylinder class, as well."

Sanford was often thus whimsical and given to the use of picturesque imagery. "Marriage, of course, is a sound basis for a salary raise," he added.

Hawkins was decidedly more at ease now. "Yes," he agreed, looking at the wall; "it takes a lot of money these days to get married."

"Quite right; and you're fortunate in knowing where to come for it. Now in your own estimation, what additional salary are you entitled to by virtue of your hymeneal contract?"

Hawkins darted a glance at the president and shifted in his chair—sensing vaguely a note of sarcasm. He was not overastute.

"I thought," he answered flushing, "that you might be willing—that is, that I ought to be entitled—probably six hundred dollars."

Sanford smiled indulgently. "I'm afraid you underestimate the cost of traveling in a family car. However, with economy you ought to get along for a time on twenty-four hundred. But before we fix your salary at that minimum, Hawkins, perhaps you have claims to an additional increase. Suppose you tell me some things you've done to develop the efficiency of the truck records department."

A drop of perspiration appeared under Hawkins' cowlick. "I've worked very hard, Mr. Sanford; it's been almost impossible to get the other fellows up there to do their share. Nobody wants to work any more."

"Exactly! I'm glad you brought up that point. Everybody wants more money, but who is willing to return anything additional for it? It's hard to reconcile these two truths. Take your own case, Hawkins. Suppose you came to me and said, 'Mr. Sanford, I need more money, but I realize that you must have something in return. Give me a raise of six hundred dollars and I'll guarantee to hand back six hundred dollars in additional brains.'"

Hawkins squirmed. Then he grabbed at a thought. "The truck records department is a routine one, Mr. Sanford. There

't any chance there to—juggle your brains and invent things. don't see how I could do six hundred dollars' worth of extra rk unless I put in half the night on overtime."

Sanford waited a minute before answering; then he sighed. Well, Hawkins, I waive the point. We'll concede you are right assuming your department has reached its fullest develop- nt. I'm sorry, because I'd hoped you might find grounds for rease of a few hundred dollars in addition to the six hundred which your marriage entitles you. But wait—before you go want to show you something."

He took from his desk some large sheets of statistics. Sanford ays believed figures could best convince a jury. "The relative st of operating your end of the accounting division, Hawkins, s increased ninety-three per cent during your incumbency. Per- ps we had reason to hope that the head of the department, whose n salary was constantly growing, might find ways— But I'll see at can be done for you. Come back tomorrow."

"WELL, Hawkins, I've arranged to give you all the op- portunity you need," said Sanford, next morning. We're agreed that there isn't any chance for original work in e department of truck records. Therefore you must concede at except for your marriage you're not worth more than one ousand, eight hundred dollars to us. Of course we'd consider it r duty to shoulder the extra six hundred and retain you as chief that department—if there wasn't a better way."

Sanford's eyes for a moment were half-humorous, half-auger- e. When he chose he could bore into a man with double .X tics.

"But really, Hawkins," he went on, "I want to give you a ow." All trace of irony was gone from his tone; he was deeply earnest.

"We want our young men to progress—to believe in them- ves and develop. I'm going to give you a real chance, with possibilities. We don't want our competent young men to ay in jerkwater jobs. And to make the incentive worth while shall add a liberal increase to your estimate of your own value. eginning next Monday you will be secretary of the truck en- neering department, at a salary of three thousand, six hundred llars—with at least a year's tenure of office."

Hawkins, standing at the other side of the desk, stared blankly the president.

"The truck engineering department," continued Sanford, ill give you scope for all your ability. It's on e main highway—the State road for married men ose wives want limousines. They're doing big ings in the truck engineering department. It's place for mere records—it's a creative world of own. Truck engineering, Hawkins, is a tremen- us field—"

"I—ah—excuse me, Mr. Sanford, but I don't ow anything about engineering."

"Just so! Of course I've considered that point. ou're not an engineer—you don't need to be. True, u'll need to understand something about technical rms and procedures; it'll require study. And of ourse you'll be expected to originate ore or less; everybody up there does t. You know that on a State road ks usually drive fast."

Sanford seemed distressed over the oung man's dismay. "I want you to e the job—want you to use your brains d make good. Remember, your sal- y's been doubled. It's a chance to ow what's in you."

He got up and reached for t hat. "I must go. You'll xcuse me, Hawkins; I have appointment," he said olitely.

The Hawkins episode set nford thinking industriously, d that evening he asked the h executives of the corpo- ion to come to his house. r one thing, they went over e strikes the company had en through, roughly estimat- the total cost at a million rs.

"But don't make the mistake of throwing all the blame on labor," said Sanford. "There might have been ways to head off these calamities."

"Theoretical ways only," argued Atkins, vice-president; "half-baked welfarism. All our strikes have come from the modern habit of grabbing something for nothing. Look at Kropak, in the enameling department. For years he and his freebooters have been getting the bacon without putting any money in the till. They've given us nothing additional in return for increased wages."

"We'll have to get rid of Kropak at all hazards," said Montgomery, superintendent.

"Sometimes I wonder whether Kropak and his crowd are bigger raiders than the rest of us," observed Sanford. "Yes, they've doubled their wages without giving us any more in production; but we have driven the elephant into the public's yard, to feed off its garden. We give our customers less than half for the same price. In addition, the people have paid for our strikes."

"What else could we do?" demanded Atkins, hotly. "Your basis of comparison is fallacious, when you liken us to Kropak and his soviet. Must we feed that confounded elephant ourselves—how could we?"

"Superficially, your argument seems water-tight," returned Sanford. "But its premises are wrong. I believe the company has a responsibility in preventing raids by Kropak's crowd."

"The moment you try to prevent it," insisted Atkins, "you declare war—shut down the factory and ruin us."

Sanford was silent a minute. They were gathered in the library of his home on the hill. Quite a famous library it was—for Sanford had been a collector of books for many years. His shelves were especially rich in philosophy. Socrates, Plato, Aristotle—this great trio lived there. The unwritten, but immortal, philo-



"This is no place for any girl," she said many times a day. "It's slavery; that's what it is."

sophic code of Epictetus, compiled by his pupil, had for years been Sanford's almost daily guide. Kant, Descartes, Rousseau, and Bacon all lived in that library. Even the most modern of all, the industrial philosophers Taylor and Gantt, were in evidence.

The eyes of the president now rested on the philosophy section. "It may be," he said, "that our logic hasn't kept pace with the world. I fear we haven't brought our philosophy down to date. After all, Atkins, the old philosophies simply need adaptation. Human nature hasn't changed."

The vice-president was impatient. He leaned forward in his chair and glared across at his chief through the twirling tobacco smoke.

"I'd like to see you apply any philosophy, ancient or modern, to Kropak," he declared.

"When I was a boy," returned Sanford, "I was forbidden to go swimming in the deep hole back of the sawmill. Whenever I was caught, father applied his philosophy externally. We've been doing pretty much the same thing with Kropak. I'd like to experiment—to inoculate him hypodermically with a newer philosophy."

He stood up suddenly, his gaze sweeping the group. "It's a simple philosophy of personal effort! Yet for lack of it today the world faces chaos. We cannot much longer survive Kropak's theories that workmen may drive their labor steeds into the industrial granary and haul away its stores without leaving so much as a promissory note. Nor can we continue our own comfortable philosophy of passing along the burglary."

Sanford was not often excited, but now he strode across the room and back.

"I tell you, we've got to get out of the 'hands up!' game, or before many years the public will put the handcuffs on this plant and get along without us. Somehow we must find a way to get value received from our men, and at the same time give our customers full value. We've got to use our heads to do it. We need to stick to the old theorem that to gain permanent success, a business must benefit, not oppress, mankind."

ANTONIO KROPAK spoke eight languages—and this alone gave him tremendous power over the polyglot mass of workers at the Iron Products plant. At various times the company had employed foreign-speaking detectives to investigate Kropak's teachings, and Sanford had reams of reports. The undesirability of the man was evident; his linguistic ability seemed to make him especially dangerous. Yet the company had found it impossible to discharge him without stirring the animosity of the Fraternity of Amalgamated Languages, of which Kropak was grand chief and organizer. Ostensibly this society was not a labor body, but it wielded a deep undercurrent of influence; it was made up of soviet romancers.

On the day following the conference at the president's house, Sanford went to the enameling department and paused casually to talk with Kropak—a little man physically, but possessed of energy violently aggressive. Privately, Sanford called him the Katydid—he was everlastingly busy, but they didn't know how to catch him. And despite his curious ability with strange tongues, Kropak was seriously lacking in schooling.

"Morning, Kropak," said Sanford, at the former's bench. "Things running smoothly in the Fraternity?"

Kropak turned from his work and looked up at the big fellow. The two were grotesquely disproportionate in size—and apparently quite as far apart in brain equipment. Kropak had never given evidence of possessing a conscious philosophy along the lines dominating Sanford's thoughts. Now the Katydid's eyes were menacing for a moment. Then his face relaxed into a sarcastic squint.

"The Fraternity itself gets along," he answered; "but its members mostly have a hard time. Last night we had a meeting, and you couldn't guess what we talked about. Potatoes, for one thing!"

From his pocket he took a sheet of paper on which figures were scrawled. "Look! Potatoes, six dollars a bushel! Beef, seventy cents. How can we live?"

Producing a newspaper clipping, he went on: "See! Our friends, the tailors, get ten dollars a day; bricklayers, twelve; drivers of ash wagons, ten-fifty. Why must *we* work longer on piece rates that average under seven dollars? Are we poorer trash than street cleaners, who get seven-fifty?"

Sanford seated himself on a box. He had not come to argue, but he meant to couch his proposition in plain terms.

"Kropak, isn't it possible that one man can be worth more than another, or one group more than another group? Are all men like nails in a keg—of equal value? Are ashmen really worth fifty a day, or isn't such pay out of proportion to their and value to the people? A million men could drive an ash On the other hand, it's easy to see how such a driver tod be worth twice ten-fifty tomorrow, if he invented, say, a ash wagon—contributed constructive thought to the publi vantage."

Kropak laid down his brush, his grouch flaring up; but S gave him no chance to answer.

"Now see here, Kropak, take your own case. Suppose I through this plant in search of a man for a responsible j stairs, and happen to pick *you!* What would you say if I o you a hundred dollars a week?"

"You're talking imagination," said Kropak, surprised. "P toes and beef are not bunk."

"No; nor is this hot air. I want to show you how foolis is to believe men are worth more money just because they b to some particular class—like enamelers or ash haulers. can't establish men's values by organizing class divisions when the tailors and street cleaners think they've got the by the tail, their money stops coming—because in the end all must pay, and there will be nothing to pay with. There must a better basis for values. But no matter. To me, Kropak, are worth more than ten dollars a day—because you speak languages. Listen! I want you up in the foreign departme I believe you'll be worth a hundred dollars a week up there."

Kropak looked up at the chief through angry amazement. W all his petty leadership he had never considered himself differ as a workman, from the other human nails in the enameling k But here in a minute his theory was shattered.

"You talk fun," he said; "you call it a joke!"

"The best joke you ever heard, Kropak—a joke on the you put on yourself. It's absurd to think you're worth o dollars a day. In the foreign department even a hundred a week wouldn't be much."

Kropak's eyes began to glitter. "If you're not talking ness," he retorted, "what you want of me up there?"

"To write letters—translate. We mean to increase our eign business—France, Spain, Italy, Sweden, the Slav co South America."

"I speak the languages, but you wouldn't like how I them," said Kropak, almost whining.

"Ah! Now you get down to brass tacks. Men are alike, are they? Some men speak and write many langu easily as a horse trots. If you could write as well as y these tongues, you'd be worth to us—let us say ten tho year."

Kropak's incredulity was funny. "You make of me a j he cried, with rising anger.

"Wait!" interrupted Sanford, getting up and laying a Kropak's trembling arm. "Beginning tomorrow, I guarante hundred dollars a week for a year—in the foreign dep If at the end of that time you're worth two hundred we'll change the contract. If not, you come back to your the enameling department, at ten dollars a day—the val place on yourself. There's only one condition—you will Grand Chief of the Amalgamated Languages. I'll be fr you find anything worth while in your attempt to make worth two hundred dollars a week, I want you to pass y ence along to the others; to prove that men are worth *earn*—not merely what they demand."

LIZZIE McQUIRK worked in the bolt and nut department.

"This is no place for any girl," she said many times her companions. "It's slavery—that's what it is. Here day after day, twisted over these benches till we get hun like a grasshopper. Why don't somebody invent a way spect by machinery? What do they take us for, to get our eyes and corns on our fingers, and ruin our complexi in this hole?"

Yet Miss McQuirk did her work extraordinarily well. the asseverations concerning her eyesight, she possessed an ally keen mechanical eye. And notwithstanding repeated tions that her spine was bowing, she was straight and tall over, her countenance was more blooming than an apple have made it.

The foreman of the bolt and nut inspection room expressed the opinion that Lizzie McQuirk would make a jack president of a woman's college—so good was she at and advising.



"I take your proposition, Sanford. Show me twenty-five thousand bucks a year and I'll run your factory!"

"Ought to have been a schoolma'am, at least—she'd take it out of the sassy ones and the boneheads. She'd learn 'em to do things right, you can bet. Listen to her holler right now about them bolts Annie Wiggens passed as A One. 'I hope to heaven you get a husband as bum as your work!' said Lizzie, and she junked most of them rods."

Miss McQuirk's disposition continued to go to the bad, however, and only her unerring inspection work saved her from the foreman's discard. They used her especially in checking up the other girls. She got samples from all the benches, and if anyone did indifferent work, Lizzie showed them up. Naturally she wasn't popular—nevertheless she was admired for her clever tongue and accurate eyes and fingers.

Sanford had never even heard of Miss McQuirk until he set out to find further subjects for his experiment with the philosophy of personal effort. True, he had often been through the inspection department, casting passing glances on the long rows of girls. Oddly, he recalled afterward, he had measured them by the same standard Kropak had used—all uniform hairpins on the same card. Never had he reflected that among them might be girls worth to the company many times what they were getting.

But now Sanford's attention fell on Miss McQuirk. He sent for her, and she came to his office in an insolent mood, imagining he would give her "the hook" for the strike she was fomenting among the inspection girls.

"Miss McQuirk," he said, "I am organizing a new department of inspections, and I've picked you for manager. It will include bolts and nuts, and all products in departments D, F, G, and J. Ultimately we may make it still bigger; perhaps cover all the plant. But the great trouble is to find a competent person to run it. That is always the trouble, Miss McQuirk, in whatever we set out to do. The big problem is to find efficient managers."

Miss McQuirk gasped.

"Haven't you tied your horse to the wrong post?" she inquired finally, with hauteur. "My name's Lizzie McQuirk. It's a case of mistaken identity."

"Perhaps!" agreed Sanford drily, falling easily into the girl's mental gait. "I admit it may be a mistake. But in that case I take all the chances. If I place a false value on you, the company loses. But you seem to have sufficient ability for the purposes we are trying out—though the process of training you will be expensive. Now if you agree with me regarding your basic qualifications, please name a price for your services."

Miss McQuirk's impudence was suddenly tamed; her arrogant eyes grew meek.

"I don't know where you get that stuff," she returned.

She recovered some of her flippancy, smirked at the president and struck a pose in her chair.

"It's more than three years since I came to work in the inspection room, and I'm not exactly a fool. I knew well enough I was better than most of 'em, or the foreman—that little lobster who twangs through his nose—wouldn't have made me check 'em up. I guess I was born that way—making folks toe the mark. Believe me, it gets my goat to see things going through wrong. Even at home— But I guess you don't care about that. Anyhow, I've had a fight on my hands all the time. Yesterday maybe I didn't read the riot to one hussy—a muchly powdered little blonde who called me down proper for bawling out her rotten work."

Miss McQuirk was back on a familiar plane now. Her violet eyes flamed at Sanford.

"Yet there's a lot of those girls who try mighty hard, though the company discovers 'em only when they do it wrong—you bet they get the eagle eye then! And say, this is the first time in three years that I got any bouquets myself. I begin to think I *am* pretty good, and I guess I'll take you up—if you're on the square, and there isn't any game back of it. If there's one thing I'm cut out for, I tell you, it's making folks sweat for doing things wrong. But I want those who do it right to get something besides the stony eye."

She tossed her imperious reddish head. "Since you ask my price, Mr. Sanford, I'm not going to be stingy. If I'm so good as all that, I bet I'm worth forty dollars a week! What do you say?"

"I'll take you at your own terms," acquiesced Sanford, "with a bonus of a thousand dollars at the end of the year if you make good. And it'll be up to you, Miss McQuirk, to devise plans for recognizing good work all down the line, and rewarding personal effort. That's the spirit we're trying to develop."

"God help you!" said Miss McQuirk. "There's not much of it left any more."

With growing enthusiasm Sanford went further along, carefully ferreting out the subjects for his experiment—and incidentally discovering more things about his factory than he had dreamed.

In line for this unexpected attention from the president was old Jim Hammer, who ran elevator Number Seven. Sanford discovered that certain disgruntled workmen were citing Jim as a horrible example of the treatment the company accorded old employees. "Old Faithful" they called him. On one job after this time without a promotion! True, Jim had begun at twelve dollars a week and was now getting twenty-six for the same work —but what was twenty-six dollars these days?"

"Jim," said the president, riding up on *(Continued on page 56)*



"Every time somebody talks about the treatment the boys get youse come along and buys 'em off with a fake job



The policeman on the beat came shouldering through the press.

AGAIN the bland Heywood Achison appears upon the scene, as cool and as calculating as ever, though this time in a different rôle, as—

COUNSEL FOR THE DEFENSE

By

MRS. WILSON WOODROW

Illustrated by

ROBERT W. STEWART

WALLACE RAMSEY'S acquaintance with Coombs dated from one of the most perilous moments of his career.

Rather proof against any manifestation of "nerves," he yet could never review the circumstances without a sensation of chill running down his spine—the evening rush hour in a subway station; the packed throngs along the platform; the deep rumble of an oncoming express train. As it rounded the curve, he thought of it fancifully as a mighty dragon with great green and yellow eyes emerging thunderously from its black cavern.

There was a sudden surge forward of the crowd about him; an elbow was planted squarely in his back with a fierce thrust, and he went down headlong, sprawling across the tracks. He heard dully the clamor of confusion above him—hoarse shouts and a woman's shrill, hysterical scream—muffled by the roar of the approaching express. He felt the rush of wind stirred up in advance of the train. But half-stunned, he was still incapable of action.

Then, almost as quickly as he fell, a man, swift and agile as a cat, leaped from the platform and seizing Ramsey under the arms, dragged him into the narrow space between the supporting pillars at the side of the tracks.

The long string of black cars came to a grinding stop, and trainmen swarmed and shouted about them. With the aid of these, Ramsey and his rescuer got back to the platform; and when he had satisfied inquiring officials that he was neither bent on suicide nor claiming any damages, Wallace was glad to get away from the jostling press and to limp up an exit stairway on his companion's arm. Although pretty well shaken and bruised, he had escaped any nasty cuts or sprains, and he drew a grateful breath of relief as they emerged into the electric-spangled animation of the Broadway evening.

"Feel safe now?" The man relaxed the steadying hold he had maintained on Ramsey. "Or would you rather have me tag along?" He glanced around a bit warily. "They're not apt to start anything on the street, of course; still—"

"They?" Ramsey questioned sharply.

"Sure. You don't think the shove that sent you off the platform was an accident, do you? I tell you, I saw the fellow's arm go out. I didn't get to see any more of him than that; I went after you. But you can take it from me, some one was trying to bump you off."

Ramsey frowned. The assertion unpleasantly strengthened an impression he had gained from two or three recent experiences—nothing so obvious as this, yet close shaves from accident or injury which it was hard to attribute wholly to chance. He had tried to put the suspicion away from him, had refused to consider it seriously; the idea of a vendetta against him seemed so utterly fantastic. But here apparently was a positive and definite confirmation.

Involuntarily he cast a quick look about him as the other man had done, then jerked his head toward a taxi standing at the curb.

"Let's get out of this," he said. "I had an engagement for dinner, but don't feel in the mood to keep it now. And you offered to see me on my way. Suppose, if you've nothing else on hand, that we dine together tonight; then we can talk things over at our leisure. My name is Ramsey, by the way, Wallace Ramsey."

"Mine's Coombs," returned the other. "And 'dine' sounds good to me."

He gave an appraising glance at Ramsey as he spoke, taking in the latter's general air of prosperity and well-being, which only money in the pockets and the certainty of more to draw on if needed can bestow; then he followed the other to the waiting cab, and helped him aboard.

Inside the taxi, Ramsey leaned back a little dizzily against the cushions and closed his eyes; he still felt the shock of his recent experience, and the revelation connected with it naturally did not add to his peace of mind.

Only once did he break silence during their short drive of five or six blocks, and then it was to voice an inquiry regarding his assailant.

"You say, you only saw the man's arm," he probed. "But you could tell something from that, couldn't you? Was he young or old? Well or roughly dressed? Would you," with a suggestion of eagerness, "describe him as a professional man—a lawyer, perhaps?"

Coombs shook his head.

"I couldn't answer, not if I was under oath. You see," apologetically, "it was all over so quick, just like a flash; and my mind was more on saving you, than taking notice of him."

"Of course," Ramsey agreed gratefully; "and small chance of a quarrel between us on that score. It's due entirely to your presence of mind and pluck that I'm sitting here alive and whole, and don't think that I forget it. I can't thank you—not in words.

"It was only," he reverted, "that I thought you might have caught some sort of snapshot impression of the man that would aid us as a clue in fixing his identity."

"No." Coombs again shook his head. "It might have been a lawyer; it might have been a longshoreman. For all I can say, it might have been a Chink or an Indian in full war paint. I'd like to help you, Mr. Ramsey, but honestly I can't."

THE subject was dropped; and a moment or two later they drew up before the place to which Ramsey had directed the chauffeur, a restaurant not too smart, but where the food was excellent, and they could talk without the interruption of music.

By this time Ramsey had recovered sufficiently to take a less absorbing interest in his own sensations and to feel some stirrings of curiosity in regard to the man who had so intrepidly risked his life to save that of a stranger. After he had led the way to a small table in a secluded alcove and had ordered a substantial dinner—Coombs' tastes, he found, were most catholic; anything suited him that could be served quickly—he tried to appraise his new acquaintance without appearing to make too close a scrutiny.

He had already been struck by a sort of indefinable resemblance in the man to himself, but now he came to the conclusion that it lay more in outline than in feature. They were of about the same height and build, and the shape of the head and face was similar, but there the likeness ended. Ramsey was dark, but Coombs was swarthy. Ramsey's eyes were steady and contemplative; Coombs' were quick and glancing, roaming everywhere and seeing everything.

He was a thoroughly urban specimen, conveying the impression somehow that he knew more of cities, especially on their seamy side, than of the open country. His was the cosmopolitanism of the born rover, with a ready adaptability to whatever circumstances came his way. His clothes although well-made were shabby; his boots were broken; and there was a yellowish pallor on his face and a sinking in of the cheeks which suggested that he had known a recent season of rigorous fasting, a fact which was further attested by the famished way in which he fell upon his food when it was brought.

Ramsey noticed, though, after the soup was finished and a thick, juicy steak which followed had been served, that Coombs winced in attempting to manipulate his portion, and transferred his knife from his right hand to his left.

"Twisted my elbow a bit back there in the subway," he explained in response to the other's inquiring glance, but scoffed when Ramsey urged him to see a doctor. "It's nothing," he demurred; "get well by itself in no time. About all the difference it makes is to convert me into a 'south-paw' for a few days."

And really it was remarkable to see how adroitly he handled both knife and fork with only the single hand.

"Why, you're ambidextrous!" exclaimed Ramsey.

Coombs nodded indifferently. Indeed, his mouth was too full to do much more, and evidently he regarded it as better employed than a discussion either of his disabilities or his talents. The meal consequently progressed almost entirely in silence, until at last the coffee appeared; and then, availing himself of Wallace's cigarettes, he became more loquacious.

"First real food I've had in quite a while," he observed thoughtfully. "Had a long streak of bad luck—bad luck all around."

"Well," smiled Ramsey, "the only sure thing about luck, they say, is that it is bound to change. Perhaps I can help turn the tide."

The man seemed to consider, twisting the cigarette about in his slim fingers.

"I don't want to be paid for pulling you off those tracks," he scrupled. "That was nothing much. But I'm up against it, no denying that, Mr. Ramsey; and I would like a job around New York here for a while. Have you a valet?"

A valet! That explained his cosmopolitanism, the near-gentleman air of him, but yet not wholly. Ramsey rather prid[ed] himself on his ability to guess a man's calling at a glance, [but] so far he had been quite unable to classify Coombs; even the [hint] of valeting fitted him only sketchily.

"I don't know." Wallace looked dubious. "I've scraped [along] without one so far. You see, although I'm living now in a [hotel] apartment, I travel a good deal, and I've learned to do [for] myself well for myself. To tell the truth, I'm afraid you wouldn't [find] enough to occupy you."

"I think I could make myself useful," urged Coombs. "I'm a pretty good cook too—nothing fancy, you know; but I could please you, I'm sure. I could also," with that half-impudent [look] of his eyes, "wear any half-worn clothes you have. We're [near] enough of a size to be twins."

"I've noticed that too," said Ramsey. "Well, if you want to come with me, I'll not say no; I've been getting pretty bad [service] all around. When do you want to start?"

"Now," replied Coombs promptly. "Nowhere else to go; I was planning on a night up in Van Cortland Park when I ran into you. And I'm carrying everything I've got on my back."

Ramsey was surprised. He had not imagined it was anywhere near so bad as that with his companion. But Coombs only laughed at his expressions of solicitude. He had evidently been in tighter corners.

"You'll come with me tonight, anyhow," said Ramsey decisively. "Then you can leave or stay as you please. My life may be worthless enough to others, but it's distinctly valuable to me; and since you've saved it, I want you to let me—"

He reached for his bill-fold, but Coombs stretched a deprecating hand across the table.

"No need of that, Mr. Ramsey," he protested. "If you [want] me money," twitching his nose whimsically, "it would be just a roundabout way of presenting it to a lot of poker sharks and bank men. I'd rather keep fit, and earn it. I want to keep fit." His face became serious, even dark for a moment. "And really I'm not a bad valet; I can pull all that, 'Beg pardon, sir,' and 'Do you wish your morning coat?' stuff all right, if I have to."

"Besides," he added as a clinching argument, significantly lowering his voice, "you oughtn't to be alone, sir. Whoever was responsible for that business tonight isn't going to rest satisfied with a failure. They'll be trying it again, and you might find it very convenient to have some one close at hand."

Wallace started. Diverted by Coombs's chatter, that ominous phase of his late adventure had temporarily slipped his mind. Nor could he dismiss it as a mere bugaboo, a trumped-up or imaginary danger. The more he reflected upon the chain of events which had culminated in that evening's attack, the more he was convinced that he was the object of a directed and deliberate hostility.

After all, it would be rather comfortable to have within call a fellow so alert and resourceful as Coombs had shown himself.

So the bargain was concluded, and in their new relationship of master and man the two betook themselves to Ramsey's flat with a feeling of mutual satisfaction.

BUT the next morning when he awoke, Wallace began to question what he had let himself in for. He had taken under his roof a fellow of whom he knew nothing, and who, although he talked a good deal and on all manner of subjects, had safed precious little information regarding himself—a vagabond certainly; perhaps a thief, a drunkard, or a fugitive from justice. It would have been more the part of common sense to have paid the man a reward and have ended the matter then and there.

He could hear Coombs stirring about in the kitchen, and called to him with a half-notion to rescind the arrangement they had entered into. Almost immediately Coombs appeared, carrying a perfectly appointed breakfast tray.

"I rather thought you wouldn't feel like getting up this morning, sir, after that jolt you had last night; so I had everything ready for you," he explained as he busied himself in raising the shades and wheeling the tea table up to Ramsey's bedside.

Insensibly Ramsey found his doubts and ill-humor vanishing under the influence of these cheerful, capable ministrations. The food, too, when he came to taste of it, was delicious, a change indeed from the soggy, half-congealed breakfasts he had been the custom of having sent up to him from the restaurant below. It began to seem as if, instead of the incubus he had feared, he was harboring an angel unawares.

And as time went on, he inclined more and more to the unawares theory. His apartment became a place of [perfect] order; he no longer wasted weary minutes in searching for [things]



"Feel safe now, or would you rather have me tag along? They're not apt to start anything on the street, of course; still—"

belongings and cursing the perversity of inanimate things; his meals were invariably appetizing and on time. Coombs was easy and unobtrusive, and his conversation, when Ramsey was in the mood for it, had a racy tang which his employer found refreshing and amusing.

In this agreeable atmosphere, Ramsey found too that his own efficiency was increased. He was an American who had spent a good share of his life abroad, and was now in this country he let it be known, doing some special work for one of the French periodicals. Not that he was dependent upon this, he explained, for he had inherited a fair-sized fortune; but he was an energetic person with a talent for observation, and the billet suited his somewhat nomadic temperament.

Indeed, the very smoothness and tranquillity of his life after Coombs came began to pall a little. Waxing fat like Jeshurun, he was inclined to kick. His days were without thrill or excitement; everything that he needed was always at his hand; all his wants were anticipated and provided for. Even that sinister happening in the subway faded as a hint of impending menace. The weeks passed, and there was no further circumstance which could, even by conjecture, be twisted into a move against him. There were times when Wallace questioned pretty strongly whether Coombs, in spite of his positive assertion, might not have been mistaken, or might not for his own advantage have exaggerated the actual facts. . . . .

And then one day something occurred which suddenly broke the even tenor of existence, and had a far-reaching effect upon the lives of both Ramsey and his valet.

It started with a letter which Ramsey received at breakfast time, and which seemed to exert a peculiarly perturbing influence upon him. He rose abruptly from the table on reading it, although his meal was scarcely half-finished, and passed at once into his study. Not to work, however, although the morning was the time he usually spent at his desk. Coombs could hear him inside, pacing up and down the floor and moving restlessly about.

Precisely at twelve o'clock he closed the door of communication between his study and the rest of the apartment, another unusual thing for him to do, and shortly thereafter answered a telephone call, speaking in so guarded a tone that what he said would have been quite indistinguishable six feet from the instrument.

After this he was more like himself, but still showed a sort of preoccupied excitement, and started up as on an impulse in the middle of luncheon to hurry away to his bank.

Returning a half-hour or so later, he spent the rest of the afternoon fidgeting uneasily about the apartment until five o'clock when, as if unable to stand the inaction any longer, he seized his hat and stick and went out, telling Coombs that he was going for a long walk and would not be back for dinner.

At a quarter after six, he was swinging around a corner into one of the cross streets of the upper West Side, his quick, nervous stride undiminished, when his foot encountered a banana peel dropped by some careless urchin, and he went down with a crash to the sidewalk.



"Very strange! What is your theory regarding it?"

A sharp, sickening pain at the knee half-numbed him for a moment, and as he struggled to arise, the agony became so intense that he slumped back white-lipped and impotent.

Then a strong arm was thrown around him as a support and he heard a familiar voice making solicitous inquiries. Even his suffering gave way for a minute to incredulous amazement.

"Coombs!" he gasped. "How did you happen to be here?"

"Oh, I often follow you about," confessed the valet. "You're so reckless, Mr. Ramsey. And I've never been able to get over the sight of that fellow pushing you into the subway. But tell me," he interrupted himself, "are you badly hurt, sir?"

"It's my knee," Ramsey groaned. A crowd had collected by this time, and with the aid of one or two husky fellows he was lifted to his feet. "I don't believe I can stand on it." He relaxed weakly in the grasp of his supporters with another twinge of pain. Then, as a church clock in the neighborhood chimed the quarter-hour, he steadied himself and set his teeth.

"No matter about that," he said feverishly. "I'll manage somehow. Coombs, get me a taxi."

"Oh, you mustn't, Mr. Ramsey," Coombs protested. "You mustn't think of it. A thing of that kind might cripple you for life, unless you give it immediate attention. There's a doctor's office right across the way here. At least, see what he has to say about it."

But what the doctor had to say was anything but encouraging to Ramsey's purpose. The injury was pronounced a severe wrench in which some of the ligaments had been torn loose, and which, unless immediate treatment were given, might result in the most serious consequences.

"But I have an important engagement," expostulated Ramsey; "something that simply cannot be postponed. I'll be back here in half an hour."

He struggled to get up as he spoke, but only to sink back with face convulsed and the sweat beading out across his forehead.

"I can't do it!" he exclaimed despairingly.

Coombs leaned forward with an odd little glint in his eyes.

"Isn't it something that I might be able to attend to for you, sir?"

Ramsey glanced up sharply, hesitated a second, then, turning to the doctor asked if Coombs and himself might be left alone for a moment.

But even after the doctor had stepped aside, it seemed difficult for Ramsey to bring himself to speak. Finally, his face growing scarlet, he plunged into an explanation.

"Coombs," he said, "at one time in my life I was fool enough and cad enough to write some letters to a lady who had given me absolutely no encouragement to do so. They were harmless in intent, the mere outpourings of a lovesick boy, but so open to misconstruction that to have them go astray might result in terrible consequences."

He paused and drew his breath sharply between his teeth, whether from physical suffering or in reprobation of his folly it would have been hard to say.

"These letters were stolen by a maid," he went on, "who has finally agreed to return them for a price, and it was to meet her and close the bargain that I was bound tonight when I had to run into this. And the devil of it is," he writhed, "that she has threatened, unless I appear promptly and pay over the sum demanded, she will dispose of the letters to—well, in another quarter."

"It's simple enough then, isn't it, sir? All I've got to do is to see her in your place, and after explaining how you've been prevented from coming, tell her that she'll have to make a new appointment. If you'll just let me know where you were to meet her, and how to pick her out, I'll—"

"No," Ramsey broke in impatiently. "She's a suspicious creature. She'd think I was trying to play some trick on her, and be apt to disappear as she did before. I've been trying to get in touch with her for months, you see. She left the place where she was employed without notice, and either through revenge or with the idea of realizing on them she took these letters with her. Ever since, I have been endeavoring to trace her. I have advertised, and employed private detectives, and followed all sorts of clues— but without success until this morning when she sent me a letter arranging for a telephone conversation in which she stated her terms.

"No," he repeated emphatically; "I can't lose this chance. I must have those letters. If I disappoint her or ask for a postponement, there's no telling what she'll do. I've got to go, I tell you. I've got to get there!"

"Let me do it for you," offered Coombs, "—that is, if you're not afraid to trust me with the money."



A minute or two later there was the thud of a body falling to the floor.

Ramsey dismissed any idea of that sort with a contemptuous sniff; Coombs' honesty had been proved on too many occasions. Nevertheless, he shook his head.

"She insists on dealing with me in person. She stipulated those two conditions—that I come myself, and come alone."

"Even so, sir, it might be managed." Coombs' tone was almost urgently persuasive. "Half the time the people down at the apartment house don't know which of us is which; the hall-boys are forever calling me Mr. Ramsey. It's the clothes and the general resemblance; and then, if I do say it myself, sir, I have caught quite your air. Where were you to meet this woman?" he added.

Ramsey gave a street number not more than a dozen blocks distant from where they were.

"It's a drug-store," he explained, "and I am to wait for her beside a revolving bookcase which contains the circulating library."

"That's easy." Coombs displayed a mounting enthusiasm for the adventure. "I'll stand with my face toward the books, picking them out of the case and glancing them over, until she shows up and comes toward me. Then she'll either do business with me, or else I'll follow her and find where she hangs out. Trust me not to let her get away."

Ramsey pondered a moment. After all, it was not so wild an expedient as it sounded. He could remember little of the maid's appearance except that she was tall and light with gray eyes; and was it not fair to suppose that she remembered as little of him, and might readily be deceived by the more than casual likeness of Coombs to himself? Faced by his disability, and in the absence of any better suggestion, he yielded a reluctant consent and handed over the envelope containing the money.

"You must be careful, though, and make no mistake," he cautioned. "The woman's name is Sands, Ella Sands." And he added with this such identifying data as he could recall.

Coombs' attention, however, seemed to be more concerned with the money in the envelope. He was running his thumb over the enclosed sheaf of bills as he counted them.

"Five thousand!" He glanced up. "Isn't that pretty steep, sir?"

"Of course, it's steep. If it was only myself that was threatened, I'd see this Sands woman—" He broke off abruptly as he noted a significant tightening of the lines about Coombs' mouth.

"But no haggling, mind," he adjured sternly. "If she turns over the letters, pay her and let her go. There are two of them, in my handwriting and on my special note paper; you can't make a mistake. After all, it's a cheap enough price to pay for freedom from the sleepless nights and all the anxiety and worry that the things have been costing me.

"And now,"—he glanced hurriedly at his watch,—"on your way. You've just about time to get there.

"Or, wait!" He called Coombs back as he started for the door. "It seems absurd, I know—a perfectly respectable drug-store in a quiet, residential quarter, and in broad daylight—but it has struck me that the thing may possibly be a trap. There's a connection—I can't stop to explain it now—between this woman and the person I suspect of responsibility for those attacks against me. Better take this with you." He opened his hand to show a small automatic which he had drawn from his coat pocket.

But Coombs backed away with a quick shake of the head.

"I'm safer without it, sir. They'd get me just the same, if that's the idea. And having a weapon would make it look black for me in case of trouble. But there wont be any trouble," he laughed reassuringly. "I'll have my eyes peeled and my ears open, and at the first funny move it'll be 'safety first' for me, and a quick get-away."

So with a gay wave of the hand and a promise to be back in less than no time, he started away, making such good speed that it still lacked ten minutes to the appointed hour when he arrived at his destination.

(Continued on page 142)

THE IMMEDIATE JEWEL

By
BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Illustrated by
E. F. WARD



"A real scrap, right outside the post office

The story so far:

UNTIL long after midnight Beth Elder, greatly disturbed over the frequent indiscretions of her younger sister Lyn, waits up for Lyn's return from a motorcar ride with Curt Shelling, a middle-aged purchasing-agent for a Pittsburgh steel mill, a person of dissolute habits.

Since the death of their mother, Beth has sought to safeguard her sister in every way—in spite of a spirited resentment on Lyn's part. Past experience has taught Beth the futility of enlisting her father's aid; she has never been able to arouse in him more than good-natured indifference. Lyn had defiantly admitted to Beth that she was "only playing the game" with Shelling and that she had no intention of marrying him.

When Lyn at length returns from her ride, Beth hears her sobbing bitterly. After much persuasion Lyn tells her that Elsie Barnard, a notoriously malicious gossip, her husband and Trav Hartley—whose father owns the Crescent Furnaces, where Beth is employed, and who is in love with Beth—have seen Lyn and Shelling leaving a hotel in Chilicothe, many miles distant, at midnight. In a moment of panic, hoping to hide her identity, Lyn had turned up the collar of her new coat—not realizing until too late that the precaution only provoked suspicion.

Beth quiets Lyn's fears. Lyn's coat had never been worn before; it would fit Beth. She decides to wear the coat next day—a livery of guilt.

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CHAPTER VI

BETH wore Lyn's new coat to the Furnace, next morning. She did this without further talk with Lyn, who was still asleep when she left the house. Beth had risen a little before five o'clock, as usual, and had prepared her father's breakfast and seen Jim Elder start for the store. When he was gone, she washed the dishes, dusted the sitting-room, and made her own and her father's bed. The coat lay where she had dropped it, the night before, on the easy chair by her window, her eyes fell on it, now and then, as she moved about her room. The garment seemed to have a malign personality of its own; Beth thought there was mockery in its careless folds, and the glint of light reflected on each button was like the glint of a derisive eye. It had draped itself across the chair like an insolent and evil woman. Beth hated it, feared it, abhorred it; yet she did not shrink from that which she meant to do, and in some measure she was grateful to the coat for making her task so easy.

She was quite calm and sure of herself, that morning. She had neither any misgivings nor any sense of exaltation; there were no emotions in her. It did not occur to Beth that she was in any sense a heroic figure; she had become so used to taking care of Lyn that she took care of the younger girl now, in the only way that offered, without hesitation, reluctance or regret.

When she was almost ready to leave the house and start for her work, she went to Lyn's door to see if her sister were awake



They were talking for a minute, and then Trav let him have it on the nose."

but Lyn was still sleeping, her hair flowing across the pillow. Beth felt that it was necessary to let Lyn know what she meant to do. If the younger girl woke and found the coat gone, without understanding why, she might lend herself to almost any folly. In the end, Beth decided to leave a note for her sister, so she went back into her own room, sat down at the yellow oak combination desk and bookcase, took a sheet of paper and wrote:

Dear Lynnie: You were still asleep when I left the house, and I'm glad. There's no use waking you. But I just wanted you to know, in case you miss your coat, that I'm taking it. I'm wearing it to work. Maybe Elsie only saw the coat, last night; maybe she didn't see your face. Don't worry about me. You know I don't care what people say about *me*. You'd better stay in bed as long as you can. You need the rest. I'll come home at noon. You stay in bed till then. You mustn't ever get tired. And don't worry, Lynnie. Wait and see how things come out.

She propped the note against the mirror on her sister's dressing table, open so that it could not possibly escape Lyn's eye. Her soft entrance into the room did not disturb the younger girl. Lyn was sleeping like a baby; she had a child's gift for sleep. Upon the heels of the most racking spasms of grief and anger, Lyn would cry herself to sleep and not wake for hours; and like a child, she always awoke happily. Beth thought Lyn looked more weary than usual this morning, however. Her color was high; it was almost feverish; and her lips were red and dry. Beth wanted to feel her forehead, to see if it were hot, but dared not for fear Lyn would wake. She left the room on tiptoe, got the coat from her own room, and with it upon her arm went downstairs.

When she put on the coat, before the mirror in the lower hall, Beth was seized with a fit of trembling. The warm texture of the garment seemed to burn upon her shoulders and her arms; she felt that it was weighing her down. Her cheeks flushed pitifully, her eyes misted. But—she straightened her shoulders, looked into the mirror, brushed her hand across her eyes, adjusted her hat, busied herself with the familiar preparations for leaving the house until her composure had returned. When she did step out of the front door, her head was high and there was something like a smile upon her lips.

Beth's decision to take Lyn's escapade upon her own shoulders was not altogether the instinctive protective gesture of a mother defending her child. It was not so much that she wished to guard Lyn from unpleasant whisperings; it was rather that she wished to save Lyn from the reckless mood into which Beth knew the younger girl would be thrown by such gossip. Lyn, beneath all her waywardness had a pride that was her best protection; and Beth was afraid of what Lyn might do if this pride were destroyed. She had therefore chosen her course deliberately, she had considered its every angle. And when she left the house this morning, it was not to go direct to the Furnace. She turned aside to see Fannie Driscoll.

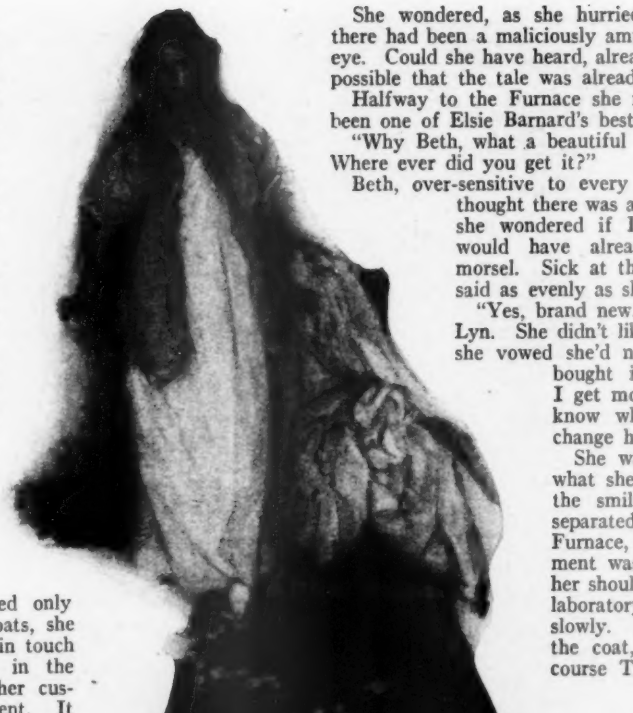
Will Driscoll had come to town half a dozen years before, bringing his pretty, exotic little wife; and he had opened a little store dealing in suits and dresses and hats for women. On Fifth Avenue, his establishment would have been called a Specialty Shop, or perhaps a Specialtie Shoppe, and Will had some such plan in mind.

But within a few months, the man died; and under his wife's management the store became "Mrs. Driscoll's Millinery" to the town's people. Fannie Driscoll had an eye for style, and her wares had an atmosphere of their own. She did very well indeed. Will Driscoll had been too ambitious; he had carried a large stock of gowns, suits, and the like, and as a consequence his small capital was always tied up, he was always in financial straits. Fannie Driscoll was wiser. She stocked only millinery; as for dresses and coats, she showed a few models, and kept in touch with the larger establishments in the cities, ordering from them for her customers by style and measurement. It was in this fashion that Lyn Elder, one of her best customers, had purchased her coat only the week before.

When Beth purposefully came into the store that morning, Mrs. Driscoll was sweeping the floor, dusting the counter, preparing for the business of the day. At sight of the garment Beth wore, she exclaimed at once:

"Mercy! Is Lyn tired of her coat already. Letting some one else wear it?"

Beth smiled faintly, and said, in what she tried to make a matter-of-fact tone: "Yes. You know Lyn, Mrs. Driscoll. She changes her mind in a minute. When she tried it on at home last night, she decided she didn't like it. But it seemed very pretty to me, so I bought it from her."



She was quite calm and sure of herself that morning.

"It's ever so becoming to you, Beth," Mrs. Driscoll told her. "I told Lyn it was too nearly the color of her hair, but she would have it so."

Beth nodded. "So she's going to get another one," she explained. "Or rather, I told her I'd give her another if she'd give me this. When she comes in, you charge it to me, wont you?"

She was wondering desperately whether the milliner found anything unreasonable in this story, wondering whether Mrs. Driscoll believed. She must believe, Beth told herself fiercely. Fannie Driscoll was as much of a gossip, in her way, as Elsie Barnard.

"Did Lyn wear it at all?" the milliner asked. And Beth said:

"No." She hesitated to steady her voice. "She just tried it on once or twice. I wore it last night, though. I went out driving. It's awfully nice and warm."

Mrs. Driscoll said: "Yes, it is. Almost too warm for summer, I think, and I told Lyn so; but she's a cold-blooded little thing. She loves to be hot. You. . . . ."

"Oh, I sha'n't wear it much, except in the evening, till fall." Beth smiled faintly, adding: "But I did want to show it off today."

The other laughed in an understanding fashion. "Of course, my dear. And you never looked better." She came to the door as Beth departed. "I hope Lyn will be better satisfied next time," she said. "But she's done just the same way before. Bought something, and then decided she didn't like it."

Beth laughed. "Yes, that's the way I get most of my clothes. Pretty things that Lyn buys and doesn't like. Good-by!"

She wondered, as she hurried toward the Furnace, whether there had been a maliciously amused twinkle in Fannie Driscoll's eye. Could she have heard, already, the ugly story? Could it be possible that the tale was already spread abroad?

Halfway to the Furnace she met Kit Wells, who had always been one of Elsie Barnard's best friends in town, and Kit cried:

"Why Beth, what a beautiful coat? Oh, it's a darling, Beth! Where ever did you get it?"

Beth, over-sensitive to every inflection in the other's voice, thought there was a secret amusement in Kit's tone; she wondered if Lyn were right in saying Elsie would have already telephoned her scandalous morsel. Sick at the necessity for dissembling, she said as evenly as she could:

"Yes, brand new. Lyn bought it, but you know Lyn. She didn't like it when she got it home; and she vowed she'd never wear it. I liked it, so I bought it from her. That's the way I get most of my new clothes. I don't know what I would do if Lyn didn't change her mind so often."

She was terribly ill at ease, not sure what she was saying, trying to interpret the smile in Kit's eyes. When they separated, and she went on toward the Furnace, it seemed to her that the garment was like a burden of shame upon her shoulders. And as she drew near the laboratory, she walked more and more slowly. For—Trav had seen Lyn, and the coat, last night in Chillicothe. Of course Trav had seen—

He was busily at work in the laboratory when she arrived. He left off and turned to greet her when he heard her at the door. "'Morning, Beth!" he cried; then he saw the coat and his countenance changed in a fashion that made Beth feel sick and shamed. She tried to laugh, said in a tone that she forced to be gay:

"Hello, Trav. Whatever is the matter? You look as though you'd seen a ghost!"

"A ghost?" he echoed. "A ghost? Why—" He shook his head, as though to clear his vision. "Why, no; of course you're no ghost, Beth. You—"

"I don't feel like one, anyway," Beth told him, smiling wanly.

He came toward her, touched her arm, looking down at the sleeve of the coat. "This is—new, isn't it?" he asked. "You haven't worn it before."

She nodded. "Um-hm," she told him, while he helped her take the coat off. "Like it?"

"Why, yes, I suppose so," he said slowly. "But it—seems funny to see you wearing any coat at all. In the summer time."

She laughed. "Yet you say that you know so much about women, Trav. Don't you know a girl likes to show off something new, as soon as she gets it?" She took the garment from him, hating it; it seemed to burn her hand. And she hung it with her hat in the locker, and shut the door upon it with something like a sigh of relief that it was out of sight. Her cheeks were hot; she was praying desperately that he would not ask any more questions, that he would be still. For a moment she was sorry she had done this thing; she wished she had waited. There might have been some other way out. Then she was furiously glad that she had not waited, that she had taken the instant and decisive step. "If I hadn't," she told herself, "it would have been too late. I couldn't wait. There wasn't time. I had to."

Trav had gone back to his bench; and over her work she watched him covertly, wondering what he would do, what he would say. He was busy at the other side of the room, apparently absorbed, paying no attention to her; and at first she was grateful for his silence. The morning slipped slowly past.

But Trav and Beth had worked side by side for so long, and there was such sympathetic understanding between them that it

was impossible for this matter to remain under a blanket of silence. By and by Beth realized this. She tried not to admit it. The roar of the Furnace, all about them, wearied her. The throb of the blast was like the beating of a pulse in her head; she felt sick, and dizzy, and her eyes began to ache, and her nerves were torn. She felt herself drifting toward hysteria with an utter lack of self-control.

When it seemed to her that she could bear his accusing silence no longer, Trav came toward her desk. She did not look up, she pretended to be absorbed in her work. He stood above her, said huskily:

"Beth?"

She met his eyes, then; and because she must say something, asked swiftly: "Did you get wet last night? In the shower?"

"Beth," he said. "I— Please. I don't understand."

"In Chillicothe, I mean," she told him.

He shook his head. "No. I didn't get wet."

"Was—everything all right?" Beth asked, driven to speech by an impulse she could not withstand.

"Yes. Why, yes. Of course." He hesitated, added slowly: "Beth, I saw Lyn in Chillicothe. Last night."

Beth tried to meet his eyes, tried to hold her lips steady. She shook her head. "No you didn't, Trav," she said.

He insisted. "Yes. Joe and Elsie and I."

"No, no."

He exclaimed impatiently: "I tell you I did."

"Trav," she said. "Lyn had a sick headache. She went early to bed."

He started to speak, stared into her eyes; and into his own crept an expression of slow bewilderment. He seemed to grope for understanding. "I saw her," he said, unconscious that he spoke.

"She was sick in bed," Beth repeated.

"We all saw her," he protested. "She was with—" His eyes faltered. He finished the sentence with a name,—"with Curt Shelling."

Beth said slowly: "No, I was with Curt Shelling, myself."

Trav cried hotly: "You? No, no. It was Lyn."

"It was me," Beth repeated.

His eyes were flaming. "I tell you, she came out of the Ladies' Entrance of the Inn with him. Wearing that coat you wore down here this morning. Beth, I saw her. I saw her. We all saw her."

Beth said slowly: "Trav, I want you to listen. Curt came to the house last night to take Lyn for a drive, but she had a headache; so he asked me to go, and I felt like it, and I did."

"I—"

"That coat is mine. Lyn bought it, but she didn't like it, and I bought it from her last night. And I went driving with Mr. Shelling to Chillicothe, and I wore the coat, and you saw me."

Trav cried, in a voice like a prayer: "Beth, it was Lyn."

She laid her hand on his. "Trav," she told him. "I was with Mr. Shelling. Not Lyn. She was at home in bed."

The man began to understand. He stepped back, stumbling a little, watching Beth; his thoughts were racing. And abruptly, something like horror sprang into his eyes. He cried imploringly:

"Beth, you can't. You mustn't. It isn't fair. This town—"

"It was I, Trav. Not Lyn. I don't know what you're talking about."

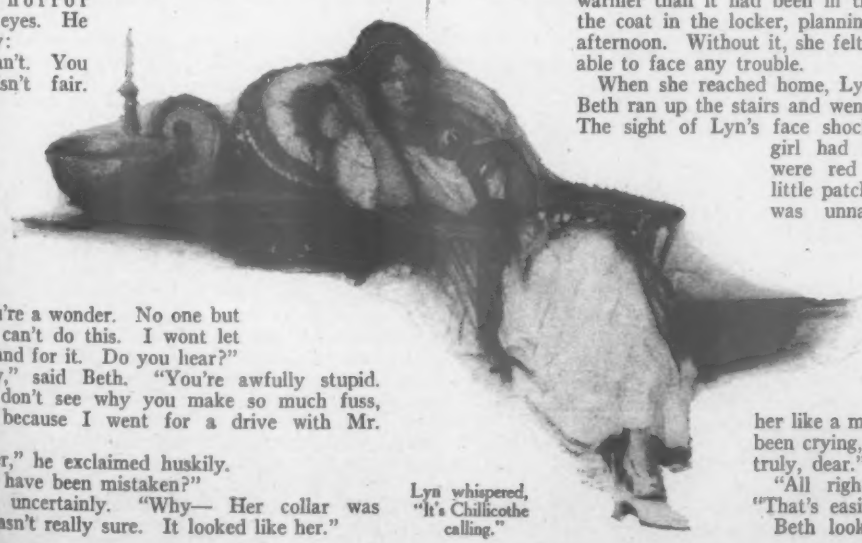
His eyes became ineffably tender. "Beth, you're a wonder. No one but you— But you can't do this. I wont let you. I wont stand for it. Do you hear?"

"Please, Trav," said Beth. "You're awfully stupid. Can't you— I don't see why you make so much fuss, anyway. Just because I went for a drive with Mr. Shelling."

"Elsie saw her," he exclaimed huskily.

"Couldn't she have been mistaken?"

He hesitated uncertainly. "Why— Her collar was turned up. I wasn't really sure. It looked like her."



Lyn whispered, "It's Chillicothe calling."

"Trav," she said, "if this seems so important to you, you'd better telephone Elsie that you were all mistaken. Tell her it was me. Tell her it wasn't Lyn."

He cried: "Beth, you're wild. You can't—"

"Please telephone Elsie, Trav," said Beth. And in her eyes as they met his was much more than her words expressed. The man stood for a moment, unmoving, wavering. He leaned toward her.

"Beth, you're wonderful. But you—"

"Please telephone. Right away, Trav."

"I've got to tell you."

She shook her head. "I don't want you to."

"Beth!"

The telephone stood on her desk top; she rose, and lifted the instrument, and handed it to him. And there was an irresistible command in the very gentleness of her smile. After a little, he lifted the receiver, spoke to the operator.

"Get me Joe Barnard's house, in Chillicothe," he said. "I'll talk to Mrs. Barnard."

CHAPTER VII

WHILE Trav talked to Elsie Barnard, insisting until he had convinced her, Beth tried not to listen, tried to concentrate her thoughts upon the work before her. But when he was done, Trav came to her side again, and would have said many things.

Beth would not let him. He wished to establish himself as in some wise a co-conspirator; but Beth's attitude was that there was no conspiracy. "I don't see what you're talking about," she told him gently. "You thought it was Lyn; instead, it was me. And you've straightened out the mistake, and that's all there is to it."

"I didn't think anything about it," Trav insisted. "I knew—"

She looked at him with eyes that were insistent. "Knew what, Trav?" she asked quietly. And the man met her eyes for a moment, then flung out his hands in surrender.

"Oh, knew it was you, all the time, I suppose," he told her. "Beth, you— Why, you act the way a man might act. Not like a girl at all."

Beth smiled a little. "I hate mannish girls," she exclaimed. "Don't you? By the way, Trav, I want to go home to dinner today. I'll be a little late this afternoon. Do you mind?"

He laughed helplessly. "Beth, I'm your cheerful slave," he declared. "Do whatever you please."

Beth did not usually go home in the middle of the day. Her hours in the laboratory ran on no ironclad schedule; nevertheless she was conscientious in such matters, as successful women are apt to be, and she gave the Furnace a brimming measure of her time. To walk home, eat dinner and walk back again was a long hour's business; and she and Trav were accustomed to take only half an hour at noon.

This day, however, she knew she must see Lyn, must talk things out with her sister. And she walked home swiftly. It was warmer than it had been in the morning, so she left the coat in the locker, planning to wear it home that afternoon. Without it, she felt immeasurably stronger, able to face any trouble.

When she reached home, Lyn was still in bed; and Beth ran up the stairs and went into her sister's room. The sight of Lyn's face shocked her. The younger girl had been crying; her eyes were red and swollen, and the little patch of color in her cheeks was unnaturally bright. Beth came swiftly to her side, cried:

"Lyn, Lyn, what's the matter? You've been crying."

Lyn nodded without speaking. Beth bent above her like a mother. "Why have you been crying, Lynnie? It's all right, truly, dear."

"All right!" Lyn said huskily. "That's easily said."

Beth looked swiftly toward the

dressing table, saw her note still propped against the mirror. "You don't know?" she exclaimed.

"Know what?"

Beth laughed comfortingly. "I left a note for you. On your dressing table there. I thought you'd see it."

"I haven't been up at all."

"Of course not. You needed the rest. I'm glad you stayed in bed. I wore your coat to work today, Lyn."

The younger girl sat up straight, cried furiously: "You wore my coat? My new coat? Beth Elder, you're a sneaking old pig. I like your nerve. I guess I've gone through enough for that coat. You always try to get away with my pretty things. I wont have it." She slipped out of bed on the side away from Beth, talking so furiously that Beth could utter no word; and she crossed to the dressing table and took up the note and glanced at it, then tore it into shreds. Only then did Beth find opportunity to say:

"I wore it so people would think it was mine, Lynnie. And now everyone believes that I was with Curt last night, instead of you."

LYN stared at her angrily. She laughed, an ugly, reckless laugh. "That's no go, Beth," she said. "They saw me. You can't fool people that way. You just wanted an excuse to steal my—"

Beth interrupted. "Please don't say that again, Lyn. I told Mrs. Driscoll you would come in and order a new coat; and I told her I'd pay for it. I'm not trying to steal anything from you, Lyn." Her voice was faintly reproachful. "That is, I'm not trying to steal anything except the—blame for last night."

Lyn considered for a space. Then she shook her head. "You can't do it, Beth. You can't get away with it. Fannie Driscoll knows it's my coat."

"I told her you changed your mind, after you got it home, and that I bought it from you. You've done that before, Lyn, you know; and so have I."

"She didn't believe you."

"And I told her I wore it driving last night."

Lyn, her thoughts racing, caught at the straw of hope. "What did Trav say?" she asked.

"He wasn't sure," said Beth. "I told him it was me, that you had a headache and went to bed last night, that Curt asked me to go in your place, and that I did."

Lyn considered for a moment, then laughed hopelessly. "Oh Beth, it's no use. Elsie wont—"

"Trav telephoned to her. He convinced her."

"Trav Hartley telephoned?"

Beth nodded. "Yes. I asked him to."

Lyn, swept with relief at last, flung herself on Beth's breast and hugged her sister tightly. "Oh, Beth, Beth, you old darling," she cried. "You old peach. I'm such a pig to you, Beth."

Beth, her arms about Lyn's thin shoulders, said softly: "It's all right, Lynnie."

Lyn was crying, in a weak, hysterical fashion. "You're such a —w-w-wonder, Beth. I don't deserve a big sis like you."

Beth stroked the younger girl's head. "There, there." And Lyn shook with sobs, till Beth, a little frightened at the tempest of the other's tears, said: "Now Lynnie, don't cry any more. You're hungry. That's what's the matter with you."

"I wont let you do it, Beth," Lyn declared. "I wont let you. I'm not worth it, Beth. I wont."

Beth led her toward the bed. "Lie down, dear. I'll get you something to eat. You'll feel better afterward. Please—"

"You sha'n't do it, Beth."

"It's all done, Lynnie. And it's all right. I don't mind. You know I never mind what people say about me. Now you stop crying, Lynnie."

"Oh, Beth, you're a darling. I'm such a pig. I wont l-let—"

"There, Lyn. It's all right. I'll get you some bread and milk. . . . ."

"Beth, kiss me!"

Beth held the younger girl close in her arms for a moment, kissed her tenderly. Lyn sobbed: "You haven't s-scolded me at all. You—"

"There, Lyn. There, dear!"

Abruptly, with one of those swift changes of mood which was characteristic of the girl, Lyn began to laugh. "But, oh, Beth, it's an awful joke on everybody, isn't it! An awful joke on Elsie Barnard, isn't it, Beth?"

"Yes," Beth told her. "Yes, it is a joke on Elsie, Lyn."

Lyn, still laughing, pushed Beth away. "There! You're a darling, Beth, to get dinner for me. I'm starved."

"You lie still and rest, Lynnie."

"I will, Beth dear."

Beth left her in bed, went downstairs to the kitchen. The morning's milk was in the refrigerator; and she got a bowl, and sliced bread. She was terribly worried. Lyn, she thought, seemed to have lost pounds since the night before. "She's really sick," Beth told herself hopelessly. "Really sick—"

She saw, through the kitchen window, the plum tree with its ripening fruit, and remembered that Lyn loved plums, and went out to pick a few for her sister's dinner. She was out under the tree when the telephone rang the first time; she was still there when it rang again. There were two or three closed doors between her and the bell, so that she did not hear it; but when she came back into the kitchen with the brimming dish, the bell rang for the third time; and she put the dish on the kitchen table and started in to answer it.

As she reached the lower hall, however, she heard Lyn say: "Yes. Yes." And a moment later Beth saw her sister at the instrument, a flimsy kimono wrapped about her. Beth cried softly:

"Lyn, let me take it. You go back to bed."

But Lyn, laughing gleefully, shook her head and whispered: "It's Chillicothe calling. I'll bet it's Elsie. Let me talk to her, Beth." Then, into the instrument: "Yes. This is Lyn."

Beth was so near her sister's side that she could hear Elsie's voice through the telephone. By one of those freakishly good connections which occasionally occur, every word that Elsie said sounded raucously loud and clear. Beth heard Elsie ask:

"Is Beth at home?" And Lyn said:

"No." She winked gaily at her sister. "No, she hardly ever comes home from the Furnace at noon."

Elsie's voice rasped: "I've the greatest joke on Beth, Lyn. You must tease her about it. She's such a proper old mouse."

Lyn exclaimed: "A joke on Beth. What is it, Elsie? I love to find things to bother Beth. She's always preaching to me."

"Well you preach to her for a while, Lyn," Elsie advised. "Tell her it isn't ladylike to be seen coming out of the Inn with Curt Shelling at midnight. I thought Curt was your heavy, anyway, Lyn. Is Beth trying to cut you out?"

"Oh, I had a headache last night," Lyn explained cheerfully. "So I sent Beth out for a ride with him. But you don't mean to say they were at t' e Inn!"

"Of course I mean it," said Elsie positively. "My dear, I was never so astonished in my life. You could have knocked me over with a feather. And they were coming out of the Ladies' Entrance, too. At midnight, last night. What time did Beth get home?"

"Mercy," Lyn laughed. "I don't know. She always sits up to keep an eye on me; but I never supposed I had to— Are you sure it was her, Elsie."

"Oh yes. At first I did think it might be you, so of course I was going to keep as still as a mouse. But Trav Hartley telephoned me a while ago and says it was Beth. He says Beth told him so herself."

"I'll certainly have to get after Beth," said Lyn cheerfully. "I'm awfully glad you telephoned me, Elsie. She'd never have told me. She's such a tight mouth about her own affairs, you know."

BETH, standing beside her sister, found herself trembling and sick with sorrow, without knowing why. She had taken Lyn's burden upon herself with her eyes open, knowing what she did; and her common sense told her that Lyn had only done the right thing in backing up her story. It was what she would have wanted Lyn to do, she told herself; it was what she must want Lyn to do. Yet— It had been indescribably sweet to hear Lyn swear that Beth should not take the blame. She had clung to that promise of Lyn's with a hope more tenacious than she realized. Now. . . . . Lyn had not only suffered the deception to go on, she had assisted it; she had plunged Beth into her rôle beyond recall.

If Lyn had asked what she should do, Beth would have bidden her to do as she had done. "So I haven't any right to complain," she told herself wearily. "It was the thing for her to do. I wanted her to do it." Nevertheless, when she turned back to the kitchen leaving Lyn still at the telephone, her eyes were misted with miserable tears, and she hardly knew what she was doing.

When she came back through the hall with Lyn's dinner, her sister had gone upstairs; and Beth found the younger girl crying again. Lyn, at the sight of Beth, exclaimed: "Beth, I hate Curt Shelling. I hate him. I never want to see him again as long as I live."



"Beth, I hate Curt Shelling. I never want to see him again as long as I live."

Beth had scarce thought of Curt Shelling in this matter at all. He was the instrument, nothing more. Trav Hartley had thought of Curt first of all; and Lyn now likewise cried: "He's an old pig. I hate him. I hate him just as much as you do, Beth," she cried vehemently.

Beth, setting the bread and milk and the plums for Lyn to eat, said quietly: "I hadn't thought much about him, Lyn."

"Well I have," Lyn declared. "And if I ever do see him again, I'm going to tell him some things, too, Beth!"

"I hope not, Lyn. I hope you wont have a chance."

"Oh, I'll have a chance all right. He's coming to see me this evening. To go for a ride again. But I'm not going, Beth." She began to eat, biting into the rich plums delightedly. And Beth watched her, saying nothing at all.

"Elsie is fooled all right," Lyn said once. "I didn't think she would be, but she is, Beth."

Beth nodded. And a little later, Lyn exclaimed:

"I know what did it, Beth. It was Trav's telephoning to her. You must have fooled him, too. But he's crazy about you, Beth. I shouldn't think he'd be willing to spread a—well, willing to tell a thing like that about you."

"He did it because I asked him to," said Beth quietly.

Lyn seemed to consider this for a while; and a slow light came into her eyes. "Trav's a peach," she said thoughtfully, between bites of a fresh plum. "You know, Beth, I was always wild about Trav. And I'm going to tell him so."

When Beth left the house a little later, having seen Lyn settled for the afternoon, there were two pictures in her thoughts. One was Lyn's face, sick and weak and haggard, with a shadow on it like the shadow of a dreadful hand. And the other was the light in Lyn's eyes when she had spoken of Trav Hartley.

Beth wondered in a dull way whether Lyn would fall in love with Trav; and she wondered also whether Trav would fall in love with Lyn.

CHAPTER VIII

THAT afternoon at the Furnace was for Beth a long and weary time. She would not let Trav speak of what was uppermost in both their minds; and Trav, furious with circumstances, with her, with himself and all the world, was sullen, spoke harshly when he spoke at all, made matters no easier for her. He tried to tell himself that Beth had been foolish to do what she had done; yet he knew Lyn as well as Beth knew her, and he knew that the tongues of slander would have been like whips to drive her to more serious imprudences. He loved Beth for what she had done, and was furious with her for doing it.

Now and then he remembered Curt Shelling; and he found Curt a good target against whom to level the helpless, furious rage that possessed him. Now and then, when Beth asked him some questions in connection with their work, he was thinking of Curt so hotly, that he thought it was Curt who had questioned him, and his answers were proportionately ferocious. Beth found it in her heart to be faintly amused with him; but at the same time she was very tired, and when the time came for her to go home, she was relieved and glad.

She put on her hat, and took the coat over her arm. Trav had not looked in her direction. In the doorway she stopped for a moment; and since he still kept his back turned toward her, she said softly:

"Good night, Trav."

He snarled: "Good night!" And his very snarl cheered Beth wonderfully, because she knew he would not be half so angry with her and with the world unless he loved her. She started home, a little happier than she had been all day.

But when she reached the street, the coat upon her arm forced itself upon her consciousness. She met a man, and thought he looked at it with curious interest; she met a woman, and thought the woman smiled. Her cheeks began *(Continued on page 180)*

HERE is a story of China in America in which the Chinese point of view and character are luminously revealed by one who knows them as few Americans do.



THE PIN-POINT PUPIL

By

COURTNEY RYLEY COOPER

Illustrated by
ARTHUR D. FULLER

HOP ALLEY is all that now remains of Denver's Chinatown, a blind, secretive place, asleep by day, shrouded by night in the darkness of a mercantile district which has taken the place of the area where once no one toiled and where the wealth of the mining camps traveled the way of the dance hall and the bar. The stranger will search in vain for the secret entrances to Hop Alley.

Beyond those dark, tortuous entrances, shadowy figures glide about the narrow, cobble-paved spaces, lighted only by dim, dirt-crusted incandescents. Once in a long time there is a scattering, and only blank walls face blank walls, in answer to low signals from forms that fade before they can be seen; thus Hop Alley scampers to subterranean safety before an excursion of the officers from City Hall. Then the signals are once more given and Hop Alley becomes itself again.

Time was when Hop Alley was only a small part of a prosperous Chinatown, but that time is long since gone. Americanization has made its inroads, to lure forth the Alley's former inhabitants to American clothing, American jobs and American homes in other parts of the city; the Oriental population has dwindled from three thousand to two hundred—but these two hundred still strive to lead the old life and follow the old ideals. It is thus possible to procure a "card of hop" very easily in Hop Alley if one has the cash and knows the technique. Small, it is true, but still devious and with many bypaths is Hop Alley.

The joss house long has been abandoned; even the sacred rules of a once haughty Chinatown have been bent and twisted to allow the feeding of Japanese from the beet fields, the sheltering of them in the bunkhouses whose levels are down instead of up, and the fleecing of them in the long, illy-lighted room where the bamboo rake scrapes against the piles of china buttons in the age-old game of *fan-tan*. A tatterdemalion thing of faded glories is Hop Alley, fighting desperately for life, and clinging grimly to what few of its traditions it can still grasp, and to its love of the evasion of the law. Which explains, perhaps, why Wun Sing, keeper of the little tea store at the darkest point of this makeshift Orient, was the Alley's king.

And even for Wun Sing, its king, Hop Alley was only a crumbling, eaten thing. Some day, he too would leave for a modern house in Park Hill, ruled by a girl he was proud to call American, with an American name and an American tongue in her American-trained head. But Molly Sing was as yet only a sophomore at Cornell, with two years still before her. An education costs money; more than can be derived from a tea store. The Japanese from the beet fields brought plenty of cash with them and were willing to gamble. Fan-tan thus was paying for a Chinese girl's education in an American college.

Which is all very well, from one point of view, if all very wrong from another. Nevertheless, it explains again why Wun Sing's, in spite of its owner's long queue trailing down from his skull cap, in spite of his soft Chinese shoes, his round, straight, silken trousers, his embroidered, corded blouse and his little store with its teas and dried chickens and pressed fish and litchi nuts—to say nothing of the eternal tea cozy where the oolong always simmered—was the central exchange for four telephones, one at each of Hop Alley's entrances, with a watchful Celestial at every instrument. And one night the buzzer rang with imperious insistence. Pete Clark, the headquarters man, had just invaded Hop Alley by the Twentieth Street areaway.

Wun Sing answered the message in quick Chinese, restored the instrument to the tea chest which concealed it, then sought his old rocking chair, in a corner of the store, and pressed a button. Behind the partition, the flame of an oil lamp lowered, forms moved swiftly, tables disappeared. A moment later, the big room behind the tea store sheltered only a few aged Chinese, hunched against the wall in the semi-light, smoking—Lu Fung who ran the sole remaining laundry, Yun Kay, Hung Ming and, last, Li Wong, who was blind. As for Sing, he sat in his tea store, rocking placidly, his wrinkled hands folded over the embroidered dragon of his blouse, his aged face with its many lines serene and bland. Wun Sing had rocked thus many times before.

He turned his head at the sight of a form before the door, but it was not Pete Clark. Wun Sing rose and shuffled to the tea counter as a tall, rather dark young man entered, looked about hastily, then came toward the old Chinese. Something touched Wun Sing's hand and he looked down, to observe the numerals of a twenty-dollar bill. The eyes of Chinatown's king took on an expression of childish innocence, his face became blankly interrogative.

"Whallee wan'? Tlea?"



Three times she had bet one hundred dollars that three buttons would remain at the end of the count. Three times she had lost. She doubled the bet.

"Tea? No." The man leaned closer, his voice lowered. "Name your price if this isn't enough. I've got to have something quick. You know. My nerves are all on edge and I need—a tonic."

Wun Sing raised his bulging eyebrows. A shadow had shown on the dirty glass in the front of the store, as the bulky form of a man passed slowly by. The face of the Chinese became blanker than before for he had recognized that shadow.

"You stlangee?"

"Yes."

"How you clom here?"

"To your shop? A—a friend of mine sent me. He said if there was anything around here—you'd have it."

"Solly!" Wun Sing shrugged his shoulders. "Me gloo' Melican China boy. Me sell tlea, flish, chiney walnut, me no sell hop.' Me gloo' Clistian boy."

"Well, do you know where I can get it?" The voice was piteously insistent. "Take this money and tell me where I can get a card of—"

But Wun Sing only shrugged his shoulders.

"Me dunno. Me gloo' Clistian boy."

"Yes you are!" A snarl had come into the voice. The drawn features—aristocratic in spite of their weakness—were scowling. "Yes you are!" Then brusquely he turned and went out, slamming the door behind him. A moment later, Wun Sing saw a shadow move across the street and smiled. He knew it to be the shadow of Pete Clark from headquarters.

After that, he went to his big chair and continued placidly to rock, waiting with oriental patience, for the buzzer to ring its message from the lookouts. But it was silent, minute after minute until an hour had passed. Then, the wrinkled old Chinese dozed for a moment, shuffled in his chair and looked up drowsily. The door had opened, and an Irish, grinning face, with wide-slit mouth and pale blue eyes, was shoved forward into the half-light.

"Hey! Wun! Anybody home?"

"Suah!" Wun Sing stirred sleepily in his big chair and rubbed his wrinkled hands. "Oh. Hiyo, Plete!"

Pete Clark turned up the light, helped himself to tea from the tray, then stuck a big hand into a box of litchi nuts.

"Anything stirring, Wun?"

"No. Wassamalla you, out so late?"

"Detectin'—detectin'. Can't keep my job 'less I do some detectin' now and then. Have to keep moving around to see what's going on. How's everything with you?"

"Oh, slo, slo. Havee c'gah?" He pointed to the one box of cigars in the showcase, reserved for just such occasions as this. The officer took a handful and stuffed all but one into his dented hat. Then munching litchi nuts between puffs, he hoisted himself to the counter and sat there swinging his feet.

"Everything fine, huh?" he asked—the prelude, Wun Sing knew, to more important questions. The old man nodded. Pete proceeded: "How's Molly getting on? All right?"

Then it was that Wun Sing sat up. His serrated old face brightened, his eyes took on a different light.

"Me go Littica and see her tomallee night."

"Littica? Oh, you mean Ithaca: That's right. She's at Cornell, aint she? Nice girl, Molly. What year's she in now?"

"Slecon'," said Wun Sing. "Makem blest glade in class. She goin' stlay; take slummee co'se. Me glo see her tomallee."

"Well, give her my regards." Pete, pleased with his cigar, reached into the case and took a few more. "'Course Wun, it isn't any of my business, but how does a Chiney girl get along at one of those big colleges? Aint it kind of lonesome? But then I guess—"

"Melican girl tleat Molly fline!" Wun Sing had cut in. "You know Miss Slemin'way?"

"Hemingway, you mean? Alice Hemingway? Sure."

"She know Molly. Molly she work Slemin'way's fust aft' she leavem ligh school. Miss Slemin'way tellem Molly abawt Clawnell. She glo there too."

"Alice? Yeh, she's taking a postgraduate course there. Through this year." Then Pete's eyes narrowed and he forgot to swing his feet. "You're not kidding me about her being Molly's friend?"

"Me? No." Wun's eyes were wide. "Miss Slemin'way she stickem up fo' Molly. She helpem Molly through Clawnell."

"Do you know her?" Pete had asked the question sharply.

"No. Me go see her. Mebbe. When she clom home. Me thank her, for Molly."

Pete Clark cocked his head and gazed at the aged Chinese from a corner of his Irish eyes.

"And you don't know the man she's going to marry, either?"

"Me? No."

"Harrison March, the famous contestant for the March millions in New York?"

It meant nothing to Wun Sing and the jerky nod of his head said as much. But Pete Clark was insistent.

"Sure, Wun? You wouldn't kid old Pete?"

"Suah, Plete."

"Then"—and the detective left his perch to come close to Wun Sing's chair—"if you like that girl who's been good to Molly, and you want to save her from marrying a guy with a pin-point pupil, you'd better scare me up some information out of this alley. Somebody's peddling the poppy 'round here, and I want to know who it is!"

WUN SING sat silent, his hands clasped. An hour before he had looked into the contracted pupils of a man loaded with morphine and wanting more—even to the extent of the pipe, the peanut-oil lamp and a playing card filled with gummy opium.

Pete was talking again:

"I don't have to diagram things for you Wun. That was him. I saw you didn't sell him anything and I tried to trail him when he went out. But I lost him for a half-hour and when I seen him again, he was moving fast, like a joy-rider hurrying for home base to cook a pill. And I want to know who's peddlin' it."

A shrug of the shoulders. Pete went on.

"Listen, don't get the wrong idea. I don't want you to squawk on anybody. It's a friendship proposition with me. I've known Alice ever since she was knee-high to a duck and this guy aint the one for her. I've the dope on him from back East, and I argued with her when she was here on her Christmas vacation, but it didn't do any good. She's promised to marry him, and she's going to do it—unless I can get some straight information that'll crab the deal."

"Wassamalla, you slo intlested?" Wun Sing asked curiously.

"Well, there aint any real reason, except that I know the girl, and this aint the kind of man for her."

"Don't klid Wun Sing," came the admonition. Pete laughed.

"Well, there's other reasons too. Can't let 'em out right now. But I'm on the square Wun, and I'll take care of my friends. All I want is the straight dope and somebody that will swear to it. Going to help me?"

Pete Clark walked to the door and waited. Wun Sing nodded, ever so slightly.

"Mebbe."

Two minutes later, the buzzer sounded and Wun Sing pressed the button, concealed under the counter beside his rocking chair. The light behind the partition grew brighter; voices sounded, fortune seekers came from the depths beneath the ramshackle store and the all-night play of *fan-tan* was on again. Five minutes Wun Sing waited. Then a signal and Yow Mong came from behind the partition to take his superior's place in the tea store while the aged gambling-house keeper, a shuffling shadow in the dim Alley light, moved swiftly toward the abode of Sadie Lo, uncrowned queen of Hop Alley.

The queen lay in her bunk, a pipe in readiness, cooking a spluttering pill of opium over the peanut-oil flame. There was nothing in common between the twain as they honked at each other in Chinese, a fat, bulbous-faced Chinese woman, and a wrinkled old keeper of a gambling house. But when Wun Sing glided out of the fetid atmosphere of Sadie Lo's "palace" it was with the assurance that wherever Harrison March moved in Chinatown, filmy figures would be in the background, to watch his every action. The word would be passed forth—Harrison March might buy his opium, but the knowledge of each sale would travel, sooner or later to the old *fan-tan* banker. The next day, Hop Alley's king gave an order to the greasy, obsequious Yow Mong—that Harrison March must not be allowed beyond the partition. Then Wun Sing brought forth his best blouse and sandals, his most highly prized cap, and tucked into a pocket a heavy roll of bills from the rickety cash drawer of his tea store. Seventy hours later, he beamed as only a proud father can beam as he stepped from an excess-fare train upon the platform at Ithaca. Molly Sing, his daughter, awaited him.

All of old Wun Sing's life was bound up in this little Americanized Celestial who had watched for him on the station platform. Back in Hop Alley, the crowds of Japanese about the *fan-tan* tables, the queerly marked cards and counters in the center square, the slight clicking of the bamboo rake against the pile of buttons, the watchful eye of the gamekeeper and the cashier, meant only one thing to Wun Sing—more money for Molly's education, more money for Molly's clothes, more money toward the home in the residence district where some day Molly would live as an American girl should live. And to Molly Sing, the wrinkled, old-fashioned Chinese with his embroidered blouse and his [illegible] and white-soled slippers meant all that a father can mean to a girl, in spite of that dingy gambling hall in Hop Alley. To Wun Sing—her father—it was not wrong, and Wun Sing's judgment was all that counted. She kissed him, hugged him, then turned to a girl companion.

"This is my father."

Wun Sing thrust forth a hand and beamed.

"You Miss Slemin'way?"

"No, Father," Molly Sing laughed as she explained. "This is a friend of Alice's, Miss Jordan. Father thinks Miss Hemingway is the only person in the world," she laughed. "I don't believe he'll die happy unless he meets her."

Papa Sing folded his hands and beamed—at the entrance to a new world. Miss Jordan drifted away in the throng on the station platform, and Papa Sing shuffled happily along to the automobile which Molly had hired for him. Pride lives in the Chinese heart like a flower in the bud.

A hazy day—then an uncertain, shaky evening, for Molly Sing had proved more than ever that she was an American girl, with American tastes and American self-reliance. Joking and prodding her hesitant old father, she had led him to the little boathouse which fronts the lagoon giving into Lake Cayuga. Calming his fears, chiding him for his childishness, she had inveigled him into the seat of a canoe, and while Wun Sing grasped somewhat frantically at the sides of the frail little craft, was paddling him toward the shallow waters of the lake a half-mile away.

It was evening in Ithaca, early summer evening. From the blue hills of the campus floated the sound of the chimes, playing melodies which Wun Sing never before had heard. The sky was wondrous, a splashed canvas of glorious hues, reflected in the water before them. The rushes waved in the evening breeze from the lake, a pike flashed far ahead in pursuit of its evening meal away out at the end of the piers which stretched into the deep waters of Cayuga, the lighthouse began to blink, and with it all Wun Sing forgot his fears and leaned contentedly back against the pillows, his hands folded as always! For a long time there was silence. Then:

"You've been so good to me, Father."

Perhaps it was the reflected light of the sunset which made Wun Sing's eyes gleam; perhaps not. It was some time before he answered, in the only language his daughter knew.

"Miss Slemin'way, she bleen gloo' too."

A soft laugh.

"Still doting on her, aren't you? But I'm glad. She has been *so* good to me. I wish you could have seen her at Christmas."

"Mebbe I see her here?"

"No, she's gone. She ought to be back in Denver, when you get there—unless she stops in New York to buy her clothes. She isn't going to be Miss Hemingway much longer."

The placid expression on Father Wun Sing's features did not change.

"She goin' glet mallie?"

"Yes. To a Mr. March."

WUN SING nodded, then looked long toward the [illegible] wooded hills which sheltered the gorges, the [illegible] waterfalls of Ithaca, and over to where a train was crawling [illegible] the heavy grade abutting the lake on its evening journey [illegible] Buffalo. At last he allowed his eyes to turn downward and [illegible] a lengthy study of his long, tapered fingernails.

"Him hophead," came quietly.

No look of surprise came from the other end of the canoe.

"I wish I could believe it but I've heard it too many times."

"You know 'um?"

"Harrison March? No. But I know all about him, Father. It's a will—or something."

"Wassamalla?"

"He's named in the will of Thomas March of New York, and it's all led to a terrific fight. They've accused him of terrible things. I believe if someone should see Harrison March commit a murder now, and should tell Alice Hemingway, she would refuse to believe it. But oh, Father, I wish there were some way to break it off!"

"How clom?"

"Because," and the Chinese girl watched her paddle intently, "she doesn't love him. It's someone else—someone she met [illegible]



"Somebody's peddlin' the poppy 'round here, and I want to know who 'tis."

since she has been engaged to him. I don't believe she ever knew what love really meant before that."

Wun Sing's hands remained folded but his eyes became narrow.

"She Melican gal?"

"Of course."

"She do whatem please?"

"Certainly, Father, but you don't understand Alice and you don't understand her position. She's practically forced to marry Mr. March. In the first place, she promised her father that she would do it—and he's dead. She can't explain to him now."

Wun Sing nodded gravely. The canoe glided on, out past the high stone jetty and the blinking lighthouse. The voice of the daughter went on.

"She gave her promise, when she really didn't know. Then she met the man she loved, and just when she realized that love,

all of these attacks against Mr. March broke out. The other heirs have hired detectives everywhere and are doing everything on earth to blacken his reputation. They say that he induced old March to sign the will when he wasn't in his right mind, that he forged papers and—oh, everything. But Alice isn't the woman to forget a promise especially when the man she has told she will marry comes to her and asks her help."

"Him do that?"

"Yes. He told her beforehand what they were going to say, and about the detectives they had hired. That, if nothing else, had served to strengthen her promise. You know what detectives will do, Father, they'll swear to any lie in the calendar if they're paid enough."

Wun Sing closed his eyes and thought of genial old Pete Clark back in Denver—Pete who had never done anything worse than filch a handful of litchi nuts or a few cigars. But he said nothing—about that. Instead—

"Wassamalla olla man? Him gloo' boy?"

"Wonderful. But he understands. I wish she could marry him—instead of March. She loves him so."

"She Melican gal," repeated Wun Sing, the last mention to be made by him of Alice Hemingway. And a week later, his visit over, the old Chinese went back to his home in Denver.

Once again outlined against the dimness of Hop Alley, Wun Sing stopped in his little tea store only long enough to leave his comically small grip and to hear the report of Yow Mong. Then he slid down the Alley to gargle the strange enunciations of his native language with Sadie Lo.

The watch had been kept. Harrison March had returned the next night and bought three cards of opium from Charlie Mock, and a day later, two more—enough to brand him as an habitual. And last night he had come again, to make his usual purchases, and to inquire regarding the possibility of cocaine. Wun Sing nodded sagely and slowly went back to his tea store.



Wun Sing leaped for the alley and its shielding shadows.

For a long time he rocked in his usual slothful position, then suddenly he straightened. From behind the partition had come the sound of a woman's voice, high, excited. Wun Sing pressed the buzzer and looked up with narrowed eyes as Yow Mong entered the room.

"I heard the voice of a woman!" he announced in streaming Chinese.

"Yes, Most Honorable. She has been coming here since the night after you left—she and her friends. They lose more than all the others."

Wun Sing nodded an end to the interview, and Yow Mong faded behind the partition. A moment later he returned, a three-stone diamond ring glittering in his fat hand.

"The estimable lady desires to pawn this; she has done it before when her money has run low. I have everything in the jade chest, Most Honorable."

Wun Sing took the ring, studying it for a moment in the dim light, then slowly rose, walked to his counter, brought forth an electric flash and in the brighter light inspected the stones carefully.

"Clook?" he asked in English. Yow Mong shook his head.

"No, Most Honorable—not a crook. I think the estimable lady is someone of great wealth. Her clothes are the most marvelous, beautiful. She drives here every night with her chauffeur and friends.

"The car waits on Twentieth Street near Larimer."

The lean hand of Wun Sing dipped into the worn drawer beneath the counter and slowly counted out seven hundred dollars. Yow Mong faded, and the woman's voice ran again in the excitement of the *fan-tan* count. Wun Sing looked once more at the ring, tucked it in one of the innumerable receptacles of his blouse and strolled behind the partition.

A woman and three men were at the first table, one of the male companions plainly a chauffeur, the two others bearing faces which Wun Sing had seen before in Hop Alley, the pale, leaden features and contracted pupils of the chronic joy-rider. One of them stepped forward at Wun's approach, and drew him aside.

"Swell dame, Wun," he whispered. "Me and Harry got next to 'em over in a bootleg joint last Tuesday and brought her and her chauffeur over. Swell Jane from up on the hill; got all the money in the world. Seein' the bright lights—you know. Nutty over that driver of hers. If I'd ever tell you her name, you'd drop dead!"

"Whassum name?"

The poppy chaser smirked.

"Nothin' doin'. It's under cover. Listen!" and his face took on a more serious appearance, "Yow Mong said we'd have to wait and see you, me and Harry get our cut, don't we—for bringin' 'em in?"

"Ten ple cen'."

Satisfied, the capper went back to the table, while Wun Sing, all his oriental curiosity aroused, moved to the other side of the room, where he could watch the woman. She was young, pretty, and, as Yow Mong had said, wonderfully dressed. Three times she had bet one hundred dollars that three buttons would remain at the end of the count. Three times she had lost. The bet was doubled.

"Three's my lucky number!"—with a nervous laugh—"and if I don't win this time, I'll play it again!"

The gamekeeper, with his rake, had heard the same sentiments voiced often before. Imperturbably, he dragged in the first division of buttons while the Japanese, crowded on the side of the table opposite the woman, placed their comparatively meager bets. Then he lifted the shield, drew in the remaining buttons in their sets of fours and—

Two were left. The cashier scooped up the money; the woman reached for her remaining two hundred dollars.

"This is the last bet, Fred," came somewhat nervously as she turned to her chauffeur, "luck isn't with us tonight. If we don't win—we'd better wait 'til to-morrow."

"Sure, Honey. But you'll win." The chauffeur sucked at a cigarette. The two sallow-faced cappers eyed the money in the cashier's hands and computed ten per cent of seven hundred dollars. Wun Sing moved aimlessly from his place by the wall as the woman again made her bet on the three side, and passed close to Yow Mong. A guttural order; the greasy subordinate hurried away. Wun Sing, his hands folded, stood placidly watching the play.

Four by four the little white buttons disappeared, while the eyes of the Chinese and Japanese watched the diminishing pile as the bamboo rake glided back and forth. A voice sounded.

"Two!"

The woman turned to a Chinese at her side.

"You can't tell. They haven't been counted yet."

The Celestial grinned.

"Me know. Me clount ahead."

The gamekeeper said nothing, merely continued his raking sets of fours. The cashier splattered *(Continued on page*



The powerful Blue eleven sent play after play crashing into the little alert line that faced it.

THE GRANDSTAND PLAYER

By FRANK E. EVANS

Illustrated by WILLIAM MEAD PRINCE

FOOTBALL reaches its pinnacle only when a losing team first challenges, then laughs at, and, in a moment more, mocks disaster in irresistible march across the ...e yardage lines to the goal and victory. It is then that the ...erans of the gridiron wag their heads sagely and tell the ...iated: "You can't beat a team that wont *be* beaten!" Long ...fore Marshal Foch proved it with his beaten army at the First ...ttle of the Marne, the coaches of the Kingstown team had ...itten this text into their gridiron gospel. Some elevens had ...shrined the text in their hearts and seen its glory. Others ...d not and then had come lean years to Kingstown.

The eleven that was to carry Kingstown's standard into its ...eatest battle had been drilled in the priceless preachment by ...y. It had dreamed it by night. Still the faith was not theirs ...d before midseason the proud colors had been lowered in de...at. Therefore the coaches faced the swift approaching apogee ... the season disquieted and perturbed.

Kingstown had suffered more than her historic rival Haven...n from the two-years break of the war. In all the squad that ...d survived the merciless weeding out of September and October there were but two men who had won the varsity K. Rich with promise as the material was, there had been other squads of greater brilliancy that had written ultimate defeat across their season. Its very wealth of material was a handicap to the overworked coaching staff. Not until the eve of the first hard game was the staff able to give this anomalous eleven its rudder by the arbitrary selection of a captain. The choice seemed a simple problem for it narrowed down to one of the only two men who had gone through the furnace of a big game.

Ford, left tackle, and Beresford, fullback, were the veterans. The crux of the problem lay in the radically opposing personalities of the two. It was a choice between a dependable roadhorse and an erratic thoroughbred; between a steady plodder who was a fighter from his headguard to his cleated shoes, and a brilliant individual performer gifted with all but one of the qualities of a born leader.

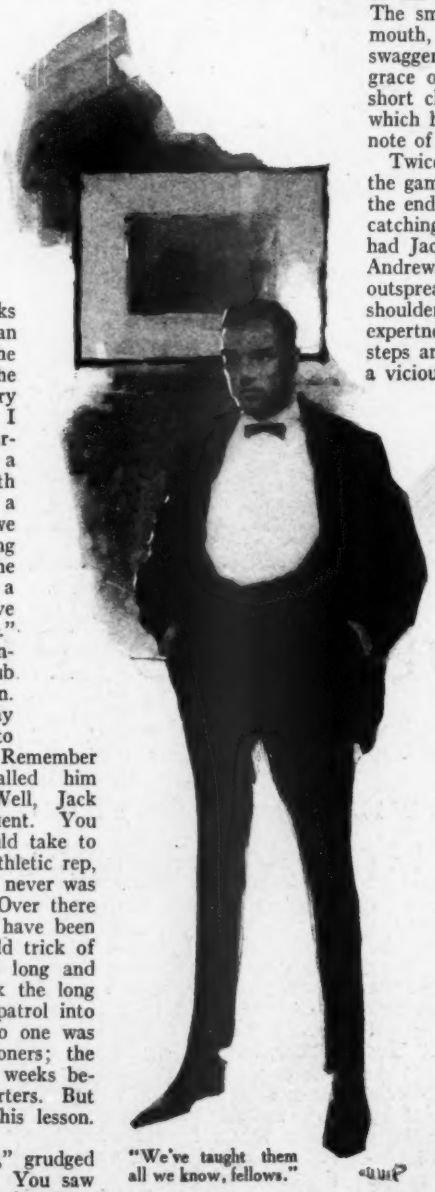
The coaches threshed it over in the varsity field house after the squad had filed noisily out from the evening skull practice and the blackboard talk. The head coach, Hopper, summed up the argument with all the solemnity of a Supreme Court justice

giving his opinion on a matter of vital importance to the nation. That was a part of Hopper's success. To him it was a matter of vast import to every alumnus and undergraduate of the old college with its rich traditions dating back to Revolutionary days; its splendid sum of service to the country; its standards clean and unsmirched as the banners of the Crusaders. That passionate faith together with his gridiron gospel that denied defeat to the team that refused defeat, were the outstanding reasons for his choice as head coach.

"Ford is the man to lead the team. A plugger at the game, a fighter to the finish, he'll steady this green team of ours. He was never cut out for a star but he knows the game, plays his position from the kickoff to the last whistle, and he plays for Kingstown and not for Ford every second of the time. The men have faith in Big Jim. Am I right, eh?"

"The beauty of it is that Ford, if we didn't select him, would work just as hard," interjected Shad Collins, the head line coach. "If we do select him he'll work even harder, if that's possible."

"Now as to Beresford," Hopper went on. "If ever a youngster was cut out to lead a big team it's Jack Beresford. Those beautiful spirals of his alone, even if he couldn't run with the ball and back up the line the way King Ballard did, are worth their weight in gold to a team. There's nothing at Haventon that can touch him on the kick. But Jack is the king of grandstand players. It's the same way in baseball. I was coaching the backs when he made the freshman eleven, and I helped out in the spring when he captained the freshman nine. The very first day I saw him in togs I knew he would make the varsity in sophomore year. As a matter of fact he made both teams hands down. He was a grandstand player then, but we thought a year's seasoning would cure him. He loves the limelight with all the joy of a prize tenor. He may have cut it out, but I'm not sure."



"We've taught them all we know, fellows."

"I think he has, Bud," interrupted Blake, the scrub coach. "He's had his lesson. I heard about it the other day on my way up to Haventon to see them play Brown. Remember Atkins—of course we called him Tommy—a 1914 bird? Well, Jack Beresford was in his regiment. You know the way the men would take to him with that swagger, his athletic rep, and that way of his? There never was any question of his nerve. Over there he made a break that might have been a ghastly one, through his old trick of taking a long chance. The long and short of it was that he took the long chance and ran his raiding patrol into his own barrage. Luckily no one was hit; he got back with prisoners; the men were loyal, and it was weeks before the story got to headquarters. But Atkins said he had learned his lesson. Swears by the kid."

"He may have cut it out," grudged Hopper, "but I'm not sure. You saw him in sophomore year when he disregarded the signal on the two-yard line and the game went blooie to Dartmouth on his break? We kept him out of the Haventon game for that. We had lost confidence in him, the team had, and the college. In the spring, with the score tied in the tenth against Haventon he went after a hit over second with one hand. Nine times out of ten he could pull it, but that time he lost a sure 'out' trying for a double play. The next man up came through with a single that won the game for them."

"You're right, Bud," growled Blake, "but he's cut that stuff."

"You don't wish so more than I," replied Hopper, "but I can't risk it. We've had our lean years. This time we've got to put over a winning team. Ford's the man? Good! Now, Blake, are your scrubs ready to give us those Haventon formations? Fine!"

WHEN the team ran out for practice the next day Big Jim Ford lumbered with an ungainly lope at the head of the varsity. The light of battle showed in his sober eyes, flared in the square-cut jaw, echoed in the first curt order that he bellowed: "Lively now, varsity. On your toes! Watch those signals!"

Beresford was at his heels as the cleated shoes drummed across the gridiron. And the uneven pounding of Big Jim's lope sounded a requiem in his ears. If his heart harbored hurt over the loss of the coveted captaincy he made a brave show of concealment. The smile that played ready come-and-go at the corners of his mouth, the challenge of the audacious gray eyes, and all the old swagger, were his in undiminished measure. The unconscious grace of every movement, the poise of the head crowned with short chestnut hair that curled tightly, the inborn bravado with which he balanced himself for the first signal, struck the highest note of contrast with stolid Jim Ford.

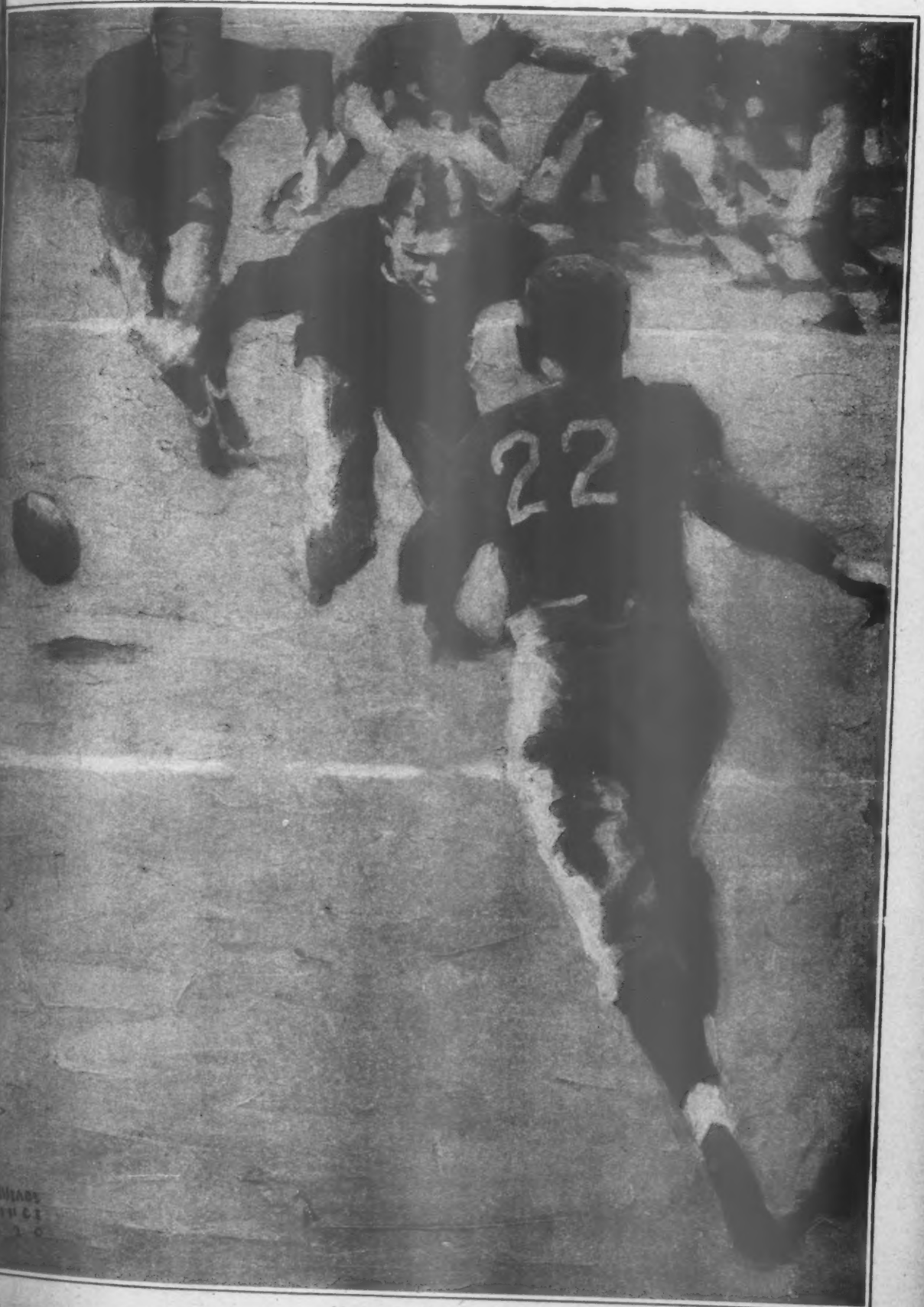
Twice the length of the field the striped legs weaved through the gamut of plays, the lunge through the line, the sweep around the end, the well-timed lancing of the forward pass. Kicking and catching practice preceded the line-up for scrimmage and never had Jack Beresford shown rarer form. The passes from Whitey Andrews came back as a rule straight and sure as a bullet to his outspread hands. A few clipped the turf at his feet or went shoulder high, but he handled them with the unerring skill that expertness in football and baseball alone can give. Two quick steps and the pigskin shot away from the inside of his foot with a vicious boom. Over the white five-yard lines it spun, head on, glistening in the October sun. Its graceful trajectory carried it for fifty, fifty-five or sixty yards, finally to fall, boring and twisting as though to defy capture, into the cupped arms of the waiting backs.

"Great stuff, eh fellows?" Hopper's voice was vibrant with the joy that the beauty of the long drives stirred in him. "If the youngster's sore over the captaincy he's too game to show it."

The other coaches nodded assent of tribute, tribute to the spell of the soaring punts, tribute to the spirit of the punter.

A sharp order and the varsity deployed checkerwise to receive the kickoff from the scrubs. As the scrub center bent on one knee to tee up the ball Beresford danced, with short, high-kneed action, in front of the varsity goal posts. For a moment the challenge of his smiling eyes flickered out, his mouth was set in a wistful droop. Well, the first sharp pangs had passed and neither coaches nor team-mates least of all Big Jim, had seen him show a trace of them. But a dull ache persisted, an ache that he would carry through the season, perhaps much longer. He harbored no malice, no slackening of loyalty to Big Jim or the college; but the coaches? Had they been absolutely just to him? He, as well as they, or even the block of undergraduates centered in the east stand of the stadium, knew why the captaincy had gone to Ford. A grandstand player, that was what they thought him.

But he had left that,—the grandstand stuff,—in the Verdun sector, after the barrage had lifted from the precarious shelter of the crooked ditch and shallow shell craters. He had learned discipline in its strictest school, tempered by the responsibility of the young sters whose lives he held in the palm of his hand. And how those mere lads of his platoon, and later those platoons of his company, had conformed to the fine mould to which he had labored to shape them. Through fog and mud, through shell fire and murderous hail of machine guns he had shepherded them. In billets he had guided their irrepressible spirits with sure hand. And how he had dreamed over there of leading the team in action against Haventon!



He swerved to the left like a startled deer and hurled himself full at the Haventon back.

The dull thud of the kickoff rallied him, swept away regrets, leaving his mind like a slate wiped clean by a sponge. The ball hurtled to him end over end. Behind a wall of shaping interference he ran it back to midfield. The quarterback, little Barrett, barked his signal for a swing-off tackle and he made it a first down.

"That's the stuff, Jack! That's the way to take an opening. Now, varsity, show me! Rip 'em up!" yelled Hopper.

With quick praise and swift censure the coaches drove and goaded the teams to a restrained fury. Again Barrett called on him and he swung clear, on a fake kick, behind compact and driving interference, for a wide run. Through to the secondary defense it carried him. With change of pace, shifting of feet, and a straight arm that worked like a piston, Beresford headed for the goal. The scrub quarterback dived, eluded the straight arm, and dragged him down.

"Snappy work, son! That's the way to nail 'em!" roared the scrub coach. Beresford jumped to his feet, slapped the scrub on his back and grinned. "Nice tackle, Tommy. Nearly shook my teeth out."

He passed the ball to center and jumped into place. As he crouched like a sprinter on the mark, finger tips dug into the turf, a throb of pain shot through his left thigh. The ball shuttled back to the left half, Torrey, for a drive at tackle. When the play stopped Beresford limped up to his position, his face white, but the old smile still in his eyes. They herded him unceremoniously to the side lines and Bob Jeffers, the trainer, shook a doleful head.

"The old muscle, Bob?" he gasped.

"I'm afraid so, Jack. Here, I'll give you a hand to the dressing-room."

There they peeled off his uniform and laid him on a bench while Jeffers manipulated his leg, heedful of the excruciating pain it gave.

"Not so bad, Jack. You'll have to lay off though and obey orders."

The trace of doubt in the injunction stung him on the raw.

"I'll obey orders," he retorted, and swore softly. "Orders is my middle name, you old scoundrel, although you and some others around these classic shades don't seem to think so. Some of you birds don't even credit me with knowing how to spell the damn word."

"That's all right, Jack, forget it." The voice was gentle and reassuring as a mother's. "I'll have you fit for the big game or I'll eat your shoes. Easy is the word."

From the side lines Jack Beresford feverishly watched the team, a regenerated, fighting team, win its game from Colton by a safe margin. A week later, his cleats drumming wretchedly at the turf, he saw it, fighting from the kickoff as few Kingstown teams had fought, come up from behind and snatch victory from the team that was second only to Haventon on the season's schedule. On the Tuesday following, he had his second workout at signal practice and then dropped out for a jog around the track and the skilful ministrations of Jeffers. Jeffers had been right in his diagnosis. Barring accidents he would be fit for the epic of Saturday and old Bob would not have to eat his shoes. He was singing as he emerged from the showers and greeted the incoming varsity with the running persiflage that never failed to wake good-natured retort from those battered warriors.

In the only hard scrimmage of that final week he relieved Sheldon, who had stepped into his old berth, for a short quarter. It was characteristic of him that, without disobeying the fierce injunctions of Hopper to try no broken field runs and to keep out of the defensive plays, he threw himself into the fray with his old abandon. He played too as though he had not been scratched, and again the coaching staff was confronted by a dilemma.

They chose what seemed to be the safe horn that night before the open fireplace of the varsity field house, reënforced by a half-score of old stars who had rallied to the closing scenes of the season. Over the fireplace the group photograph of the team that had given Haventon its worst beating, looked down on them. On either side it was flanked by the single photographs of two unforgettable gridiron stars who had met heroes' deaths in France, one in the closing drama of the Argonne, the other under the colors of a gallant Scotch regiment in the first year of the war. About the room hung footballs, shellacked until they shone like golden bubbles in the flickering light. Under the coatings of shellac the date and score of Kingstown's victories gleamed dull and tawny, evoking memories of the teams that were dearest to their hearts, the teams that had laughed at defeat.

"They're chock-full of fight. If they had any more they'd commit murder out on that field Saturday." Hopper's clear voice trembled with emotion. Veritable dynamo that he was, he sprang out of his seat to pace up and down, and the group stirred to the contagious spirit of fight that he had instilled into his men. "We've taught them all we know, fellows. It's up to them. Every mother's son of them is fit as a fiddle, all but Beresford, and he's a lively cripple."

"Will you start him, Bud?" asked a quiet, gray-haired star of the Nineties. The *Golden Nineties* they called them at Kingstown, for in that brilliant decade Haventon had gone down to defeat with wholesome regularity.

"Bob Jeffers has herded him round in pretty decent shape," answered Hopper, stopping in his restless course. "He's a wonder, and it's rotten luck—that leg of his. I almost believe he's got away from that grandstand stuff. He's been on the bench until today so it's been hard to make sure. But you saw him in the second quarter?"

"Saw him?" echoed the old star. "Couldn't take my eyes off the boy. It's a treat to see him move. I never hoped to see such punting and dropkicking since poor old Aleck Carey's day. Beautiful! Beautiful!"

"He'll get in if we need him, but I'm going to start Sheldon. Sheldon's as good as anything Haventon has at the kicking game and steady as a church. But we've got Beresford in reserve. How's that, fellows? Eh, what? Fine!" . . . .

The day of the Haventon game dawned flawless as a gem. Crisp with the keen touch of mid-November, windless as the doldrums of the Saragossa Sea, clear and sparkling as a diamond, it was such a day as only the gods of football could brew. By train and motor deepening streams of humanity invaded the quiet streets and overflowed steadily on the elm-studded islands of campus set between buildings that had watched the birth of the Republic, or quadrangles flanked by gray Gothic walls patterned with ivy. Planes circled over the restless sea and dropped, with the grace of seafowl, to the aviation field hard by the stadium. The streams spread here

(Continued on page 77)



"When that French general pinned the Croix de Guerre on you, did he kiss you?"

THIS living story is of a far place—of Bootless Island, off the Papuan coast; of two men, a woman and a strangely fathered child; of a great evil, a struggling good and some bits of love. You will find it vivid, dramatic, deeply interesting.



"You don't know," she went on, "how hard it is for a girl with a baby. People think such things, you wouldn't believe."

DOWN TO THE SEA

By BEATRICE GRIMSHAW

Illustrated by GEORGE GIGUÈRE

WHEN I came to the kapok avenue on my way home, I halted and stood for a minute or two looking down the hill.

It leads to the sea. The descent is steep and sandy; all the way, tall, thin kapoks border it. This is the dry belt of New Guinea; the sky is almost always flat blue, the blue of plates; in the afternoons the air is full of sad gold. I don't know why it is sad, for it sparkles; but if you saw it, you would know: you would feel in it, as I do, something that makes the heart ache.

Then the wind blows, always, you might say; and it is a lonely wind, with a long cry in it. It makes little chips of white upon the flat blue sea that lies under the flat blue sky. It shakes the kapoks of the avenue—not much; they are too stiff to shake a great deal. Kapoks are like the things one sees on Japanese china, all in one plane, and they have long, thin arms hung stiffly with hard wooden fruits. I don't know why, but they look as if they ought not to be there, as though one had just imagined them.

There is never anyone along the road that leads from the anchorage at the far side of Bootless Island to the kapok avenue at my side, the near side. It is not a road, as you might call it; it is a track, marked across the grassy, burned plains among the clumps of mourning pandanus trees, from one side of the island to the other. I said that no one ever came along it; I do not count natives, of course.

There were some natives padding along between the shadeless rows of absurd kapoks that morning when I came back from my annual voyage to Port Moresby. I thought they were customers to me, since they seemed heading for my store. They were young bucks of the plains country, quite naked, except for the loin-cloth of pandanus leaf and the wide, cruel belt of bark that laced every man's waist into the thinness of a little girl's. They had a clanking harness of beads and teeth about their necks, and by the bigness of the valuable white clam bracelets on their arms I judged them to be well to do. I thought of the cases of goods coming on behind me, and wished that my carriers would hurry themselves. But in New Guinea hurry is unknown.

There was a sensation of long, full time upon me as I went down the hill. I could feel, as one feels the tide of a river, the current of the minutes and the hours, and the slackening there was in it, since I had left the steamer lying at her anchorage. On the far side of Bootless Island, where there were things and people, time rippled along; in Port Moresby it ran; in Melbourne and Sydney, which I had not seen for years, it was a boiling rapid, with waves and foam. London, —London, of which I thought never at all, if I could help it,— London was Niagara. But here, on the slope to the sea, with the tall, bizarre kapok trees stretching out fleshless hands on each side, with the endless long wind blowing, and the empty road before, time was not.

I sat down on a log and rolled a cigarette and watched the brown men from the mainland pass me. And I saw, as I had seen a thousand times, that look in their faces that cannot be described—the look of something that does not know it is. Of a piece with this seemed the entire soundlessness of their passing, the inconspicuousness, in full sun, of their tan bodies, full of high lights, against the burned colors and lights of the grass. How shall I describe it? It seemed to me that they were not there. All men who have lived long alone among natives know how it feels.

With that thought, and with the feeling still strong on me, of time and time ahead, and currents that stood almost still, I went down the slope. A long way to the right of me, as I turned onto the beach, lay a tin roof that glittered—my store. My place in the world—all that I held as my share of earth, for always!

Oh, you know the reasons. I think they're always the same—at least, there are only two varieties: the ex-convict kind and the other. Mine was the other.

It was hot on the beach. New Guinea in December, the sun right above, strikes with white arrows of fire. I took off my hat

and wiped my face as I passed the old deserted store of the Pacific Association, which stood a little back from the beach. No one had lived in it since I came.

I did not think anyone was likely to; the Papuan Copra Association, which had owned the store, was about on its deathbed. For six years, during all the time I had been living alone on the windy side of Bootless Island, there had been no rival to my native trade. For five, or fifty years more, I thought, looking at the store roof patched with rust, the inclosure self-planted with straggling guava-bushes, there wouldn't be— Lord, the boys, my customers, were making for the store! Was it possible it had been reopened?

The door of the ruinous building unclosed. A white woman came out.

"Christmas!" I said—and stopped and stared. I was some way off, behind the palms of the beach.

She was young; I was near enough to see that much. She had evidently a good figure; one could tell that from her way of standing. Her face and hands were unusually white, and there was a dark blur under the brows that suggested big dark eyes; that was all I could see. She had a baby in her arms.

My thoughts were not for the woman first of all, but for what she represented. I feared a rival to my trade. Of course, she must have her husband with her, and—

"That's he," I thought. A thin, stooping man in a white suit and boots had come out on to the veranda and was standing beside the woman and the child. The boots interested me. White suits are not of course in the bush, much less white boots, clean ones. Frankly, I did not like those boots. I might be a remittance-man myself, bar the remittance part of it—they were dead who used to, but I am not telling that. Nevertheless I was not keen on meeting more of my kind. You see, I knew all about them—being one.

I went my way along the beach; they had not seen me. I had plenty to think about. The Association must have reopened its native trade store, or else some one had bought it. Anyhow, my gains stood to suffer, if the new man knew his way about among Papuans. And yet those boots, on reflection, comforted me. They didn't look like business.

A LITTLE way beyond the old store there was a black-sand bay, a sort of oasis in the long desert of glaring white coral beach. The store wharf, what was left of it, ran down there, and the ruinous copra-shed stood alongside. I tramped across the bay, looking right and left at the beautiful green inlets that surrounded it—places so lovely, with drooping palms, and reflections, and lawns running right to the sea, that you would think fairies lived there, or millionaires with a taste for landscape gardening. It's better to be a millionaire than a fairy.

But nobody lived there, and nobody ever would. Here, on the windward side of Bootless, was my store, was the P. C. A.'s. There were some native villages on the island, and a great many on the mainland opposite. There would never be anything else. No one could settle, because the land was native owned, and the natives needed it, and wouldn't sell, and anyhow they had no use for whites, except as storekeepers.

I thought of these things as I tramped across the black-sand bay; and the loneliness of it all—which, strange to say, I had not thought about for years—crept into the bones of me. And it seemed as if the palms—the palms, which always know—were crying, to the long drone of the unending dry tradewind, the bitterness of that fate which casts men, white men, men with minds, men who know, unlike the natives, what and where they are, upon these ultimate dead ends of earth.

It is when your mind is filled with things other than your ordinary material surroundings that those surroundings speak to you, in the voices that our twentieth century is just beginning to realize and study. I had been listening to the spirit of the palms and of the bay, and had forgotten the actual place I was in. And so it spoke.

What it said I could not understand. But I knew that there was evil somewhere about the black-sand bay, and that it were well if I could listen and hear more.

As far as I could, I threw my mind out of gear again (for this is how it is done, only it is not an easy thing to do, consciously) and tried to get the remainder of the message. But I could not. The thought of the new people in the ruined store kept coming in; they obsessed me. I remembered the dark eyes of the woman; I tried to recollect if she had had dark hair. I wondered if the baby was a young one. The whole of the black-sand bay seemed full of their unseen presences. So I gave it up and tramped on steadily homeward and looked at the declining sun, which was purpling and crimsoning the water, as though a king of Tyre lay there slain in the midst of his royal robes. I calculated the value of the trade goods I had bought in Port Moresby, and what they would sell for. And so I came back, to the white iron house on the white sand under the beating palms. A dog came out to meet me, and that was my welcome home.

I moved about my kitchen, lighting the alcohol stove, putting on the kettle, opening a tin of meat. It was my fad to wait upon myself indoors; New Guinea natives are subject to many unpleasant skin-diseases.

I was not thinking about the plates and the stove and the "tinned dog."

"That white-boot fellow," I thought as I set the table, mechanically, "—I sha'n't like him. I feel it. What does he want here? But whatever it was he's done, it doesn't seem to have been too bad for her to stand."

I got a cup from the press; it was dusty—I wiped it on my handkerchief.

"Other women couldn't stand things, things not so very bad," I thought. I wondered why I had never burned the photo that hung, heavily framed, on the wall. I give you my word I hadn't looked at it for months. I looked at it now. Light-eyed and cold, with sparkling hair—it was strange, when one thought of it, that I should have fancied her, being so fair myself. She was tall too, not more than a couple of inches shorter than I. She used to call me "her golden Viking," though my name was Briggs—no Norse in our ancestry that one knew. No ancestry, anyhow! She had all of that. But I was "golden" assuredly—in those days doubly so. Now all the gold I had left to me was on my head.

The shaving-glass hung in the window near the photo of the girl with the light eyes and sparkling hair. I looked from the picture to the glass. I realized something—something I had not thought of for a long, long time. A man is not like a girl, always at the mirror. I threw my shoulders back, as one does when he is thinking of—well, of some one who is lean and stooping, and who drags his feet, in white boots.

I had my tea, and I went out again. The sun was down a bit, and the shadows on the white beach were blue; it made you think of shadows in the snow. The trunks of the palm-trees, ringed like snakes, flung themselves out toward the sea with that desperate eagerness palm-trees have; they are always looking and expecting, in a heart-breaking kind of way, out over these seas where nothing ever, ever comes. There was wonderful penciling of thin shadows on their stems and on the sand, and the shadows danced ceaselessly. If you lived where nothing happens, you would get to know a great deal about shadows. There's much more in them than you would think.

I have forgotten to say that I was walking down the village street. It was all the same as the open beach to me. I saw the natives without seeing them, if you understand. They weren't really there, as a white man would have been.

THERE was a death-wailing going on, I noticed now. As I came level with the principal house of the village,—a very long house, two hundred feet, I dare say, set on tall, thin piles, and much decorated with dangling streamers of fiber and with tinkling white seashells,—I saw that there was a corpse laid out on the front veranda, and that natives with woolly heads as large as a church hassock, no clothes, and any amount of bead and tooth and shell ornaments, were sitting round about the dead body, taking turns to howl. I leaned over the shoulders of the nearest and looked. It was an ugly sight I saw—a young woman of eighteen or so, torn almost in two and frightfully mangled about the legs. They had washed her off, and tied her up in leaves as much as possible, but enough remained visible to make me certain of what had happened.

"Alligator?" I asked the nearest mourner, whom I judged, by his frequent halts for a chew of betel-nut, not to be very nearly related to the woman.

"Yes, Chief," he answered, stowing his quid in a corner of one cheek and knocking off his doglike yelping for the moment.

"Black-sand bay?" For I knew the place to be dangerous at certain hours.

"Yes, Chief, the Bay-of-the-Mouth-That-Bites"—giving its native name. He spat out his quid, making a blood-red splash on the sand, and went on yelping. "Yoop, yoop, yoop," he cried.

"The alligator caught her; they fought, they fought, they speared him. The alligator caught her. They speared him, but she is dead. Yoop, yoop, she will never gather oysters any more! Yoop, they speared him. . . . . Hand me your lime-pot, there; mine's done. . . . . Yoop, yoop, yoop, we shall cry all night long;



She must have heard my padding feet . . .All women are quick-witted where one thing is concerned. At that call of mine she got off the mark like a sprinter, the baby in her arms.

she was beautiful; she will never eat pig any more. Yoop!"

I walked on, out of hearing of the death-cry. I don't know why, but I connected it with the curious impression I had had when crossing the black bay that very afternoon. "Something must have been warning me," I thought. "It seems a bit off; I never was careless about those cattle." For no old resident of the districts haunted by alligators takes any chances; it is the reckless "new chum" who disappears, some dark night, and leaves no traces behind him.

I had a mind to go and call on the new trader and his wife; but it took me some days to work myself up. Men who live much alone get like that. I wanted to go, and yet I didn't want to.

Sitting on the edge of my veranda, looking out across the golden empty sea, and watching the palms as they shivered and leaned seaward in trembling expectation of the mysterious thing that never came, I blew at my pipe and told myself I hated these white folk. "Coming here disturbing one!" I said grumblingly. I felt their presence, their staring and their noise, though they were miles away. It is so, in these lands.

But without any reason, or any that I cared to define, I found myself tramping, in the blue, late hours of afternoon, across fords and sago swamps and over spurs of promontories, to the black-sand bay and the store.



I knew it was a matter of minutes. I don't think anyone on Bootless had ever run as I ran.

Now, the moment that I entered the bay, the sensation of something evil came back to me. It is hard to explain; it was not present evil, nor evil that was past. It was a feeling of evil in general and in the abstract. I can't get nearer to it than that. But I did not enjoy it—largely, I think, because it made me suppose that after these years alone my nerve must be going at last. . . . . It is at first or at last with all of us. You to whom these pages shall come, finger-worn and out of date, thrown as an alms into the case that holds your quarter's supply of tinned meats,—you who pick them up, blowing on the coral beaches where some naked islander has been making himself the valued "dim-dim" cigarette,—take the burned stick that does duty for your lost pencils and underline what I have said. You know.

I shook off the feeling, straightened my tie, took a hole in my belt and walked up to the store. I tried to remember that there had been a time when I "paid calls."

"You should summer them and winter them before you call," I laughed to myself, remembering an odd scrap of "county" lore. "But what if there isn't a winter?"

They had cleaned things up a good deal; the place looked decent, though shockingly dreary. I don't know why it did. There was sun and bright sea and tossing palms, and the iron buildings were no uglier than store buildings anywhere. But it looked, all the same, a place to go and cut your throat in.

He met me on the veranda, and I did not like him. It wasn't so much his boots,—P. and O. deck boots, white buckskin, red rubber soles, that had no business there,—or his seedy white suit that used to be a good one, or the redness of his eyelids, which among men who drink is quite as common as redness of the nose. We in the ninth circle of the lonely hells don't trouble about poverty and intemperance when a white man comes along. We know, for we have stores of knowledge, mostly useless, how often a wrong un is a good one.

This wrong un was not a good one; that was all.

"How are you, how are you?" he said, winking his red eyelids. I thought he was over fifty. "Far too old for her," I reflected. "Come on to the back veranda; it's cooler there. Glad to see you; it was very good of you to come." He led the way. "I was right," I thought. "He's begun by telling me a lie." For the back veranda had more sun than the front, and was certainly not cool.

He pulled forward canvas chairs and shouted to a boy to get whisky. He abused the boy unnecessarily for not hurrying; the boy was hurrying. "Bad temper," I thought. "I'm sorry for her and the kid." But there was no sign of her.

We talked about business.

"There's no reason," he said, "why two should not get on here. It used to support two."

"No reason," I agreed with him. I did not want to argue about the matter, for I saw that he would never cut my trade. Of course, the place never had supported two; it had kept one and half starved one, at best.

"You're English?" I said.

"You are," he answered. "Knew it the moment I saw you. None of these cursed Colonials, I said to myself."

"How does Mrs.— I'm sorry, I haven't heard your name yet."

"Smith," he said with an elderly grin. "It would be," I thought. "The born fool does call himself Smith, when he changes his name. If I'd had to change mine, it would have been to Pigginshaw or something like that, something a man wouldn't naturally think a good alias. Because then, it would be."

"How does Mrs. Smith stand this lonely place?"

"She stands it very well," he said, finishing his glass and pouring out another. "She's used to the damn' country."

"What, to New Guinea?" I thought not. Where there aren't a thousand whites all told, you know who is who.

"Oh, to the South Seas generally. Her h— her home has been in the islands, you know. Married in the Islands. Romance and all the rest of it." ("Not much romance, with you in it," was what I said to the bottom of my glass.)

"How's the baby?" I asked as a further hint. When you don't see a white woman once a year—

He had had three whiskies now, and was pouring out a fourth.

"Oh, damn' well," he said. I thought his choice of language odd, but there are men who pepper their talk with oaths unconsciously; this was evidently one. He made no attempt to call his wife.

I sat on talking and drinking,—not much; it's the one failing that I have under control,—and hoping to see the well-figured girl with the dark eyes come out at last. But she did not come; and at last, when dusk was not far off, I rose to go.

"Can't wait till sundown," I said when he made some remonstrance. "Too many snakes about, and I have no lamp with me."

"Snakes?" He seemed interested. "Sit down again, man," he said. "I'll lend you a lantern; the store's full of them—damn' sight more than I shall ever— Snakes did you say? What kind?"

"Tiger, black snake,—loads of those,—death adder," I said.

"Are there, now? Poisonous?"

"You'd better not try conclusions."

"And they bite at night?"

"Not more than in the daytime, but you're more liable to walk on one."

"Oh!" said he. Then: "Very lamentable—very lamentable! Disagreeable things," he commented, blinking at me.

I got up to go again. "Wait till I get you a cigar," he said. I somehow knew he hadn't any. He ran in a trotting way round to the front veranda, and returned almost at once. I thought I felt steps coming up into the house—light steps, and slow.

"Sorry I haven't any, after all," he said. "Well, if you must go, good-by, good-by." He almost hustled me away; I got no lantern. But I walked home quickly, and was back before dark. So long as I crossed the black-sand bay before sunset, I did not



"There's no reason," he said, "why two should not get on here. It used to support two." "No reason," I agreed . . . . I sat on, hoping to see the girl with the dark eyes.

much care about the rest. One gets more or less used to the risk of snakes.

As I left the store, I had glanced back. I didn't know whether I saw a gleam of a white dress on the front veranda or only fancied it. But I considered the matter most of the way home.

I fried bacon for tea that night. It had a curiously homely smell. Bacon, herrings and hot bread have this homelike smell I suppose, because in civilized lands, one so often smells them cooking, in little streets of little houses, behind red blinds that shine with lamp and fire. So they make you think of home. It may have been because of this, for a tin house on a coral beach, with a dog for company, is not home, that I couldn't eat the bacon. The dog was glad of it.

Next day I met her. It was pure accident. I had shut up the store in the afternoon because I did not feel inclined to work, and because, as always, there was time and time, and the day was eons long. So I rambled out with a pipe and my thoughts. And I met her, toward sunset. She was walking alone, and very quickly; the child was in her arms. I wondered where she could be going.

There was only one track, of course; we met on it almost at once. I told her who I was, and asked her whither she was bound at that hour.

"I'm going to see if any of the guavas are ripe," she said.

"Guavas?" I stared at her. Yes, her eyes were very dark indeed—dark and soft and large. Her hair was dark too, and fluffy like feathers. Yes, she had a charming figure. She was not too well dressed. I somehow inferred that most of the money went on her husband.

"Aren't there any?"

"There are, farther on, but this isn't the season. And you could not have got back before dark, if you had got there. Don't you know this island is the worst place in New Guinea for snakes? Pardon me, but let me advise you never to walk in the dark."

She knit her eyebrows together with a puzzled look. She had pretty eyebrows; her features were all delicate and refined. I use the word advisedly; one does not—I know—apply it to a gentlewoman. Mrs. Smith was not a gentlewoman. She was, I think, what the last generation would have called a "young person" and the present a "young lady." I guessed her a class or two lower than Smith the unspeakable, socially. This made my heart warm toward her. Did I say that the girl with the light eyes had married me? She had. She didn't stick it out, when— Well, she died some years after, peace to her!

But while she was alive, and while things went well, she had rather rubbed it in about the little social difference that my money didn't quite gild over. So, as I have said, I felt sympathetic to the woman whose name, I was sure, was not Mrs. Smith.

"He told me," she said perplexedly, "that there aren't any snakes on this island—when he sent me out for the guavas, I mean. He fancies them for his tea."

"There are snakes, and there aren't guavas," I said. "But if you'll come a step farther to my store, I can find you some first-class mandarins, and get you a boy with a light to see you back—or come myself, if you'll allow me."

"Thank you, I'm sure," she said. "And I'd like the mandarins. I always was a great one for fruit. You see, of course, I was brought up in the Islands."

"Ah, yes, where you met your husband," I suggested.

She astonished me by looking up with *(Continued on page 109)*

NO OTHER writer in America has ever achieved in so short a time the rank that critics have given the author of this novel of the wild for the authority and the drama of his stories of animal life.

THE YELLOW HORDE

Illustrated by
CHARLES LIVINGSTON BULL

By
HAL G. EVARTS



The story thus far:

COLLINS, the wolf-hunter, has sworn to get Breed, a cross between a coyote and wolf, possessing the cunning of the coyote and the strength of the wolf. Collins, however, fails to make good his threat before Breed elopes with his half-wild pet, Shady, a cross between a coyote and a dog. Shortly after, a huge wolf, Flatear, tries to capture Breed. His friends, Cripp and Peg, drive away the invader. Each bides his time to renew the fight to the death, regardless of time or season. Man-made traps and poison bait take off most of Breed's friends and as the mating time of wolves draws near, Breed induces Shady to leave the valley and make for the hills. Comes a night when Breed sends out his call for Shady in vain. She has returned to Collins' cabin in the valley. As Breed awaits her return, his old enemy, Flatear, finds the chance he has been waiting for so long. Breed's rally-call brings the pack. Shady, hearing the appeal, contritely returns in time to see Breed, caught in the man-made trap, while his mortal enemy, Flatear, gloatingly stands ready for revenge.

ALL through the Yellowstone country the evidence of Breed's teachings was apparent on every hand. The progeny of the members of his original band had been taught pack hunting by their parents, as they themselves had learned the art from Breed. For a hundred miles each way from Two Ocean Pass the hills were full of the disciples of the yellow wolf. The elk now fled from coyotes as once they had fled from wolves. The coyotes brought all their native trickery and resourcefulness into play and made pack hunting a very different affair from that practiced by timber wolves. They did not hunt bunched, but scattered, saving their own strength and wearing down that of their prey. When an elk was singled out, the coyotes relayed him and kept him on the move. Whenever he attempted a straightaway flight some coyote flashed out in front of him to turn him back, and he was headed through bogs and spongy ground on the slides at the foot of old snowdrifts until his strength was gone.

Breed's movements now lost their aimlessness, and each day found him a few miles farther north. The home love in him was working, but he himself was unconscious of the fact that he was seeking some land that would answer all requirements.

The game herds were milling restlessly in the high basins. The blacktail bucks had shed the long hair of the previous season and the short new coat was a sleek blue-gray—the season of "Short Blue," the Short Blue Moon of the Northwest Indian tribes; broad vistas of the low country showed through revealing gaps in the hills, marked by the blue-gray tinge of the sage; a pale haze hung in the hills and turned distant spruce-clad slopes to silvery blue; the rivers had long since passed the flood tide of melting drifts and cleared of the roily effects of late summer rains, and lakes and streams, now free of sediment, showed blue-green to their depths; the peaks were held in silhouette against a clear blue

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sky. Everything with a touch of blue —such is the Short Blue Moon.

Moreover, the love-making time of the antlered tribes is ushered in with the season of "Short Blue." So, as Breed moved north the whistling snorts of lovelorn bucks reached his ears day after day. The clarion bugles of challenging bulls was music of meat in plenty. Bighorn rams squired their bands of ewes on the plateaus and pinnacles above timberline.

Breed's course was by no means a straight line. Hunts drew him to the east and west and frequently back to the south, but the general trend of it all was a northward migration for the coyote pack. Some days they gained twenty miles, some but three or four, and on others they lost ground. At the end of a month the land of the Yellowstone was a hundred miles southeast.

The big gray wolves were more plentiful here, but scattered and not traveling in packs. At every wolf howl Breed felt the old hatred of Flatear surge up in him, but though he frequently met wolves none of them proved to be his enemy. The big grays showed only a casual interest in coyotes, evidencing neither enmity nor delight at any chance meeting, indifference the keynote of their attitude.

Autumn blended into early winter and the gain toward the north was less apparent; Breed lingering in the vicinity of good hunting grounds as he found them, moving on when the supply of meat diminished. He held to the main divide of the Rockies, and when the heavy storms of midwinter set in he was well across Montana and nearing the Canadian line. The deep snowfall had driven the game down from the peaks to the lower valleys of the hills, and Breed was forced to follow. He moved westward across the south fork of the Flathead to the Kootenai Range. There were fewer elk here than in the Yellowstone, living in scattered bunches and not congregating in droves of hundreds on the winter feed-grounds. Deer ranged the Kootenai country in plentiful numbers and Breed elected to stay. Mating was close at hand and the northward movement halted.



Breed was compelled to hunt farther from home as the deer quit the valley and descended to the foothills for the first nips of green grass.

Stray coyotes drifted continually up from the south and joined the ranks of the pack, and there were stray wolves crossing the range from the Flathead to Swan River and back. Many of these mated with the unattached coyotes as they straggled north. Breed's pack was rapidly thinned down, pairs dropping out to den till at last only Peg and Fluff were left.

When the chinook set in Fluff painstakingly chose a den site and stopped. Breed held on for another five miles, then Shady refused to travel. She picked her own site and showed a keener interest in home-building than she had the season past, working short shifts to relay Breed on the digging, and the three tunnels that led to this new nest hole were longer and more elaborately curved and twisted than those of the old den on the Yellowstone. The last day of February seven pups came to share the den with Shady.

The rest of the pack had denned to the south and few encroached on Breed's hunting territory. Deer were still plentiful even after a winter of hard hunting and he found little difficulty in supplying meat. There was but one flaw in his contentment.

One day when the pups were a month old and had recently been out for their first romp, Breed hunted across the divide and down the western slope of the Kootenais. He stood on a ridge in the gathering dusk when he was suddenly aware that other hunters were abroad before him. His eye caught flashes of white through the green of the spruce on the opposite slope. He knew that a band of deer had been startled to sudden flight, that the jerky gleams of white were the brief exposures of the underparts of their tails as they were upflung in hurdling windfalls. The wind was wrong and Breed could not catch the scent. He traced their course through the timber by their white flags and saw three deer break cover and start out across a long narrow opening on the slope, the path of a snowslide that had stripped a lane through the trees on the steep sidehill, its trail a clean split in the solid green of the spruce. With the sharp report of a rifle, the lead deer suddenly collapsed in the center of the slide.

At the sound of the shot Breed heard a few deep-chested dog-notes half a mile down the narrow valley. He looked that way and saw a slender tongue of smoke curling lazily above the trees around a bend. The deep note was strange to him, but again the association of ideas came to his aid. Shady's occasional fits of barking and her strange ways; the wolf hounds that had belonged to men and had chased him in Sand Coulee Basin; this note that rose in answer to a rifle shot and came from near the smoke that denoted a cabin. Breed himself was unconscious of assorting these ideas, but he knew that the hoarse note came from some dog beast that belonged to man.

A lone prospector had built his cabin on the west slope of the Kootenai, and Breed avoided this vicinity.

When the pups were six weeks old Shady felt the call to help Breed rustle food and she hunted by herself in the neighborhood of the den, but her earnest efforts were unavailing, as there was no small game and she was unable to stalk a deer for her little ones.

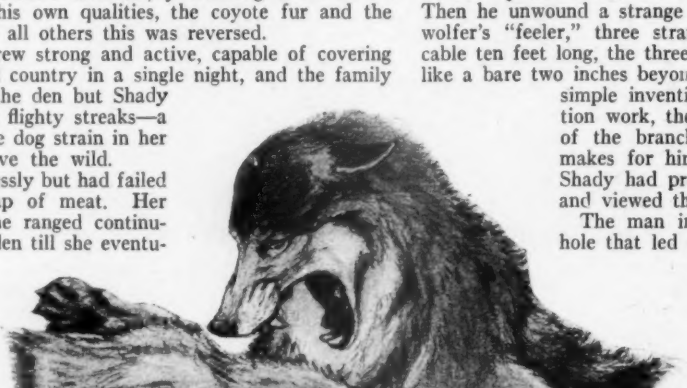
Breed was compelled to hunt farther from home as the deer quit the valleys to descend to the foothills for the first nips of green grass. One morning when far south of the den he heard again the note of the hound. It rose and fell, an eager bellow that moved slowly through the hills, and Breed did not like the music. This same baying reached him on three other days. The reason for all this uproar was beyond his comprehension, but from the fact that it came from a dog he knew that it meant no good for the wild things.

Only a few days after he first heard this strange sound he came face to face with a pair of coyotes that had run with his pack. Their air was one of dejection and there was no springiness in their gait. From their dispirited manner Breed knew that tragedy had overtaken his friends; that some calamity had doubtless befallen their pups. Later he met a second pair, a dog coyote and a she-wolf, and they too were traveling aimlessly, their family torn from them. But Breed had no way of linking these disasters with the music of the trail-hound. The prospector kept a single hound and when he found a fresh wolf-kill in the spring he put the dog on the tracks that led from it, keeping him in leash, and the hound led him to the den. He had found good hunting near his cabin this spring, the hills full of the dens of the small yellow wolves that had turned up in such numbers the preceding winter, but his activities so far had been confined to the country that lay south of Breed's range.

Breed led the pups forth for a few short trips as their strength increased. In his hunts toward the south he frequently crossed the trails of other coyotes that had led their offspring out for a ramble. At least one out of every three families were breeds, and the pups were uniform. They were heavier than coyotes and their backstrips were dark; but their language was pure coyote, their voices perhaps slightly deeper and with fuller volume, but the change was so slight as to escape detection from the ears of man. These pups were the same sort of hybrids as Breed, their parental strains identical, yet among them all he found only one with his own qualities, the coyote fur and the voice of the wolf. In all others this was reversed.

Breed's own pups grew strong and active, capable of covering ten miles of rough hill country in a single night, and the family would soon have left the den but Shady indulged in one of her flighty streaks—a streak prompted by the dog strain in her rising temporarily above the wild.

She had hunted tirelessly but had failed to bring home a scrap of meat. Her hopes ran high and she ranged continually farther from the den till she eventually crossed over the divide for a look at the west slope. The breeze held steadily from the west and Shady caught a whiff of wood smoke and moved toward it to investigate. She scouted along the edge of the timber, watching the cabin in the little clearing for signs of life. It appeared deserted. She crossed to it and sniffed at a crack — then fled for her life. At the first sniff there came a deafening bellow and a great hound surged round the corner of the house. As Shady fled she rolled her eyes back, coyote-fashion, for a glimpse behind. She noted that the hound seemed to have trouble in getting started, and once back in the timber she stopped. She heard the rattle of a chain—the hound was anchored! From long experience in the past Shady knew the futility of striving to break a chain. The dog was powerless to harm her. Even if he should free himself it would avail him nothing; these slow-running hounds were known to her, and the speed was no match for her own.



The opposing weights of both wolves pivoted on that one leg and in addition to the fracture, Flatear's whole side and shoulder were wrenched clear to his spine.

Shady returned to the cabin and peered round one corner at the raging hound whose six-foot chain prevented his clearing the next corner by more than a foot. She moved along the side of the house till within six feet of him and sat down, her tongue lolling out contentedly as she watched the frenzied hound almost strangle himself in his efforts to reach her.

A flutter of canvas caught her eye and she rose with her fore-feet against the logs as she stretched her nose up toward it. The prospector had rolled the cloth round a ten-pound piece of fresh venison to keep the flies from it. Shady sprang and seized it, swinging clear of the ground, all four feet braced against the logs, then fell sprawling as the nail from which it was suspended bent and allowed the cord to slip. She started off across the open, and the first fold of canvas flopped loosely under her feet and tripped her. Before she was halfway to the timber the meat dropped out and she took it, leaving the cloth behind, and something over an hour later she turned up at the den, exulting in the experience of bringing in the first meat she had ever secured for her own pups.

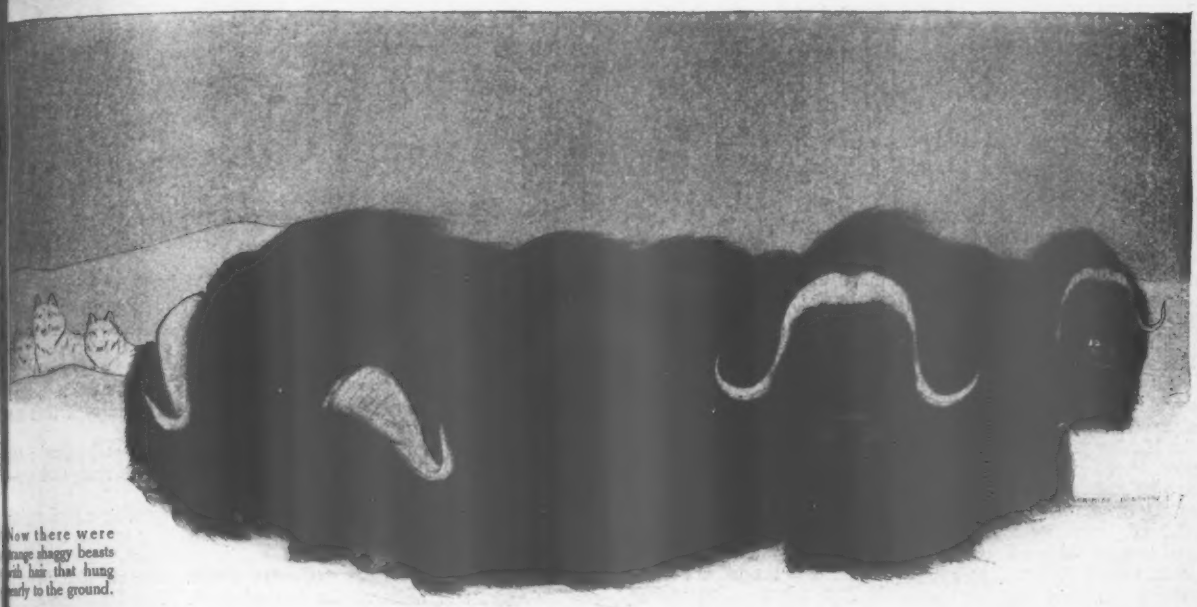
The prospector returned leisurely to his cabin and while still a mile away he heard the bellowing of the dog. The first sight that greeted him was the canvas, flapping limply in the open, and he found Shady's dust tracks round the cabin, and swore. He ducked hurriedly into the house and reappeared with a shotgun, unsnapped the chain from the wall and re-snapped it in his belt, and was off, with the eager hound tugging ahead of him on Shady's trail.

Shady, elated by her first success, had left the den for another hunt. As she swung back toward home she heard the steady bellow of a hound and put on full speed ahead. The baying ceased except for an occasional bark, and when Shady came to the last fringe of trees along the ridge she saw a man standing at the den. The hound was chained to a single tree some thirty yards away and she knew there was naught to fear from him. The man started excavating with a light miner's pick and a short-handed shovel which he unslung from his back. In half an hour he had opened one tunnel till he could peer into the den hole. Then he unwound a strange instrument from about his waist, a wolfer's "feeler," three strands of wire twisted into a pliable cable ten feet long, the three ends of the strands extending fork-like a bare two inches beyond the cable braid at one end. This simple invention eliminates much tedious excavation work, the sensitive tool following the curves of the branching tunnels which each wolf pup makes for himself as soon as he is able to dig. Shady had prowled along the edge of the timber and viewed these preparations suspiciously.

The man inserted the end of the feeler in a hole that led off the main cavity of the den, and advanced it by gentle thrusts, twisting it as he pushed to clear the forks. There was not a sound from the den. The feeler would go no farther. He grasped it flat between the palms of his hands and twirled the cable rapidly from right to left. There was a sudden spitting explosion of baby snarls from the depths of the hole. The man gave one tentative tug and felt resistance, then hauled the feeler in hand over hand and drew forth a fighting pup, the three tines twisted firmly into his soft fur. The hound opened up excitedly; the short pick was swept up—and down, and the pup was a lifeless heap.

Terror and rage flooded Shady in equal parts. She gave one sharp cry—and the other two openings disgorged a shower of frightened pups that scattered toward the timber as so many flushed partridges, fleeing in response to their mother's sharp command; and Shady raged straight at the man!

The prospector was an expert hand at rifling wolf dens. Occasionally a pup would dart from another exit, and the



Now there were strange shaggy beasts with hair that hung nearly to the ground.

shotgun was an effective weapon with which to check his flight. But never had he seen such a mad outpouring of pups as this, and in all his long life in the hills, a she-wolf had never before rushed him in defense of her pups. Shady's charge was reversed so suddenly as to appear that she turned a flip in mid-air when she saw the man's hand stretch forth and lift the shotgun from the ground. The thunderous roar of black powder sounded behind her and a charge of heavy shot raked her hips and loins as she gained the trees. Shot pierced both ears and furrowed along her skull. The man turned and pulled the second barrel at the rearmost pup and he went down limply, a puff of fur flung into the air above him. His life snuffed out in a single instant as the heavy charge pulverized him from end to end.

A piercing series of yelps issued from the timber as Shady gave voice to her agony. The prospector nodded. The mystery was cleared; for he knew that he might shoot a wolf or coyote to mincemeat and neither would make a sound.

"A dog," he said. "A renegade. I should have knowed it all along; her stealing thataway right alongside of Buge; and her scrittling up to me—no wolf would carry on like that."

He strode to the tree and unleashed the hound.

"Go to it, Buge!" he said. "Go clean up them pups!"

As the dog sped into the timber a sharp note sounded from further down the slope. Shady had partially recovered her upset faculties and called the pups, and they gathered swiftly to her and did their best. Even in her crippled state Shady could have outrun the trail-hound, for her wounds had not yet had time to stiffen, but the pups could scarcely hold their own, and the dog's endurance was far greater.

Breed was returning to the den with a ragged chunk of venison when he heard the double roar of the gun and Shady's agonized yelps. Her later cry to gather the pups indicated the general direction of her flight. Then the steady baying of the hound broke forth. Breed flanked the dog's route till he drew abreast of him. The baying voice filled the valley and echoed among the hills till it seemed that the whole breadth of the hills was filled with dogs, but Breed knew that the sound came from but one. He could hear no sounds of man, and he dropped swiftly in behind Buge to decipher the signs of the trail. There were the hot tracks of Shady and the pups, the hound's tracks on top of theirs, and the man had come that way. Breed spurted ahead and sighted the dog, and swung out to flank him and get the wind.

Buge ran with his nose close to the ground. He was gaining on his prey, and his mind was so wholly centered on the trail that he was unaware of the deadly yellow wolf that ran almost abreast of him and forty yards downwind. Breed was puzzled as to how to handle the situation that confronted him. He feared the hound, believing that an ally of man might be endowed with man's strange power for harm. The dog was a slow, cumbersome animal and Breed knew that Shady was far speedier, yet he wished the spotted pup would quit her trail. He saw Buge's nose lifted from the trail as he caught the warm body scent from close at hand. The dog ran now with head held high, the body scent reeking in his nostrils. Then Breed saw Shady and the pups running under the trees a hundred yards ahead. The steady baying rose to a slobbering bellow as the hound followed his prey by sight. The gap narrowed and Breed could see his slavering jaws, the froth drooling stringily back across his shoulders. The last pup was running desperately a bare twenty yards ahead—and then the great hound was suddenly thrown clear off his feet as a fighting yellow devil struck him from the side without a sound to announce his rush. Breed's shoulder had caught him fairly in the middle of a stride and the shock of the impact slammed him down six feet away; as Buge landed heavily on his side two flashing rows of teeth closed on his throat and sliced into it, and his life was torn out with the yellow wolf's backward wrench.

Then Breed ran on after Shady and the pups, knowing now that a single short-haired dog, despite the terrifying volume of his voice, was no formidable antagonist for a wolf when once caught outside the radius of man's protection.

Night settled down swiftly over the hills as Breed came to the end of Shady's trail and found her lying in a half-swoon with the pups crouching near. Breed felt that he was leaving this country to return no more, and almost unconsciously he raised the call for the pack, knowing that the pack-season was far in the future, yet longing to hear the voices of his friends. Far to the south a pair of coyote voices answered him, and still beyond them, so far that the sound did not reach Breed's ears, a second pair of coyotes relayed the message that the yellow leader called.

Breed urged Shady on, but in three miles the wolf family was forced to lay over for a rest. Here a pair of coyotes overtook them. The slow march was resumed with frequent halts for rest, and before morning two other pairs of coyotes caught up with them, and these were all members of the original pack that had hunted together in Sand Coulee Basin. Just at dawn the dog coyote Breed had met some time earlier in the spring brought his she-wolf mate and joined the band. All of the new arrivals had lost their pups through the efforts of the hound that Breed had slain, and they were free to follow where the leader willed.

Breed moved east across the Flathead and for two days he urged Shady on relentlessly till they were far up the sheltering slopes of the main divide. Shady then took shelter in a windfall, and for the next three days she refused to move. Her wounds stiffened and festered from imbedded shot, and she was dry and feverish. Three stray coyotes crossed the Flathead and joined those that prowled within a few miles of Shady's retreat.

The third night Breed heard a well-known voice far down the slope and he threw all the force of his lungs into a welcoming cry.

A coyote almost invariably deserts a den that is neared by man. Peg had discovered Breed's rifled den and his keen nose interpreted the signs. He had heard the leader's call.

and wondered why it had been raised so early in the year. He followed the sign until he found the body of the hound. It was morning when he reached his own home, and the following night Peg and Fluff had led their pups off in the general direction taken by Breed. The trail had cooled, but in moist and sheltered spots they found sufficient trace to guide them, and in the heavy timber where the great drifts lingered they could follow it by sight. Then at last they heard Breed's voice above him and an hour later Peg and Fluff led six half-grown pups to the windfall.

When Shady was once more able to travel Breed led the way to the north; the band not traveling together, but every coyote's course laid out to accord with Breed's, and keeping within hailing distance so that each might apprise the others of his whereabouts at night. When the pups were old enough to shift for themselves, Breed had crossed the Canadian line and was two hundred miles north of it along the great divide that marks the boundary between British Columbia and Alberta.

All along his route clear from the Yellowstone there had been coyote country to the east of him. The prairie wolves had long since populated the valleys of the Musselshell, and, farther north, the Marias River and the Breast. There were coyotes east of him now, running the prairies of Alberta and Saskatchewan, but he had at last arrived at a point west of the extreme northern limits of the coyote range. All over the continent to the south and east of him pioneering coyotes were pushing on into new lands; they had penetrated the hill country of Pennsylvania to the east, and south almost to Panama; but it had fallen to the lot of the yellow wolf to lead the way for the horde that was invading the northwest hills.

During the first storm of the early fall Breed pulled down a yearling mountain sheep on a high plateau. A motley crew answered the meat call. Breed, the yellow hybrid, Shady the half-blood renegade, and four pairs of coyotes born in Sand Coulee Basin; the dog coyote with his timber-wolf mate and several of Breed's and Shady's conglomerate pups; all were there to feed. And when the bones were finally picked clean, Breed led his nondescript band on into the unmapped wilds of the British Columbia hills.

Wolfing had become no longer profitable in the foothills and Collins pulled up stakes and left. He loaded his belongings on his pack-horses and journeyed far to the north. Later he sold his horses and traveled by canoe, and after a roundabout course preëmpted an old cabin between the Laird Fork of the Mackenzie and the head of Peace River. The climate was moist and the underbrush growth was often so dense as to force him to hack out a trail in spots when he laid out his trapline. The side hills were matted tangles and the valleys shaking bogs, and Collins had little love for his new surroundings. There were no cheery sounds at night, only the howls of wolves. In midwinter of his first season in the north he was roused out of a sound sleep, certain that somewhere close at hand a coyote had howled. During the brief gray light of the following day, Collins stopped and gazed long at a small, wolflike track in the snow.

"Coyote!" he announced triumphantly. "It was him that howled."

Twenty yards farther on he crossed a second coyote track, and for half a mile there were trails pointing to the north. There was one that showed evidence of a missing foot, a peg leg such as those he had often seen on the open range. Then Collins halted and studied the next two trails that appeared side by side. One was a wolf track, and there were two toes missing from one hind foot. The smaller tracks were evenly spaced, and placed one before the other in a straight line after the manner of coyote and wolf, but ten feet beyond where Collins stood, the trail showed the wavering gait of the dog with an occasional track out to either side. A sudden mist blurred Collins' eyes and he dashed it off with the back of his mitts.

"It's Shady," he said. "Old Shady and that yellow Breed—both still alive and way off up here." Collins threw back his head and sent forth the clear piercing whistle that he had used to summon Shady in the long ago. Three times the shrill blast, long and sustained, was sent far out across the [illegible] hills.

Three miles to the north Shady lay curled up with Breed. Suddenly she raised her head. Breed too opened his eyes and cocked one ear. Shady was conscious of no actual sound. A faint vibration merely had reached her ears and seemed to play upon some chord deep within; the impression was hazy and indistinct, but she was aware of a vague sense of loss, a wave of something akin to homesickness, and she whimpered softly, then closed her eyes again and slept.

Collins heard more and more coyotes howl, and in the next two months he had brief glimpses of perhaps a dozen as they moved across some opening. At least half of these seemed lighter than the coyotes he had known, and they had dark fur on their backs. The Coyote Prophet studied long over this strange thing. The coyote voices roused an ache for the homely cabin in Sand Coulee Basin a thousand miles to the south; and each time one howled he said:

"I'm going back. Once it comes spring I'll make tracks out of here. This here's no fit country for a white man, and me—I'm going back."

But Collins did not go back with the opening up of spring. Rumors of a gold strike sent men stampeding toward the [illegible] spot, a long journey to the north and east. Three parties crossed over the trail past Collins' shack. The old wolfer caught the fever and followed the last of them. But before he left he made one last prophecy.

He predicted that the hill coyotes of the northwest from the Yukon to the Yellowstone would be larger and have dark fur on their backs from frequent infusions of wolf blood; that within a dozen years the fur-markets would distinguish between these dark silky-furred ones and the woolly yellow coyotes of the plains. He scrawled this message on a wrinkled scrap of paper, signed it, tacked it on the wall, and started off down the trail.

A month later a party of five men stopped overnight in a deserted cabin. One of them deciphered the queer scrawl.

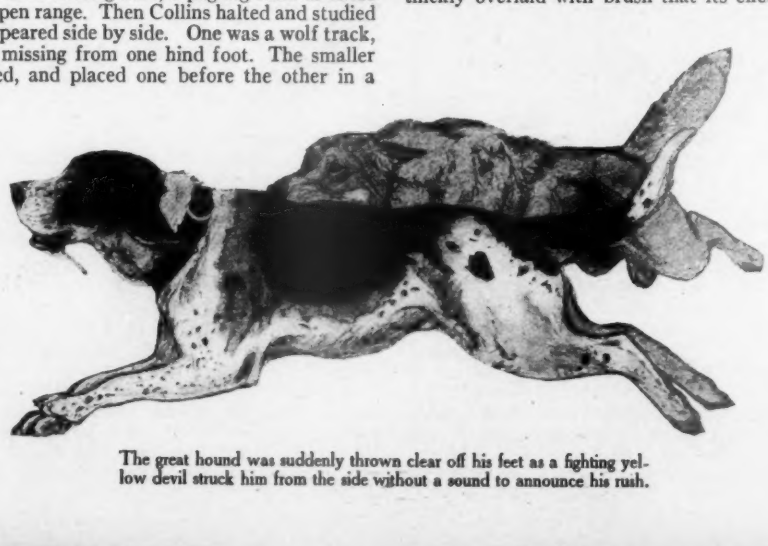
"Crazy," he announced. "Some old coot went off his nut from being holed up alone—and this is all he left."

A tall lean man whose warped legs betrayed his sage-country origin leaned over and studied the signature.

"Collins," he mused. "Now whoever would have figured to cut his trail up here? He maybe was crazy—but anyway I'll bet five hundred that that little scrap of paper will pan out just like it says."

A hundred miles or more beyond the cabin Breed and Shady were educating their third litter of pups. The nature of the country had prevented the excavating of a proper den and Shady had taken possession of a windfall. Breed was vastly disgusted with this new land, heartily sick of being shut in by the interminable hills and traveling through swampy jungles of thick brush, and he was glad when the pups were old enough to shift for themselves.

He gathered the pack and started on, his course this time more east than north, and he covered better than twenty miles each day with a definite purpose of leaving behind him this country thickly overlaid with brush that its effect upon him was almost a feeling of suffocation. He came out into [illegible] lower hills and crossed occasional open spots. Then after ten days, he crossed through a rolling country and just at dusk came out on the shoulder of a hill; before him lay broad stretches of low plains, open meadows alternating with strips of heavy timber; the whole wonderful park-like landscape swimming in the twilight. From near-by hills he heard the coyotes begin to tune up, and (Continued on page [illegible])



The great hound was suddenly thrown clear off his feet as a fighting yellow devil struck him from the side without a sound to announce his rush.



"Christine!" he gasped in incredulous amazement. "Christine!"

THE RETURN

By

F. BRITTEN AUSTIN

Illustrated by

CHARLES H. TOWNE

THE clock upon the mantelpiece struck, discreetly, the hour of eleven into the night-stillness of the study where Henry Arkwright worked. He glanced up with busy, preoccupied brows to the dial, confirming his half-registered impression of the tale of strokes. Eleven o'clock! He would work for another two or three hours yet. He sucked cheerfully at his pipe as he signed the just-written counsel's opinion; folded the stiff, long documents and tied them neatly with their original tape; took yet another legal case from the pile in front of him. He felt himself in form tonight, and the complete silence of the house was subtly grateful to him. He adjusted himself to consideration of the affidavits he unfolded.

What was that? The faint ringing of the door-bell, far away in the servants' quarters but distinctly audible in this sleep-hushed house, persisted until it came to his full recognition. He looked up, puzzled, from the papers in the shaded light of his reading-lamp, glanced around the book-lined study where the fireglow flickered redly in the absence of full illumination. Who could it be at this time of night? The far-away, faint ringing continued, eloquent of an unrelaxed pressure upon the bell-push at the porch. He listened to it with exasperated annoyance, resentful of this interruption of his labors, trying to imagine an identity for this inconsiderately late visitor. Whoever it was, he himself would have to open the door. The servants were long ago asleep. They would not hear the bell. With a petulant exclamation, he rose from his desk, went out into the darkened hall.

Stimulated into haste in instinctive response to the determined urgency of the summons of that bell, its sound quite loud and definite out here, he fumbled hurriedly for the electric switch. Then, the lights full on, he went quickly to the door and opened it. A cold wind blew in upon him from the darkness into which he peered, seeing, at first, nothing. The ringing had ceased. A doubt of reality, a suspicion of hallucination, shot through him, was dispelled upon the instant. From the shadowed side of the porch a woman's form moved into the broad beam of light. A curious, inexplicable, sudden consciousness of his own heart, vaguely not normal in its action, filled his breast as he stared out at her in a momentary suspense of recognition. Then she turned her face full upon him.

He started back, shocked to his inmost as though he had touched a live electric-wire.

"Christine!" he gasped, in incredulous amazement. "Christine! —*You!—Come back?*"

The eyes in the woman's drawn face opened upon him as from a tight-shut agony, searched what was to her his dark, featureless silhouette in the illumination from the hall. Her whole soul seemed to yearn out to him in doubt and in desperate appeal. He saw her lips move before she spoke.

"Will you let me in?" she asked, humbly. "Harry!" She breathed his name as though she dared not pronounce it.

He felt himself turn dizzy under this unexpected emotional shock. He stared at her dumbly, the scathing phrases of indignant repudiation, so often mentally rehearsed for such a moment, eluding him. Christine! He could not at once adjust himself to her reality, looked at her again to make unmistakably sure. Christine —come back!

"Harry!" she breathed again in timid humility.

He shuddered in a cold gust from the darkness as he stared at her. She was hatless, coatless, in that bitter wind. He saw her shiver as she half-ventured to stretch out a hand towards him.

A sudden impulse, as from a source superior to him,—he thought it was pity,—mastered the righteous indignation he had been trying to bring to utterance.

"Come in," he said thickly, and made way for her.

She entered. He shut the door behind her, turned to look at her as she stood in the full illumination of the hall. Once more her eyes had closed. Her lips were compressed as over an almost unendurable agony of the spirit. She swayed on her feet, arms

limply by her sides, as though only stayed from falling by a supreme effort of the will. How haggard she looked!—the thought traversed him like a flash, linked itself to another—twenty-five years! What had happened to her in twenty-five years? Little of good fortune, assuredly. With the professional eye that appraised a new witness in the box, he noted the poor, threadbare quality of her dress, unadorned by any of the jewelry that had once been her delight.

The chilled blueness of her skin struck him as he scrutinized her. He touched her hand, automatically and impersonally, for confirmation of his impression.

"You're frozen!" he said. His accent of ill-humor rang oddly familiar in his own ears. It was the old annoyance at yet another of the impulsive follies so typical of her. "What are you thinking of, to come out like this?" he added, sharply. "Here!" He flung open the study door. "There's a fire here—sit down and warm yourself!" The tone of unsympathetic authority was,—he remembered it,—instinctively just the old tone he had so often used to her in that life now so remote as almost to seem a previous existence.

SHE opened her eyes again, the large emotional eyes that had not changed, looked at him, looked *into him*. Incredulity spread over her face.

"By your fire? Can you, Harry?—Can you, after everything—after all these years—can you still have me by your fire?"

Tears came up in those big eyes which looked so yearningly into his, and her mouth twisted itself into a pathetic little smile—the ghost of the smile that he had known in a younger face. He felt oddly uncomfortable.

"Come along!" He commanded her almost brutally, defending himself from any relaxation of hostility. "Come and warm yourself!" He lifted one of her hands and its chill struck to the center of him. "Why have you no coat? You must be mad!"

She smiled at him, and did not answer. He drew her into the warm study, pulled a chair close to the fire, pressed her down into it. Then he turned to switch on the full lights.

She stopped him with a gesture.

"Please, Harry!—Just like this—in the firelight."

He obeyed and returned to her. Coldness seemed to emanate from her body as he came close. What sheer insanity! She must be chilled through and through, he thought.

He shrugged his shoulders, to himself, disclaiming responsibility, and, for his own self-respect, played the host.

"Can I get you anything, Christine?" he asked, ungraciously. "Anything to eat or drink?"

She lifted her large eyes towards his face and shook her head.

Baffled by her manner, he struck at what he thought to be the heart of this awkward situation.

"What do you want? What have you come for?" he demanded, harshly. "Money?"

She shook her head again and smiled.

"No, Harry. I want nothing, except just to be with you once again—for a little time."

A long sigh, from the depths of her bosom, escaped her as she turned her head down again to the fire and stared dreamily into its red recesses.

"Just to be with you—," she repeated, softly, as to herself, "—once more."

He stood over her, not knowing what to say. Silence filled the room.

She looked up at him, timidly.

"You're not pleased to see me, are you, Harry?—You never wanted to see me again?"

He did not answer.

"Of course—how could you be?" she murmured to herself, gazing once more into the fire. "You never could forgive—never!"

He forced himself to a politeness he felt to be magnanimous.

"I don't want to dwell on past injuries, Christine," he said, coldly. "I should be pleased to know that what you did brought you happiness."

"Happiness!" she repeated, almost inaudibly, in ironic mockery, her gaze still fixed upon the fire.

Suddenly she looked round to him.

"Harry!" she said impulsively. "Harry!" Her eyes went beyond him for a moment to the litter of papers on his desk, returned to him. "Harry! I know I am disturbing you—" the old pathetic smile came into her face, "—but I want to ask you a favor—" she hesitated, as though her courage failed her, "—the favor for which I came."

He hardened himself for a refusal.

"What is it?" he asked.

"I want you to give up your work for just one hour—I want you to sit by the fireside and talk to me. Wont you? Won't you let me come first for just this once—as—as I used to want to in the old days?" Her eyes, fine as ever, implored him with almost irresistible appeal. "I have dreamed of this for so long." She went on as in a reverie, after a little pause, staring once more into the fire. "You never would, Harry—and perhaps—if you had—." She sighed. "You were so ambitious!"

He stood there immobile, typically reluctant to break his habits. Those cases were urgent and important. He was coming to himself now, the effect of the first shock diminishing. Some of the old anger awoke in his heart as he looked down upon her. The old sense of disturbance returned. It was just like her to come and break up his night's work. And now—after all that had happened!—He resented her presumption, stigmatised it as sheer callousness.

She looked up, feeling his thought perhaps.

"Harry! Can't you—for just this once? I don't ask you to forgive."

Her eyes held him, enfeebled his resistance.

"I've nothing to tell you, Christine," he said, gruffly. "Nothing. I didn't ask you to come back, but since you have come—well, I will not shut you out in the cold. You can sit by the fire if you like."

She smiled—the little ghost of her twenty-year-old smile upon that worn and middle-aged face. He clenched his teeth at it, at something in himself.

"Have you really nothing to say to me, Harry? Not a question to ask?"

He armed himself against the pathos of her appeal.

"No," he said, curtly. "Nothing."

She shut her eyes as though under a blow. Then, with a tacit admission of its justice, she smiled up at him again. Evidently her courage was held at high tension.

"I know I don't deserve it," she said. "I don't deserve to be sitting here again, after all these years. But, oh, Harry, you could be generous—once, at those rare times when I could touch the real you as I so often longed to do. Are you still hard, Harry?—still so hard?" She sighed, wearily, turned her head hopelessly once more to the fire.

He watched the play of its glow over her features, was struck by her bad color. The coldly observant part of him noted the fact that she was, or had been, ill. Half-starved, too, added his detached professional self. Suffering, physical and mental, was stamped upon her face. He acquiesced in it, grimly. Her former wickedness—he remembered the callously jaunty tone of the note she had left for him—had met just retribution. He wondered what had happened to the man.

She looked up again, answering, with a subtle perception, the question in his mind.

"He's dead, Harry—dead years ago. Very dead. To me he never really lived—not as you have lived, always, through every moment of my—" she paused, "—my hell."

A SENTIMENT of pity pricked him sharply. Poor little Christine!—she had certainly paid, and paid heavily. He repressed his commiseration, in alarm at himself. He must think—think sensibly. Did she intend to come back for good? He reacted violently against the idea. It was impossible. He would be a laughing-stock, the butt for the pointing fingers, the sly allusions, of his fellows in the courts. His pride revolted. No, no—he must get her out again somehow, before the servants knew.

Once more she read his thought.

"No one shall know that I have come, Harry. It's just this one hour and then I'll go again. But just for this once—Harry!" She stretched out her arms to him. "Be generous—"

He fenced stubbornly.

"What, exactly, do you want, Christine?"

She smiled at him, her face radiant.

"I want—I want just to pretend that it all never happened. I want, just once, to sit with you by the fireside as though I had been here all these years—as though you and I had learned to be the comrades I had dreamed we should be. I want to see you as we should have sat, both of us now growing old, looking back on all the beautiful things of our life together. Please!" She lifted her arms to him again, yearning out to him. "Just once—just once to pretend—to be as we might have been—and then I can go away and really and truly die, satisfied. Be generous, Harry, be generous just this once if you never are again."



"Do you remember Switzerland, and the great mountains that towered up behind our hotel?"

An obscure feeling stirred in him, a sense of tears that threatened as he looked down into the eyes that swam with moisture.

"You nearly broke my life, Christine," he said, with a hardly achieved attempt at harshness.

"I want to forget it," she answered. "To believe—for just one hour—that I made your life, as I wanted to help make it. Oh, Harry, Harry, I love you—I have always loved you, wherever I have been and whatever I have done—and I want to believe, oh, for just such a little minute, that my love was not really in vain. I just had to come!"

He pressed his hand over his eyes, did not answer.

She pointed to the comrade chair by the fireside.

"Harry—Harry dear—sit down and talk to me as we ought to have been able to sit and talk—old married lovers with never a cloud between us."

"Oh—don't!" he said. "Don't, Christine!" He burst out with a sudden anger. "Why have you come back? I—I wanted to forget, forget always."

She reached for his hand, touched it with fingers that were still cold.

"And we are going to forget—going to forget it quite, for just a little hour, Harry—Harry darling!"

Her voice, on the old remembered note of fondness, touched him with a strange power. Something crumbled in him.

He sat down suddenly in the indicated chair, stared, he also, into the fire.

"It's a bitter mockery, Christine!"

"No," she answered. "It's the real thing—for just once—the real thing."

They sat in silence for long moments where the clock ticked loudly. She stretched her hand out to him.

"Harry!—Hold my hand in yours—like you used to do—in the old days before you married me. It will help, so much. Can you remember it?—the old touch that used to thrill?"

He obeyed without a word, took her little palm between his two large hands, pressed it close. Its deathlike coldness struck to him and, in defiance of it, he emphasized his contact. With a sudden tenderness that was awkwardly unpracticed, he endeavored to instil a little of his own warmth into it. As he did so, he felt, as it were, a sluicegate open in him. A long-repressed sentimentality asserted itself, invaded his lonely soul like a flood. He looked at her. If only—his protective secondary personality, dominant for so many years, reacted jealously, perverted his regret—if only she could have understood him a little more!

It was she who spoke.

"I'm so proud of you, Harry—so proud of your success!"

He almost started—remembering how he had hoped that she would read his name in the newspapers, in a vindictive desire that she should regret what she had thrown away. He saw, suddenly, that it was only her opinion that had ever really mattered to him.

"My dear," he said, feeling himself a tolerant old man who could afford to be kind from his altitude, "perhaps if I had never known you, I should never have worked so hard."



"What? You say there's no doubt of the identity?"

She smiled at him as though there were no irony in his words, but only a beautiful truth.

"Harry—Harry darling!" she murmured. "I have helped—helped a little, haven't I? My love has been what you said it would be—the vital force on which you could always draw? Do you remember that, the night we were engaged?"

This cool and unexpected assumption of a dream, utterly opposed to the facts, startled him. He looked at her, and had not the heart to contradict. Suppose it had been so? Could he surrender himself to this make-believe which she was playing with an almost childish simplicity? It was suddenly very tempting to him.

"I remember, my dear—and I promised," his voice broke a little while he hesitated on a self-reproach, "never—never to cut myself off from it—never to say the harsh word which you warned me would freeze your sensitive little soul."

"And you never have, Harry," she murmured softly. "You've always remembered—always been gentle and kind and loving—all these long years of happiness together."

His eyes felt sympathetically uncomfortable as he looked into hers, moist in the firelight.

"Twenty-seven years, dear," he said, caressingly, consciously defiant of the jealous self that watched. He had taken the plunge. "Twenty-seven years last week since we married. How the time has passed."

She nodded her head in acquiescence. Then she said gently:

"We've had our lifetime, Harry dear—and we have not wasted it, have we? Every year has been full, full to the brim, with sympathy and love." She sighed, gazing into the fire. "And that's the only thing in life that matters—the only thing. Success without love would have been very barren to you, wouldn't it, Harry?" Her eyes came round to him.

"Dead Sea fruit, my darling," the illusion was almost perfect to him, the irony without bitterness, scarcely perceived, "dust and ashes at the core." He smiled at her from a strangely sentimental self that was almost foreign to him and yet his own. "Christine, without you I should not really have lived."

She answered him with a movement of the fingers now warm between the hands still holding them.

"Nor I, Harry, without you. You and I were each other's destiny."

He, too, nodded his head solemnly.

"Yes dear," he agreed. "I believe that."

"And, thank God, we have not thwarted it, Harry. We have enjoyed it to the full."

He pressed her hand tightly for his only answer. Dream or reality, was it? He had almost lost the power to distinguish. He looked into her face, softly happy and somehow nobler and purer than he had ever known it, pressed her hand again in a vague necessity to substantiate the tangible actuality of her presence. It was really Christine sitting there, filling that usually empty chair, breathing with slight rise and fall of her bosom as she gazed into the fire. And if the other were a dream—the happy past that she called up in imagination—just an old man's dream, why he would allow himself, that sentimental self in him that none but himself had ever seen, the happiness of the illusion to the full. There was none to ridicule him for a childish make-believe, unworthy of his dignity.

"Christine," he queried, "are you happy?" *(Continued on page 9[illegible])*

WHEN you read a prison story by Mr. Lewis you may be confident that you read the truth, for no writing man in America has a wider or deeper knowledge of prison management and convict psychology than he.

IT'S A LONG LANE

By

O. F. LEWIS

Illustrated by

WILSON V. CHAMBERS



"Beat it," he whispered.

SOMETIME, Slim Dugan was going to get Big Mike Thompson, the prison guard, and *get him good!*

In the seven years and three months that Slim Dugan had been "in stir," there had been a dozen times when he might have finished the man he hated, but on each occasion, Slim had held himself back, because he knew that he'd get the chair for it, and the thing could be done for a lot less than that.

So, day and night, month in and month out, on into the years, Slim Dugan had crouched, lurked, watched, counted—waiting for just the right moment.

In time, the entire prison had come to know of this hate, and that Big Mike was a marked man. And finally, Big Mike himself came to know it. And with the knowledge came realization that he must break Slim once and for all, so there'd never be any comeback to him—or else the other thing might happen.

The guard had a wife and children outside, and he came from his house to the prison, every day. Slim Dugan likewise had a wife on the outside—and there had been a baby—a baby he'd never seen. It was from something pertaining to Slim's wife and Slim's baby that his deadly hatred for Big Mike had grown.

Big Mike had started it, less than two weeks after Slim came down, in cuffs, from the capital city of the State, with not less than eight years nor more than twelve to go. Burglary. Twenty-two years old, he'd acquired a worthy reputation as a loft-worker and this was the first time the bulls had gotten him. So when he appeared at the prison he was looked over very carefully.

Big Mike perceived the interest with which the inmates looked at the new man. Straightway Big Mike envied Slim the remarkable body, which was hard as nails; the fine head, the striking face, and the genial ways that even prison seemed unable to depress.

Within two weeks, the thing broke. Big Mike, having found Slim assigned to his company of cell cleaners, leeringly intimated, in the hearing of the bystanding gang that Slim's wife would now go on the street again.

Slim knocked the heavy-jowled guard stiff on the slate flagging, and blood oozed from the scalp wound. Other guards rushed up, pounced upon Slim, and carried him off half-conscious. Big Mike knew nothing at all about Slim's wife or even that he had a wife, but for years he had said that sort of thing to prisoners. Slim knew nothing about prison rules, but for years he had done that sort of thing to anyone who lied about him or anyone connected with him.

For over a month Slim was missing, then one morning he reappeared in the line marching to the shop, white, haggard, shaking, blinking, gaunt, just out of the dungeon, into which no light had penetrated in all the eternity during which he had existed therein as punishment for assaulting an officer of the prison.

In the dungeon, Slim had saved his mind by tossing into the air four pins, and then hunting for them in the darkness. Innumerable times he did this, repeating, repeating, hunting, hunting, in the black, clammy, putrid hole.

In that month of exile, Slim developed for Big Mike a hatred that excluded any possible mitigation. For a period of time that had no break in its relentlessness—not a single limitation of hours, or variation of light and darkness—Slim nursed his conviction of the iniquitous injustice of it all. That, and the hunting of the pins, kept him sane. He had known nothing of the first rule of the old-timer—to see nothing, to hear nothing, to stand everything, if you want to get through and get out.

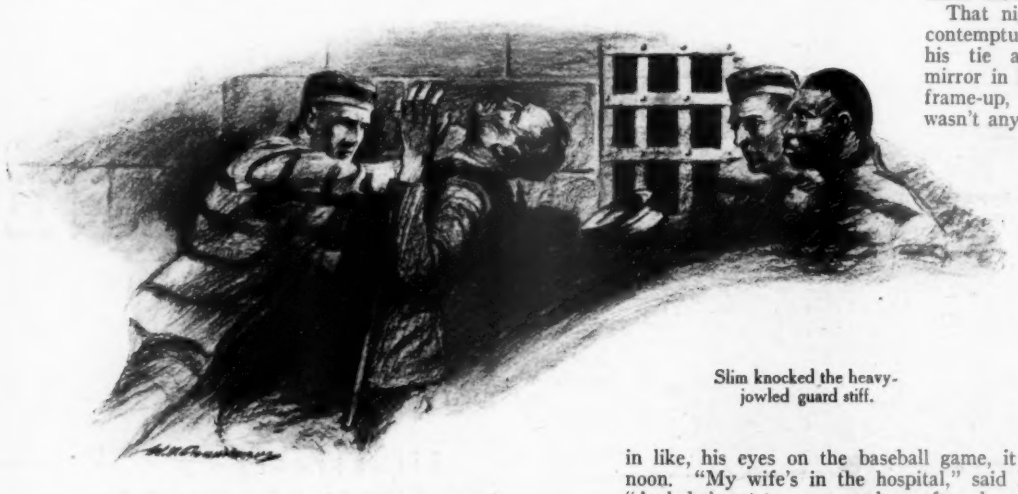
IT was through Big Mike that the warden of the prison learned early in his sentence that Slim Dugan, the new man, was a bad actor and especially dangerous. Big Mike stood, humbly, in the warden's office and filled the latter's ears with stories of Slim's threats against the warden himself for sending him to the black hole. The warden pooh-poohed these stories, declaring with a bang of his fist upon the desk that he placed no credence or weight in the word or threat of any prisoner.

But the warden never went down into the yard without an accompanying officer, who carried a loaded cane hooked over his arm, and a gun in his coat pocket.

Big Mike was the first man to tell Slim—emerging from the hole—of the birth and death of Slim's only child. Slim took it standing, in the cell-block, in the midst of scrubbing the flagging, with a half-dozen prisoners about him. His face twitched, but

otherwise he was impassive save that his eyes glared at Big Mike. The latter only sneered and turned away.

Through the interminable years this thing went on. Echoes percolated into the prison of new methods that were being adopted in other States—honor systems, farm work, no walls, good fellowship between inmates and officers. But into the big gray house no new day had dawned. The prison population watched with eagerness the progress of the hate of Slim Dugan for Big Mike. Big Mike would get his, sometime, their motionless lips said, but when?



Slim knocked the heavy-jowled guard stiff.

Repeatedly, the guard framed Slim for one cause or another, until Slim learned how to endure even the black hole, after a fashion. And Slim grew different, silent, grouchy, rough, belligerent, prone to emotional outbursts, often meriting punishment, if the inciting cause were not known. And Big Mike, with growing fear in his heart, but with emphatic boldness in his words, pursued his victim.

Finally, like a bolt from the blue, a new warden came, untutored in political intrigue, young, analytically minded, and with compassion and enthusiasm for his fellow-man. The dark cells and the black dungeon were abandoned. Experts from other States came, studied, made recommendations,—and an honor system was installed! The inmates might elect their own officers, for marching to and from the shops, maintaining order in the mess-hall, and supervising the conduct at the occasional, newly instituted, evening entertainments in the chapel!

It being up to the inmates to choose their leaders, Slim Dugan was elected the first president of the "H. B."—the Honor Brotherhood.

Overnight, black had become white! Mercy and comradeship would rise from the ashes of inhumanity and torture! Thus to Slim Dugan came the freedom of the yard and the buildings, the release from gangwork, and the privilege of going even as far as the front door of the prison and on beyond to the heavy outside gates.

The first time, in this new day of prison management, that Slim and Big Mike met it was between the mat shop and the shoe shop, in a narrow passage-way. The two men stood silently facing each other. The new warden had taken from the guards and keepers all guns and clubs. Even-eyed, Slim fixed the guard with his gaze. Slowly, snarlingly, he called him an unmentionable name. Big Mike made no reply.

"Listen, you yellow crook!" said Slim. "In my cell, every night, I cross off one day from my calendar. I've got four hundred and seventy-three more days to go. You start a calendar today! You got just four hundred and seventy-*four* days to go! One more than me!! One day after I get out—you get yours!! I've got five years of black hell behind me, through you! You've got to pay that bill!!" And he walked away.

NINE months later, when Slim had still some six months to go, an old-timer moved inconspicuously up to Big Mike, standing in the yard, and spoke to him through motionless lips.

"Slim's got a thousand dollars planted. It came in by the underground. The bunch down-State sent it, gettin' Slim ready to tie up with 'em again. He's off the Honor Brotherhood now. Sore because they didn't re-elect him president. Don't give a damn for the uplift stuff. He's goin' to buy his get-away!"

Big Mike shot a glance at the old-timer who saw the craving in the eyes of the guard for money. The old-timer went on:

"You might as well get that grand as anybody. And there's something in it for me, for tippin' you—aint there?" The old-timer moved away.

That night, Big Mike laughed contemptuously, as he unloosened his tie and collar before the mirror in his bedroom. It was a frame-up, this story! There wasn't any money! But, the following morning, Big Mike's wife was taken to the local hospital, with appendicitis. And that night, Big Mike stood again before his mirror, and thought. He was up against it! He must have money!

On the following afternoon, Big Mike spoke a pleasant word to Slim, in the yard. Slim answered in like, his eyes on the baseball game, it being Saturday afternoon. "My wife's in the hospital," said Big Mike, incidentally. "And she's got to go somewhere after she comes out, the doc says. Six months, maybe. How the hell I can afford that—with the kids and all—"

Big Mike looked at Slim, and Slim looked at Mike. The suspicion of a smile curved the convict's lips. Big Mike understood. He knew that all bygones were bygones when it was a matter of a get-away. He knew that Slim knew that if Big Mike wanted to, he could get him detailed for work in his gang, outside the walls, in the quarry. Slim had never worked outside the walls. And there were many nooks and crannies in the quarry, with a thick piece of woods just beyond. He knew that Slim's money would not be on his person, of course, but planted somewhere inside the prison yard. Big Mike moistened his lips with his tongue as he moved away. . . . .

Slim stood beside the young warden's desk, in his inner office, on the following afternoon. "Don't be surprised, Warden, if something pretty strong comes off soon! It'll be all right. Remember, it'll be all right!"

The warden smiled. "Better come across with it now, Slim," he urged.

The prisoner shook his head. "I can't! You'll see why, when it breaks! Only, remember—it's all right!"

SLIM rested on his pickax, in the quarry, and glanced about him nervously. Big Mike was facing him, crowbar in hand.

"Under that second big stone! Quick!!" hissed Slim. The guard backed warily toward the rock indicated but his eyes did not shift from the pickax in the convict's clutch. Seven years of the past flashed through his mind. Was it, after all, a plant?

"Don't be a fool; for God's sake! Hustle!" the other warned.

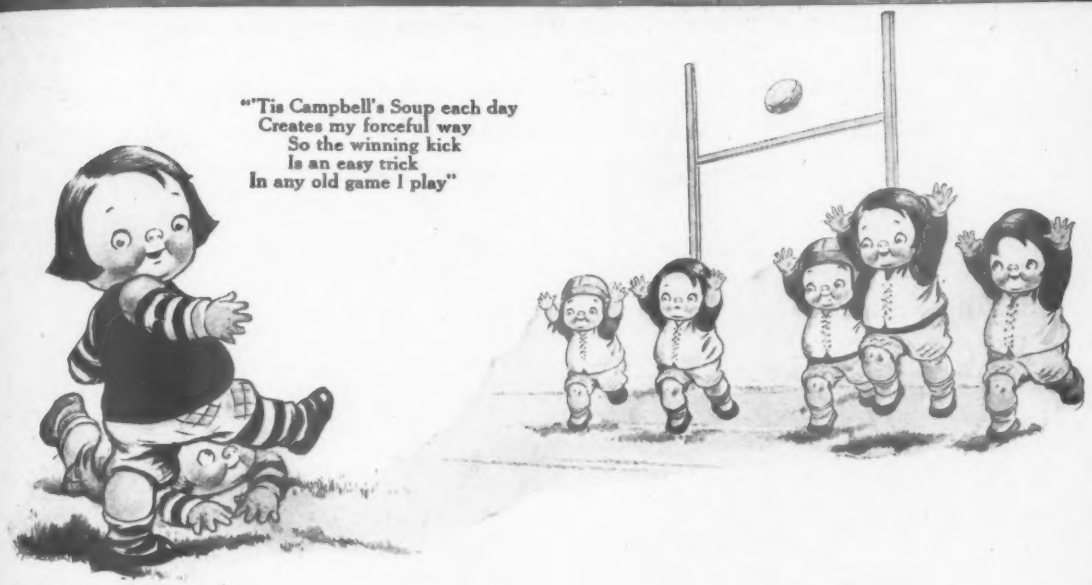
Big Mike kicked the stone aside. The bills were there. He snatched them up, counted them hastily, and thrust them into the inside pocket of his vest.

"Beat it!!" he whispered.

Slim dropped the pickax noiselessly, and vanished around the jagged edges of a projecting cliff. Thereupon Big Mike casually joined a gang of half a dozen men, working beyond another projection.

Ten minutes later, up out of the quarry, clambered a gang of some twenty excited men. With desperate haste Big Mike herded them toward the great center gate of the prison. From within, blue-coated officials came running. They had known, as soon as they saw the commotion, what had occurred. A convict had escaped.

Through the double steel-barred gates they rushed those remaining to their cells. The clang of steel doors closing reverberated through the cell house. Then, abruptly, the piercing wail of the prison siren rose, warning all within sound that a man had escaped from behind the prison's gray, forbidding walls.



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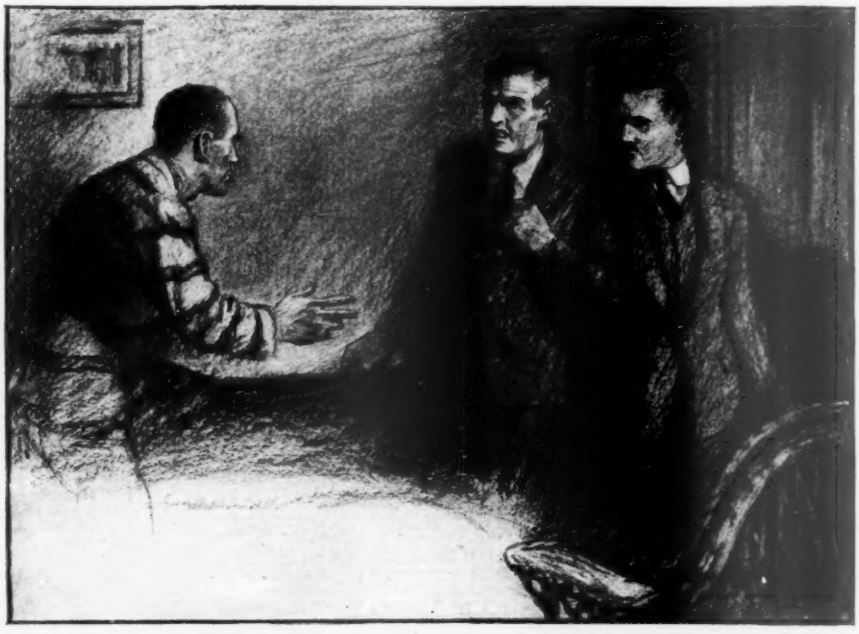
Panting, sweating, humble, Big Mike stood before the warden's desk, in the latter's outer office. The warden's hand was reaching for the phone.

"Come into my private office," he said to the guard. "This place is too noisy. And collect yourself!"

The warden locked the door of that inner office. As the lock clicked Big Mike spoke.

"It was Slim Dugan! I trusted him. He promised he'd be on the level if I took him out. He's been the president of the Brotherhood. He said he'd reformed. He fooled me. Now I get the blame for being decent to him. It wasn't two minutes when—"

Big Mike stopped and gasped. Framed in the suddenly opened doorway of a closet stood Slim Dugan. Mike's breath ceased a moment.



"The marked bills are in his right-hand inside-vest pocket, Warden."

"I beat you back—to the prison—" through the side gate—and in here—" the convict hissed.

Big Mike's eyes leaped to the door—no, the warden had locked it.

"The marked bills are in his right-hand inside-vest pocket, Warden!" he heard the voice of Dugan as from a distance.

"Give me those bills." It was the warden's voice now—the voice of Fate.

Slowly the hand of Big Mike went down inside his vest and was withdrawn with the money. "It's my—my own, he stammered.

Slim Dugan laughed.

Big Mike sprang at him. Slim, sidestepping, caught the clumsy guard with a terrific blow on the chin. Big Mike dropped, and lay still.

Above the prison power-house the siren still wailed. As the warden started to unlock the door, Slim extended his hands imploringly. "For God's sake, Warden, just a few minutes more!" he pleaded. "Just a few minutes! I've waited—seven—years—for—this!"

The warden paused.

The man on the floor moaned, opened his eyes and tried to get to his knees. Over him, fists clenched and head thrust forward, stood Slim.

Slim sought for words. He seemed to measure the priceless weight and inestimable value of each syllable. "I got you! I got you! Listen: You're a crook. You're a felon. You're going out o' here—and then you're comin' back! Sure, there's a God above! Back to prison—among all these men—a con! *God help you when they get you—in here!*"

Slim breathed deeply, and his fists flexed.

"I—I—guess that's about—all, Warden!"

The story traveled through the house with amazing rapidity.

Big Mike's wife, only two days' over her operation, lay wide-eyed on her bed in the hospital on the hill — listening to the siren's wail.

She pressed her fingers in her ears, for whenever the siren wailed, she knew her man was likely to have to take up the chase, and harm might so easily befall him.

Then, up from the prison; to her lying there a half-mile away, came another sound, a dull, strange roar. And the wife of Big Mike knew also what that meant. A thousand men were yelling, shouting, singing, howling in their cells, their habit of New Year's Eve, or when a convict had escaped!

But this time that roar was for another reason. Through the long windows of the cell house, five hundred men could see Big Mike being taken away—out through the gate—in handcuffs—to pay a debt in guilt that she would pay a millionfold in innocence.

THE YELLOW HORDE

(Continued from page 82)

each one was facing toward the plains, the first spot they had seen in three years which reminded them of home. Breed led the way and brought his band out into the first reaches of the Mackenzie Barrens that stretched back among the trees.

Breed found no trap lines here, and there were no mad coyotes or poison baits. Another two days and the trees were left behind, open country stretching ahead as far as his eye could reach. The brush was stunted and reminded him of sage. There were clumps of dwarf spruce much like the twisted cedars of the badland brakes, and thickets of stunted willows such as those that sprouted from every sidehill spring in Sand Coulee Basin. It was like a home-coming after being exiled for three long years—and Breed was content at last. He bedded on a knoll, and the range was once more dotted with stock, only these were wild caribou, and old habits cropped out in Breed; he knew there were no men here, yet all through the short two-hour day he frequently raised his head and his eyes swept the range for signs of the devilish riders. When he left his bed he found fresh evidence that he was home, that Sand Coulee Basin could not be farther away than over the next tongue of high ground; for he had not traveled a mile before he smelled coyote blood and traced it upwind to find an old friend stiffened in death, and with her throat slit open—the work of the silent assassin that had terrorized the foothills of Hardpan Spur.

Breed's hatred of Flatear had been dulled with time. He had met hundreds of wolves since the fight in the notch, and at first he had sought for his enemy, but later this search had been manifested only by a careful investigation of each new wolf he met, a vague suspicion that the big gray might be an enemy; but this had become almost a mechanical process rather than a distinct impression of why he should expect to find an enemy among wolves.

Animal memories are a mixture of impressions received through the senses of hearing, sight and smell, and after a considerable lapse of time it requires the coördination of all three of these senses to reconstruct the thought in its entirety. The sight of the slain coyote filled Breed with rage, but lacking a definite object upon which to vent it. The scent roused

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You will find, first, the little booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," telling you the special treatment your skin needs; then a trial size cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap—enough for seven nights of any treatment; a sample tube of the new Woodbury's Facial Cream; and samples of Woodbury's Cold Cream and Facial Powder, with directions telling you just how they should be used.

Write today for this special new Woodbury outfit. Address The Andrew Jergens Co., 1711 Spring Grove Ave., Cincinnati, Ohio.

If you live in Canada, address The Andrew Jergens Co., Limited, 1711 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ontario.



To what type does your skin belong?

IS your skin dry or oily—sensitive or resistant—fine or large-pored? Study your skin and find out to just what type it belongs—then give it the care that suits its *individual needs.*

For every skin condition there is a special treatment which, if followed regularly and faithfully each day, will help you to overcome the faults in your complexion and gain the smooth, clear, flawless skin you long for.

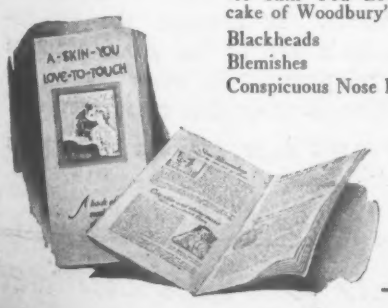
In the little booklet that is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, you will find careful and scientific directions on the care each type of skin needs. Study the treatment recommended for your skin and begin using it tonight. In a week or ten days you will notice a marked improvement in your skin by natural methods, which is the special achievement of Woodbury's Facial Soap.

Woodbury's Facial Soap is sold at all drug stores and toilet goods counters in the United States and Canada. Get a cake today—begin, tonight, the treatment your skin needs. A 25-cent cake lasts for a month or six weeks of any treatment, and for general cleansing use.

A booklet of the most famous skin treatments ever formulated

You will find complete treatments for all the commoner skin troubles, as well as scientific advice on the skin and scalp, in the booklet, "A Skin You Love to Touch," which is wrapped around every cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap. Among the treatments given are:

Blackheads	Enlarged Pores
Blemishes	Oily Skin and Shiny Nose
Conspicuous Nose Pores	Sluggish Skin
Tender Skin	

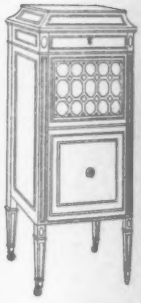




A skin that is sensitive or easily irritated needs special care. Consult the little booklet that comes with each cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap and learn the right treatment for this type of skin.



Furniture Making in the days of Queen Elizabeth



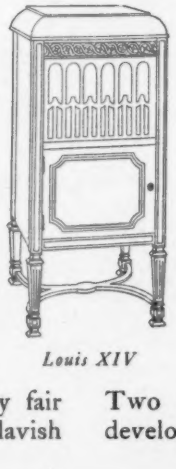
Sheraton

Out of the golden a

THE search led back across the Atlantic, into the manor-houses of England, the chateaux of France, and the castles of Italy. Here they came to light — the aristocrats of furniture — the true originals of the period-furniture styles. And Mr. Edison's designers adapted seventeen of these masterpieces for the modern American home.

* * *

PERIOD FURNITURE is a heritage of the 16th, 17th, and 18th Centuries. The Georges reigned in England, and the Louis ruled in France.



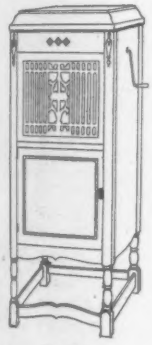
Louis XIV

Fine living was the ideal of the day. Men of artistic genius were lionized by fair ladies, and made wealthy through the lavish patronage of kings. The arts prospered like flowers under June's smiling sun. Architects conjured up monumental palaces. Landscape artists set them in fairy grounds. Painters illumined their walls with imperishable canvases. Unparalleled designers and craftsmen furnished their interiors.

This era of luxury produced Chippendale, Sheraton, and others masters of the English, French and Italian schools. It brought the cabinetmaker's art to its most exquisite development. It was aptly named "THE GOLDEN AGE OF FURNITURE."

TWO CENTURIES later came a momentous development in music.

The NEW EDISON *in 17 period cabinets*



Jacobean

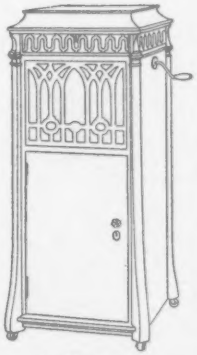


The Elizabethan Cabinet adapted by Mr. Edison

age of furniture

EDISON, the thinker, conceived the vision of an America, whose every home would be blessed with great music,—through a phonograph of SUPREME REALISM. Edison, the inventor, gave three millions of his money and seven years of his time to an exhaustive research—out of which the New Edison was finally evolved.

Then commenced those startling tests by which he proved, through direct comparison, that the New Edison RE-CREATES an artist's performance exactly as the artist himself gives it. More than 4,000 such tests were given, with over fifty vocalists and instrumentalists. More than four million people heard them. No one was able to tell the living performance from its RE-CREATION by the New Edison.



Chippendale

THE FAMILY that has an ear for the finer things in music is the family that has an eye for the finer things in furniture. Mr. Edison decided that Edison Cabinets should be patterned after the most exquisite furniture known.

And so the search led back across the Atlantic, into the manor-houses of England, the chateaux of France, and the castles of Italy. Mr. Edison's designers made every Edison Cabinet a period cabinet out of the Golden Age of Furniture.

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the phonograph with a soul *The* NEW EDISON



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"It was awful thoughts and awful words, but they were said and I let them stay said."

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the spot further enraged him, and the picture of a great gray beast swam nebulously in his mind. A wolf howl sounded close at hand and stirred still another long-dormant pool of impressions and the whole crystallized into a distinct likeness of Flatear—and Breed was off on the hunt for his ancient enemy.

FLATEAR saw the wolf rushing on him and he whirled and bared his teeth. The gray wolf weighed a hundred pounds, Breed slightly over ninety. They circled cautiously for an opening, hind parts tensed and drooping, ears laid flat and lips drawn back to expose the yellow tusks. Flatear sprang first and Breed met the open mouth with his own. The clash of teeth sounded far across the barrens and silent shapes changed direction and moved toward the sound. Three times Breed took the force of the drive on his teeth and the jaws of both wolves dripped blood. A wolf came slipping up to watch, and two breeds of the yellow wolf's pack stationed themselves ten yards away. Three more wolves appeared; then Peg and Fluff came to the scene and Peg moved behind Flatear and crouched.

Breed's snarl warned him off. The three-legged coyote was old and hoary, in his fifteenth year, and with but a short span of life ahead; his teeth were rounded and worn down, but his spirit was stout, and he longed to mix it with the wolf. His leader's order held him back, but he remained the nearest of the lot, watching every move of the combat as if appointed judge of it.

Flatear rushed time and again, using his greater weight to batter down his antagonist's guard, but Breed gave back each time and Flatear's driving shoulder never reached its mark and his teeth were met with teeth. Breed was losing ground and Flatear pressed him hard. The yellow wolf seemed to have but one style of defense and no heart for attack. The fight was a mere procession of retreats before Flatear's heavy drives, and the gray wolf grew accustomed to this monotonous defense, and his attacks were unconsciously conformed to it, becoming equally mechanical, his one purpose to wear his enemy down by sheer strength and weight.

And when Breed, instead of cringing away, struck at him with every ounce of his ninety pounds, Flatear was unprepared. He had started his spring and Breed's counter-drive was aimed so low that his chest skimmed the ground. Flatear slashed savagely downward but the yellow wolf's head was well under him, and even as Flatear's teeth grazed Breed's shoulder his forward sweep was checked in midair as powerful jaws closed on a foreleg with a sickening crunch of bones. The opposing weights of both wolves pivoted on that one leg and in addition to the fracture, Flatear's whole side and shoulder were wrenched clear to his spine.

There was an uneasy movement among the spectators, now numbering more than a score, wolves and coyotes, for the first time in history, mingling to witness the settling of a personal feud. Peg now sat down contentedly, his tongue lolling out in a satisfied grin.

Breed's tactics changed and he wheeled



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In addition you get a double-cut steel file, emery boards, orange stick, absorbent cotton and an invaluable little booklet on the care of the nails. All combined in a stunning set.

In one stunning set—

everything to keep your nails beautifully manicured

IN ten minutes, with these Cutex manicure preparations, you can transform nails you are ashamed of.

Start today to have the shapely, well-kept nails that make any hand beautiful. No matter how rough and ragged the skin around your nails is, no matter how ugly cutting the cuticle has made them, you can almost instantly change them into nails that are noticeably lovely.

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For fascinatingly snowy nail tips, apply just a bit of Cutex Nail White under the nails. You will delight in the fashionable finish that the Cutex Polish gives. Your first manicure will show you how lovely nails can look.

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Last year over three hundred thousand women bought Cutex sets during the holiday season. Before you plan a single Christmas gift, look at these Cutex sets. Read the descriptions alongside of each picture. Any one of the three—in its handsome Christmas wrapper—makes a present that is new and fashionable.

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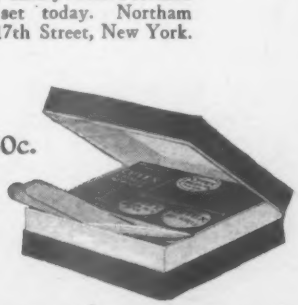
This more elaborate set contains full-sized packages of Cutex Cuticle Remover, Cutex Nail White, Cutex Cake, Paste and Powder Polishes and Cutex Cold Cream. In addition you get your orange stick, emery boards, flexible double-cut steel file, and a beautiful white buffer with removable chamois. A really impressive Christmas present.

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CUTEX

Manicure Preparations



round his disabled enemy with lighting feints, and then his shoulder struck Flatear with a solid smash that crumpled him and he went down with Breed's teeth at his windpipe. His end was of the sort which he himself had handed to so many others—and the new range was safe for coyotes.

The silent spectators were startled by a faint whining sound. This whimpering grew louder and the wolves slunk away, but the coyote pack remained. Breed's sudden hunt for Flatear had caught Shady unprepared, but she had finally cut his trail and was following it to the spot.

FOR three months Breed saw no more of wolves, and when next he did see them the beasts were white. He had led the pack to the basin of the Copper River at the edge of the Arctic Circle. Their travels were over, and they now ranged a limited area of less than a hundred miles in extent. Except that no high hills flanked their new home its features were much like the old. There were no longer any days and nights, but a seemingly endless period of varying degrees of twilight, and the rolling hills were deep with snow.

Breed had met many new animals since leaving the land of the Yellowstone; he had known moose and goats in British Columbia, caribou on the barrens and the iron-gray sheep at the head of the Nelson. Now there were strange shaggy beasts with hair that hung nearly to the ground, and they came out of the north in small droves, the white wolves travelling on the flanks of the herds. He found muskox easy prey and there was no lack of meat.

A few days after the first of these appeared Breed and Shady topped a ridge and saw the one thing necessary to make the image of the old home complete. A light twinkled some half a mile away, as Breed and Shady had so often seen the lights of Collins' cabin. Shady whined as she gazed at it and Breed raised his voice and howled. As if in answer to the howl a shrill whistle floated to them and Shady slipped from Breed's side and headed for the fire.

COLLINS had turned back from the fabled gold fields, heartsick for the sight of his native foothills, disgusted with the Arctic night and a flat white world, and with two companions had braved the terrors of a winter journey and headed into the south. They traveled light, supplies for three packed on a single sled drawn by six dogs. Food had run low and for a week they had been forced to subsist on starvation rations; one more day and they would have killed a dog—and then they crossed the trail of a muskox herd. There was now food in plenty, but Collins' mental exhaustion did not vanish with returning physical strength. He was obsessed with the idea that he would never see the sagebrush hills again and his two companions could not rouse him.

They fastened the dogs in a clump of dwarfed spruce and built a small fire on the downwind side of the trees.

The old wolfer sat huddled in his furs before the fire, dreading to enter the little tent, to crawl into his sleeping-bag alone



The Pawn Ticket Clue

She was the one woman in all the world he loved — and she was married to another man. She was famous now, and rich — beyond all hope of his attaining.

Yet, here in this obscure pawn shop, he found a token — a clue that told him a startling story.

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The Slave



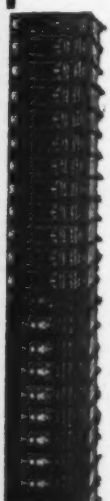
With all her strength she fought to get away from it all—the vulgar cabaret—the mysterious beauty parlor—the underground drinking-hell. Fiercely she had refused every bribe—resisted every temptation. And yet, when there came the chance to escape, she turned her back to it and stayed.

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with his thoughts; for the white madness was driving its iron in his soul and striking at his reason. His mind coined queer white couplets; the white wolf-pack and the white ice-pack—a whole world a white night.

His companions had looked upon the white madness before; had seen men die from the deadly monotony of it all. It was conceivable that a book of bright pictures, anything with warm colors, might penetrate the pall of white fog that clouded his brain and might shatter the obsession, reinstating reason on its tottering throne. But there was only the howling of white wolves out across the white snow fields. Then, suddenly another howl sounded close at hand.

It seemed to pierce Collins' stupor and strike some memory filed long ago in his subconscious mind, for he suddenly straightened and glared at his companions.

"I can pick him out from amongst a thousand wolves," he stated. "There's no wolf shiver to that howl. It's a yellow wolf! As yellow as gold, not a damned white hair on him anywheres! It's Breed, the yellow wolf of Sand Coulee Basin—there's color come into this white hell-hole at last!"

A shrill whistle pealed from his lips and his companions shook their heads. Then the wolf howled again and they stiffened with surprise as a score of wild voices answered. The sounds were new to them and the snowy waste was filled with bewilderingly different inflections that ripped back and forth through opposing waves of sound till it seemed that jeering cachinnations rose from the throats of a thousand fiends.

They read the gleam in Collins' eyes and his disjointed utterances as a sign of hopeless madness—but in reality it was returning sanity. A new warmth stole over him, and the certainty that now he would win through.

"Here they come," he said. "The little yellow devils! They've spread from the Arctic to the Neck like I always knowed they would. *There's* music a white man can listen to—the music of The Yellow Horde."

And the other two men sat silent and wondered if they themselves were mad. For the dogs were snarling and straining at their leashes in the scrub spruce, as a strange yellow she-wolf with a strip of dark fur along her back came creeping toward the fire. Her eyes regarded the two men suspiciously and one ear tipped toward the dogs beyond. Closer—closer she slipped up until finally her head rested on Collins' knee. For little more than an instant she enjoyed his friendly voice and rubbing fingers, then vanished in the night as the yellow breed-wolf called his pack.

Collins lifted his eyes to his companions and for the first time in days, they saw him smile.

THE END

THE RETURN

(Continued from page 86)

She smiled at him upon her sigh.

"Very happy, dear."

Again there was a silence between them. Presently she looked up once more.

"It's splendid the way Phil is getting on, isn't it, dear?"

He glanced at her from his own dream, uncomprehending. She went on, as though discussing a subject thoroughly familiar.

"Do you remember we said we would call him Philip—our first boy—long before we had him? When we used to talk about him, in those first happy months of being together, it didn't seem possible that it could ever be really true, did it, dear? And yet there he is—twenty-four years old! It's difficult for me to think that I ever could have been his mother. When I look at him, so tall and big, it seems impossible that he could once have been my baby."

He stared at her. What was she talking of? They had never had a child. Then it came to him—.

"Yes, dear. He's a fine chap."

She smiled at him, gratefully.

"I think we were right to let him marry, don't you, dear? I know he's very young—but it's perhaps better than if he waited until he became set in his own habits and could no longer share the youthful high-spirits of his dear little wife—as you very nearly waited too long, didn't you, dear? Another year or two of getting wrapped up in your own ambitions and you might have crushed all the young life out of me." Her tone was dreamily sincere.

"Don't, Christine!" he said, thickly. "I know a lot of it was my fault—"

"*Shh!*" she soothed him with a gesture of her disengaged hand. "We're talking about Phil and his charming little wife. She's just the sort of girl I would have chosen for him, Harry. Young, sensible, pretty, with eyes that look you straight in the face,—and she loves him, Harry, like I loved you, with all her young soul."

HE made a little choking sound and pressed her hand—so warm and loving now!—with a convulsive tightness.

"And soon, Harry," she went on, "we shall be grandparents, you and I—looking forward beyond the next generation to the one after—*living forward*. Life is very wonderful, isn't it, dear, in its continuity. Our little lives cease, but something of us goes on and on, in generations that we can't even imagine. Oh, it's very wonderful!" She sighed. "To think we might have missed it all, if we had not loved!"

"Christine!" He could scarcely speak. "You're torturing me!"

"*Shh!*" she said. "It's all real—it's all real *now*. Everything else was a bad dream from which we have waked together."

"If only we could keep awake!" he said, pressing her hand in his as though he would never let it go.

She looked at him archly.

"You were always pessimistic, Harry.

Little rules that help you look your best

Occasionally you meet girls who are beautiful without effort; but most lovely people are lovely because *they know the rules.* To make the powder stay on, to prevent roughness, dullness, lines—requires intelligent care. Here are a few simple rules, approved by skin specialists, which every woman would do well to follow.



Never permit your face to look shiny

Powder—Yes. Just enough powder to have that soft, *natural* look. And when you powder do it to *last.* Powdering in public is an admission that you are uneasy about your appearance.

The only way to make powder stay on is—*not* to put on an excessive amount—but to begin with the right powder base. Then you can carefully powder your face, and never have a moment's concern about its losing its soft, fresh appearance.

For this you need a cream which will not reappear in an unpleasant shine. Pond's Vanishing Cream does not contain a bit of oil. It disappears at once never to reappear. Before you powder take just a little Pond's Vanishing Cream—a tiny bit—on your finger tips. Rub it lightly into your face. Notice the instant smoothness it gives your skin. Now powder as usual. See how smoothly the powder goes on—how natural it looks. You will find that it will stay on two or three times as long as ever before. You need never again fear a shiny face.



A rough skin a sign of carelessness

To go out even in the milder weather of winter without protecting your skin is simply reckless; for wind and cold whip the moisture out of your skin and cause roughness.

Skin specialists say you can protect your skin from this injury by applying, before you go out, a cream which makes up for the moisture that the wind whips out. For protection, as for a powder base, you need a cream *without* oil. The same pure, greaseless Pond's Vanishing Cream which you use as a base for powder, contains an ingredient famous for years for its softening, protective properties. Always before going out smooth a little Pond's Vanishing Cream into your face and hands. It is a good idea to carry a tube of it right in your handbag so that immediately before and after motoring you can soften your hands and face with it. In this way the delicate texture of the skin will not suffer from exposure.

Never let your skin look tired

When you are tired, yet must look your best, you can bring your skin new freshness by applying a cream that is instantly absorbed by the weary skin. The instantly disappearing qualities of Pond's Vanishing Cream give it a remarkable effectiveness in bringing immediate freshness to your skin. Just a bit of it rubbed into the skin relieves in a moment the strained look around mouth and eyes and brings new transparency to your complexion.

The bedtime cleansing that brings a clear skin. Never retire without it

One of the chief reasons for a "muddy" look in the skin is the dust that gets lodged deep within the pores.

The only means of keeping the skin clear is to remove deep-seated dust. For this cleansing you need an entirely different cream from the one you use for a powder base, and protection. The right cream for cleansing is one prepared with an *oil base.* The formula for Pond's Cold Cream was especially worked out to supply just the amount of oil to give it the highest cleansing power. At night rub Pond's Cold Cream into the pores of the face, neck and hands, and wipe it off with a soft cloth. Give your skin this cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream *regularly* and you can keep your skin clear.



Catch the little lines before they grow deep

By starting in time you can keep your face free of the wretched little lines that *will* keep starting. For this, too, you need a cream *with* an oil base, a cream that will work into the skin *gradually.* Pond's Cold Cream has just the smoothness and body required to make a perfect massage cream.

Every normal skin needs both of these creams. Neither cream will foster the growth of hair.

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Seen under a powerful magnifying glass an unstropped razor blade looks like a saw edge

Stropping keeps the tiny teeth of the blade in perfect alignment —provides a smooth, keen edge for every shave

No pull—no scrape

A fine, keen edge for every shave

YOU can avoid all the discomforts of a fast dulling razor blade, if you use the AutoStrop Razor.

Look at any razor blade under a powerful microscope and you will see hundreds of tiny saw teeth. When these teeth are in perfect alignment the blade is sharp. But when the blade is dull these teeth are bent and twisted. They catch in your beard, pull and scrape the skin. That's what makes shaving so unpleasant.



No skill necessary

No skill in stropping is necessary to renew the fine, keen edge of the AutoStrop Razor blade. Just slip the strop through the razor head and pass the razor back and forth along the strop. You don't have to take the razor apart nor even remove the blade.

Built right into the frame of the AutoStrop Razor is a remarkable self-stropping device which renews the fine, keen edge of the AutoStrop blade day after day. 500 cool, comfortable shaves are *guaranteed* from each dozen blades.

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On razors, strops, blades, etc., hereafter manufactured by us we shall apply the trademark "Valet" in addition to the trademark "AutoStrop" as an additional indication that they are the genuine products of the AutoStrop Safety Razor Co., New York.



weren't you? Do you remember how you used to say we should never have the little girl for whom we longed, just because we longed for her so much? And now there's Jeanie! Jeanie who'll be having her twenty-first birthday in a month or two! And you are proud of her, aren't you, Harry? Of course, you are! We are both proud of such a daughter, just the daughter we had imagined."

He closed his eyes.

"I remember—I remember how we used to talk of the daughter we were going to have. It seems very long ago, Christine, those first months of our life together."

She smiled.

"And there she is, all our dreams of her come true, asleep upstairs and very likely herself dreaming of the woman's life that is opening before her. She's very real to you, isn't she, Harry?"

HE forced himself to speech with an effort.

"Yes, dear. Go on."

"She's worth all the anxieties we had with her—the anxieties we never imagined. Do you remember, when she was a little golden-haired prattler, that awful time when she was ill? Do you remember how I nursed her, night and day—and how you would come tiptoeing to her tiny cot and look down upon it, praying with all your soul that she would not die? I think that was when you first began really to love her very much, Harry—when you thought you might lose her." She nodded her head in dreamy reminiscence, staring into the fire. "I remember how proud I was when you gave up your work for a day or two because you felt you could not leave the house while she was in danger. It was such a miracle for you to do that—like Joshua stopping the sun—and all because of our tiny little Jeanie. It made me love you, oh, ever so much more, Harry!"

"Go on!" he said, closing his eyes again. "Go on!"

"And then how proud of her you were while she was at school! She always had your brains, Harry, didn't she? Always she was at the top of her class. I remember—" she smiled, "—I used to fear that she might grow too clever and wear spectacles. But there was just that bit of me—of the frivolous me—in her, wasn't there, Harry? And so just like her mother she grew up to like pretty frocks and look as charming in them as I used to want to look for you to admire me."

"Never so charming as you used to look, Christine, when you were twenty-one," he said, his eyes lighting up with a genuine memory. "No one could look prettier than you did."

Her warm fingers curled in his hard hands and her smile came up to him.

"Thank you, dear. It is nice of you not to forget."

He breathed a long sigh.

"For every day of twenty-five years, Christine, I have seen you as you used to look then." There was an emphasis in his subdued and deliberate enunciation that was eloquent of past agonies.

"It was the real Christine, Harry, that twenty-one-year-old Christine who was so

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Every machine used in the making of Hercules Explosives has a man for its master. Every motion it makes is watched. The results of its work are carefully checked. Nothing is ever taken for granted. No machine is looked upon as infallible.

In the gelatin packing house, for example, is a large machine which fills paper cartridges with *Hercules Gelatin Dynamite. Although this machine works with almost positive precision and accuracy, every cartridge which comes from it is inspected *twice* to make certain that it is properly packed. One inspection takes place immediately after the cartridge leaves the machine. Another before it is finally boxed for shipment.

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*As its name suggests, Gelatin Dynamite is plastic. It is made by dissolving gun cotton in nitroglycerin and combining with certain other materials called "dopes." It is used principally for shooting in hard rock.

proud to be your wife and knew herself to be so unworthy of you."

"No, no!" he said, hoarsely. "Not unworthy—I didn't understand then. If only I had understood—if I had not been so absorbed in the things I wanted to do—"

"Shh!" she soothed him. "It was all very beautiful, our life together, Harry dear. Do you remember the holidays we had alone together? Do you remember Switzerland, and the great mountains that towered up behind our hotel, the snow upon their summits orange against deep blue in the first sunshine of the dawn? Do you remember how we used to wake up to look at them, and said it was just like the pictures only more wonderful because we were actually there? Do you remember being among the great fields of narcissi, with blue gentian higher up, and reminding me that this was what you had promised to show me—those fields on fields of wild flowers which you had seen when you were a young student, years before? Do you remember the mountain stream with the big boulders where we ate sandwiches on a little patch of turf between the rocks and you kissed me just as those other people came down the path? I remember—I remember how I went hot all over and yet was very proud and happy, because it was the first time that anyone else had ever seen you loving me. You used to pretend—do you remember?—to be a little cold and distant towards me when we were in company, your dignity much too big to admit that you were in love."

"DON'T, Christine—don't!" he murmured, the breath of a soundless sob escaping him in a broken exhalation. "If only we had had them—those holidays we meant to have!"

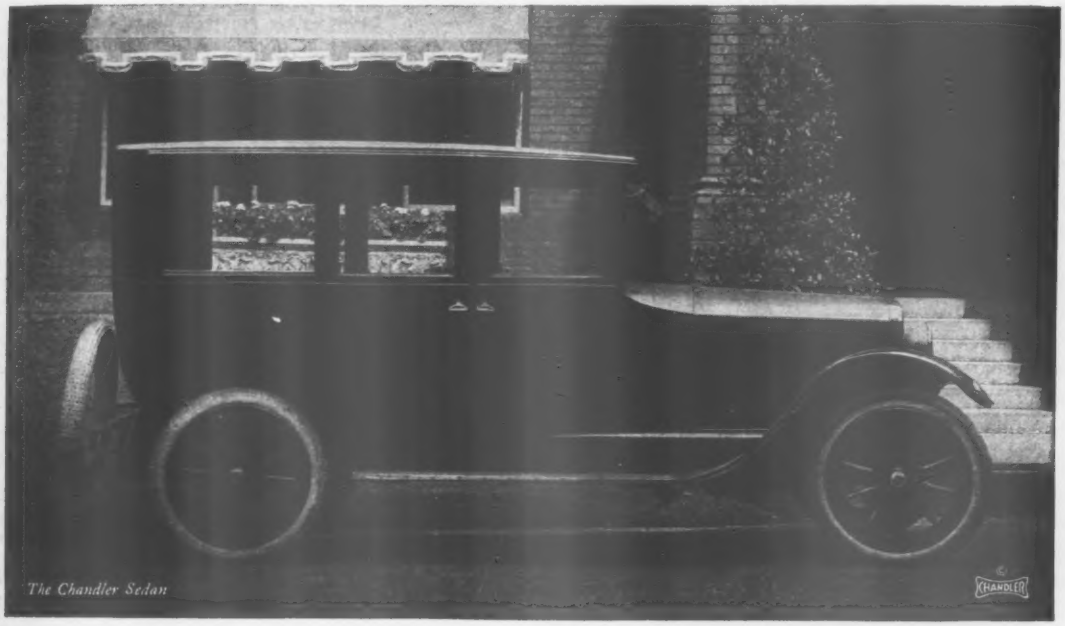
"We did, dear," she pursued. "We did have them. They're all there—among our dreams. Look at them and you will see that they are true. The memory of them isn't spoiled by anything that was not just right. Can't you call them up again—the holidays we used to promise ourselves for the days when you were successful? Can't you see them? Can't you see that lovely time in Italy—the big blue lake, with the yellow houses and the red roofs close under the mountains and fairy islands in the middle? Can't you see Venice and the black gondola in which we sat, urged forward like a living thing over the still water in which the palaces were reflected? Can't you call back that wonderful night of silent peacefulness when, arms around each other, we leaned out over our balcony and listened to the gondoliers singing to each other under the stars? Don't you remember the bridge in Florence where you stopped and said: 'This is where Dante met Beatrice'—and we looked into each other's eyes and knew that we too were a Dante and Beatrice, born for each other's love? Don't you remember, dear? Can't you see them, all those wonderful years together, when you and I were young?"

"Christine, Christine!" he murmured. "If only they were true!"

"They *are* true, dear—they *are* true," she asserted. "They are the truest things we have—the dreams of our souls which

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they will dream again and again long after we have no body. And not only holidays—our life together had work in it, too, didn't it, dear—hard and successful work. Do you remember the big case which made you famous?"

He nodded, a smile of genuine reminiscence on his face.

"The Pembroke case?"

"Yes, dear," she continued, "the Pembroke case. Do you remember how hard you worked then?"

"By Jove, I do!" he agreed, with an emphatic little laugh. "I never worked so hard in my life!"

"Do you remember how I used to sit by the fire here at night, not daring to make the slightest sound, while you worked at your desk going through all those masses and masses of papers in readiness for the next day of the trial? Do you remember how sometimes you would look up, not saying a word, but just assuring yourself that I was still there and going on with your work all the fresher because you saw me? Do you remember when at last, in the small hours, you finished for the night, you would come across and kiss me, oh so quietly, and lay your head against me for comfort because you were so tired?"

HE did not answer. His eyes stared into the fire, his lips thinned in a tight pressure against each other, as the mental picture of the fact came up in conflict with this ideality. They had been terrible, those nights of solitary work.

She continued, undeterred.

"And then, on the last day of the trial, when you had made that great speech—the first big speech of your career—and got your verdict; the night when all the newspapers were full of your triumph, do you remember your home-coming, dear—"

"By Heaven, I do!" he interrupted, with a sudden outburst of bitterness. "I came home and looked around me—and wished that I were dead in the hopeless emptiness of it all!"

"No, dear, no!" she corrected him. "You came home and found me waiting for you in my prettiest dress and we had dinner together, just you and I alone, because the moment was so big that we couldn't possibly share it with anyone else. Do you remember how solemn we tried to be, you and I—you looking so dignified in your evening clothes and I just as dainty as I could be? And then suddenly you jumped up like a schoolboy and darted round the table to kiss me—and we kissed and laughed at ourselves, and kissed and laughed again, every time the servants went out of the room—a couple of happy children. And I loved you so much because you were so very clever and yet could be such a boy. And then we got solemn again as the bigness of it all came over us—real, real success at last! The paths of all the world seemed open to us, didn't they, dear? And we drank to it, success and love! And then, quite close and looking into my eyes, you said the loveliest thing of all the lovely things you ever said to me—you said that your great success, the one success that really mattered to you, was that you had won my love, my real, real love that bound my soul to yours forever. Oh, Harry, I would have died for you that night!"

She ceased and he was silent. The might-have-been came up before him with intolerable vividness. If one could but begin over again!

"And now," she gently moved the hand that all this time had lain in his as they crouched close together over the fire, "and now here we are—all the years of hard work, so successful that we need not worry any more, behind us—nothing really important to do except to sit hand in hand and dream over the happy past, an old Darby and Joan who have lived their lives—"

He jumped to his feet.

"Christine! Christine!" he cried. "Let us make it true! Let us forget—forget all the bad dream—go on again together just as if what you said were true!"

She looked up at him, a strange and awful fear coming into her eyes, the face that had gained color going ashen once more.

"Oh, Harry!" she said, in a tone of infinite reproach. "You've broken it! You've let go my hand!"

He ignored this infantile remark, went straight to his point in the brutally overriding manner characteristic of him.

"Let us forget it, Christine, forget that you ever went away from me. I'll never remind you of it. We wont argue past responsibilities. We'll start afresh. Christine, I'm a lonely man—I want you. I want you to sit by the fire with me, to talk over, if you like, the might-have-beens that we threw away, I as much as you. I want you, anyway. I can't bear loneliness any more—not now, after you have come back to me!"

She rose to her feet also, shivering, her eyes closing, biting at her lower lip as though in suppressed pain. She shook her head.

"No, Harry—not now. I—I must go away now—I must go back."

She turned and moved, with a curious detachment from him that reminded him somehow of a sleepwalker, towards the door.

He sprang in front of her.

"You shall not go, Christine! You have come back—and you shall not go again!"

She opened anguished eyes at him.

"Harry," she said in a tone of profound melancholy, "you know you cannot keep me like that. Remember the last time you tried to hold me caged behind a closed door!"

He did remember—the day when, disapproving of some intended excursion, he had, in a cold passion, turned the key upon her—the day he had come back to find a broken lock and a curt note. He had learned his lesson. He stood aside from her path, entreating instead of dictating.

"Stay with me, Christine! Stay with me!"

She shook her head.

"I cannot," she said. "I must go back. It was only for one little hour I came. We have had it, Harry, and I must go."

"But you will return? I shall see you again?"

She smiled a wan smile at him.

"Who knows, Harry?"

"Where are you going? Where do you live?"

"Please, Harry!—Let me go."

There was a dignity about her which silenced him. He opened the door for her and they went out into the hall. In a dazed preoccupation, he went up to the outer door and opened it to the night. Then he turned and perceived her coatless condition.

"Good Heavens, Christine, you can't go out like that!—Wait a minute. I'll lend you my fur coat. It's better than nothing."

He darted into the adjoining clothes closet, returned with the garment. The hall was empty; the door still open. She had gone.

He ran out and down the drive after her, crying her name: "Christine! Christine!" There was no response, neither sound nor sign of her.

BITTERLY disappointed, he returned to the house, closed the door behind him. As he went into the clothes closet to replace the unneeded coat he was startled by the telephone bell.

He hastened to the instrument, picked up the receiver.

"Hello!—Yes—Yes—what is it? Who are you?—*the police?*" He repeated the last word in a tone of bewilderment, listened.

"Yes," he replied, "yes—Mrs. Christine Arkwright—yes—that is my wife."

The silence of the empty hall seemed to envelop him as he listened. He interjected an impatient exclamation.

"Yes!—you found a letter and traced me—yes!—Go on!—What is it all about?"

He frowned, contorted his face as though the distant voice was not clearly audible.

"What?—what do you say?—died suddenly?—I don't understand.—Where was this?"

He nodded as though now receiving more intelligible information.

"No—I don't recognize the address at all! What sort of place is it?—Oh, a second-rate boarding house—Well, I think there must be some mistake—what?"

He listened again.

"No," he persisted categorically, "I say I think there must be some mistake. You say that a Mrs. Christine Arkwright died suddenly in a second-rate boarding house—at that address I don't know—and you've traced me—I quite understand all that. But I say I have good reason to think there is a mistake somewhere—it couldn't be—What?"

He smiled with a grim superiority as he listened.

"What?—You say there's no doubt of the identity?—"

His brows puckered suddenly in the frown with which he prepared the annihilation of a stupid and stubbornly insistent witness.

"Now, pay attention, my friend!—When did this event occur?" He asked the question in the tone of one confident of establishing an impossibility by a counter fact. There was a moment of pause—and then his expression changed. "—Tonight?—*At eleven o'clock?*"

The clock in the study struck, discreetly, twelve.





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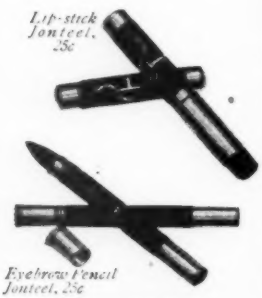
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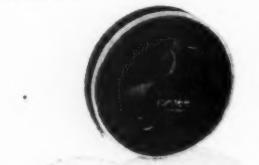


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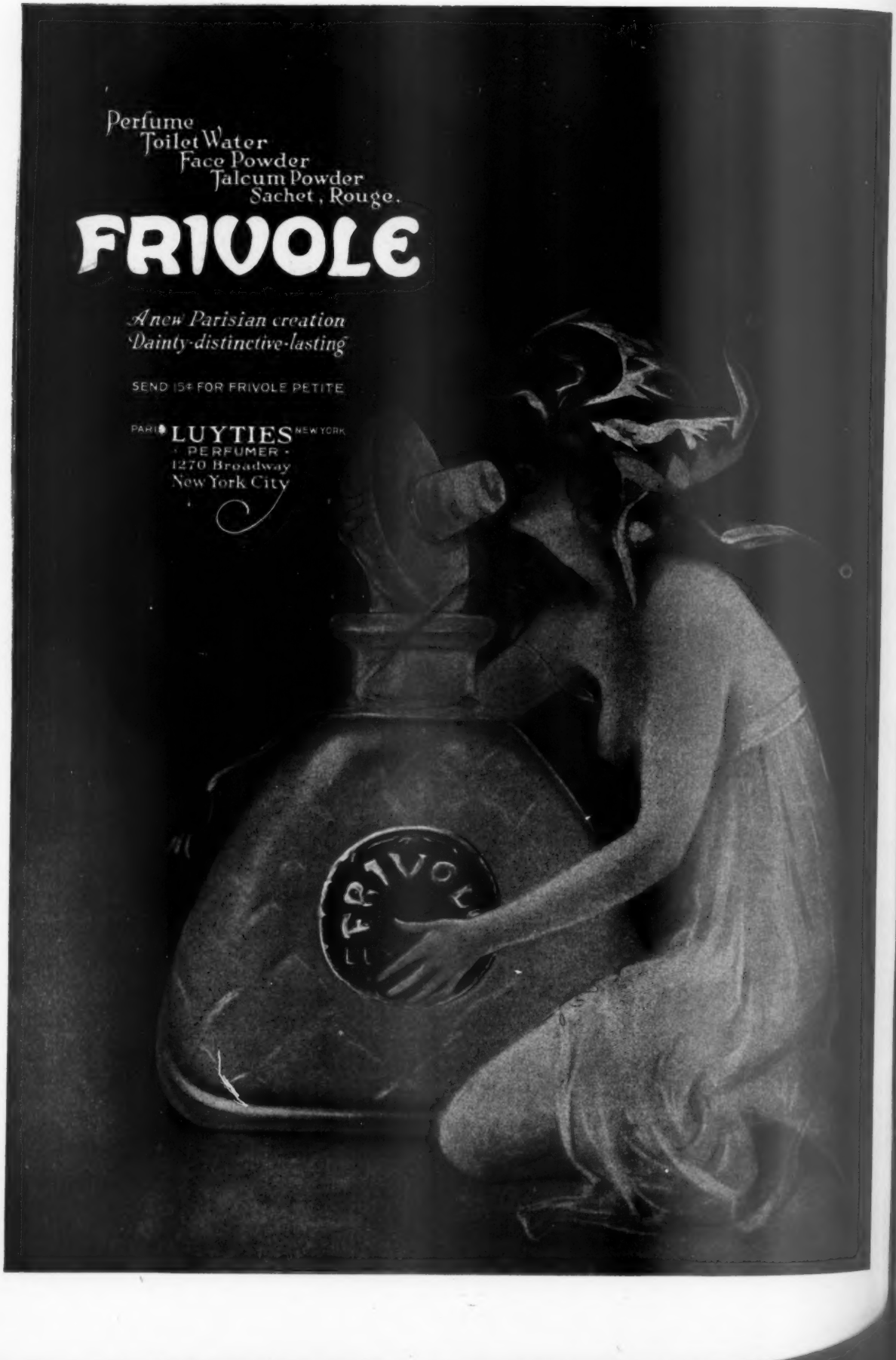
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DOWN TO THE SEA

(Continued from page 77)

her fine dark eyes aglitter with tears. I wondered what the woman was crying about. I took no notice, but piloted her carefully through the scrub near the house, where it was already getting dark. She consented to come in and have a cup of tea before returning. The child was wonderfully good; it rested quietly in her arms and never opened its mouth.

"A ducky, he is!" said the mother, rocking her baby. "A ducky, the image of his own dear dad."

I could not see the likeness, but I said nothing, being busy with the tea. Like old Smith indeed!

Aye, but the room—the ugly room with gray, ribbed iron walls and ceiling, bare tables and bare floor—looked a different place with her in it!

I gave her food, and she rested; she was tired with the walk and the weight of the heavy child. She did not talk much; I judged her not to be a talking woman. Such eyes as hers go seldom with the chattering tongue. I wished they were not so weary.

While she rested, I, making a few casual remarks from time to time, was yet boiling in my mind over Smith and his selfish carelessness. Could he possibly have forgotten what I had said about snakes? Or did he not care, so long as he got what he wanted? Or—or—

"One goes mad in these lonely places," I reminded myself. "You mustn't go mad. That was a crazy idea. A man with a young, pretty wife and baby doesn't—doesn't—"

And at that minute she spoke, and the whole tangled affair became instantly ten times as tangled. Yet her words were simple enough. They were only:

"When my poor husband died—"

"Your what?" I said.

"My husband."

"Why, I thought Mr. Smith was—"

"Oh, no, Mr. Briggs; he's my poor husband's uncle, and a real gentleman, for all he's as poor as he was."

"Was your husband's name Smith?"

"Well, not to tell you a lie, Mr. Briggs, I always thought it wasn't, but he said it was, and we was married under that name. He belonged to an aristocratic family at home, and it was a condescension, his marrying me, being as I was a bookkeeper in the Port Rodney Royal Hotel. 'If I had my rights,' he used to say, 'you'd be my lady. There's only two,' he'd say, 'between me and the title.'" She rocked and soothed the baby.

I CONFESS that at this point I began to lose interest in the story—though not in the girl; now that I knew she was a widow, and no wife, the gray, iron room, that had been cheerful before, was suddenly filled with gold sun. Why, after all—after all! But as to the story, it was old to weariness. All Pacific folk know at least a score of men who are just two from a title, whose wives would be "my lady" if they had their rights. Somehow it's always "just two."

But why had old Smith tried to pass for her husband?

Warmed by tea and sympathy, she began to talk more; yet she did not rattle. "Thank heaven she is not a chatterbox," said my singing heart. "But even if she was—"

"My husband, he was a splendid man, not at all like his uncle—more like—more like—" She broke off, in some embarrassment. I knew she had been going to say: "More like you."

"He was always good to me," she said, the big eyes filling again. "When he went to the war, it fair broke my heart. He didn't go till the last year of the war, and they said cruel things about him, but he died as brave as brave. And this boy, he was born eight months after his daddy left, and he's ten months old now. And I've been a widow a year and seven months."

She laid the little head against her breast. I thought of dark-eyed Madonnas in old Italian churches, that I had seen "in the days when the world was wide."

"Mr. Smith, he's been that good to me," she said. "He met me in Sydney; you know, of course, I was trying to make enough to keep myself and the baby on, and he come along to me, and he says—"

"How did you meet him?"

"Mr. Smith? He was living in Sydney, on his own means, just what his friends sent him; you see, he'd come out because of his chest."

They always did, I remembered. But the boots showed him fairly new to the remittance-man's stony road.

"He hadn't been long?" I hazarded. I do not know why I went on asking questions.

"Oh, no, Mr. Briggs—not long. He's as English as English. And when he found me in the boarding-house, and knew I was his nephew's widow, why, he says at once: 'You come to Papua with me,' said he. 'I know a director of a company.'"

They always did. I had known one myself.

"'And he'll give me a job trading up the coast in a lovely island, and you can come along and be my housekeeper,' he says. 'It's all right,' he said, 'because you're my niece-in-law, and the boy's my grand-nephew, and nobody could say a thing,' says he. So I came; I was glad to come, Mr. Briggs, for I haven't much education, and it's hard for a girl to get a decent job in Sydney, specially if—"

She did not fill the gap, but I could fill it. She seemed to have said her say; she rocked the baby, and looked at the lamp with large, peaceful eyes. No woman, this, to fight her way in the world. I did not wonder that she had been glad of the shelter of Smith's roof and salary, poor though the life might be. She was made to take care of, and be taken care of by a man. I thought I knew who the man ought to be.

"What about that name?" I asked her. Something—I think, now, it was the warm protective feeling that had begun to well up in my heart for her—urged me to go on questioning. "Didn't Smith tell you anything more about your husband's family?"

A SLIGHTLY puzzled look came into her face. There was a pause. The palm-fronds thrashed the iron roof outside; with the going-down of the sun, the tradewind was working up for night.

"I did ask him," she said presently. "But he put me off, like. He said they were great people, dukes and so on, and they'd thrown him out because he was poor, and he didn't want to talk about them. That's what he said. And I said: 'What about my husband's being two from the title?' Like that I said it. And he said: 'Your husband was dreaming, Agnes,' he said. 'He wasn't any nearer the title than me.' And he laughed, but I don't know what was so funny in it. Anyhow, I never asked him again. People that wont have anything to do with any of us wont feed my boy and me. And Mr. Smith, he's good to us; so why worry him, I think."

"You don't know," she went on after a pause, "how hard it is for a girl with a baby. People think such things, you wouldn't believe." She patted the child. Her eyes, roaming round the room, caught sight of the girl with the sparkling hair.

"Is that your young lady?" she asked me.

"Dead," I said.

"I'm sorry."

"You needn't be. She wasn't worth it. She left the sinking ship."

"What was it happened?" said she, with motherly eyes, rocking the sleeping child. I suddenly felt that I could tell her anything. Was she not herself of the Islands—the lands of the lost?

"I speculated," I said, "and lost my money. She—things were expensive. I had to have it. And I tried to save matters before they'd gone too far. And they—the jury—said that what I'd done was fraudulent. It—it was—to save her. She wasn't accustomed to—"

"Did they put you in jail?" she asked.

"I got off. But it was the same thing, almost. I had to get away. And if I went back, there'd be trouble."

She pondered this a moment, rocking the child, unconsciously, as mothers do. Then, raising her clear eyes:

"I reckon she went with the other man?"

"Lord, how did you—"

"I don't know. I suppose women know about each other. And you must have been that afraid of something—"

"She did," I said. Silence fell again.

"I must be going," said Agnes, rising from her chair.

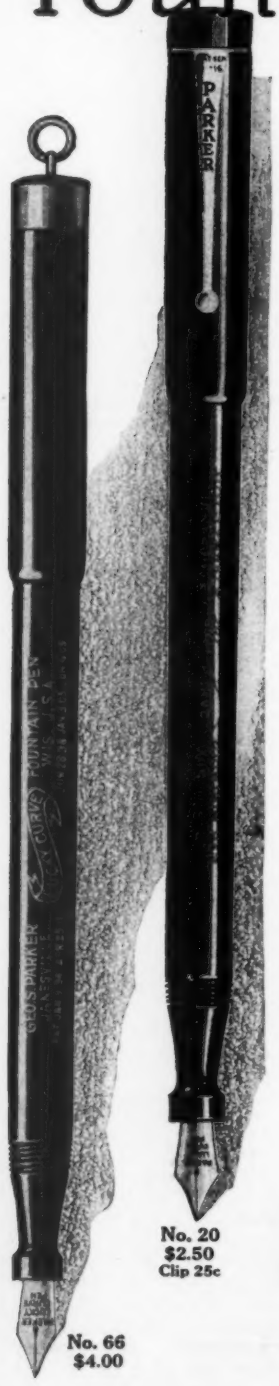
"I'll see you back," I told her. Before her eyes, then, I did a thing that might have been called strange, in lands where conventionalities exist. I took the photograph of the gray-eyed woman out of its frame, and with a knife, cut it into several small pieces. These I took out to the doorway, and cast them into the grasp of the howling southeaster. And instantly it was as if they had not been.

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Agnes looked at me, and said nothing at all.

I saw her home. Old Smith greeted her and myself effusively, though I thought him ill pleased to see us together. He asked me to come in for a drink, which I declined.

"Always wandering about, she is," he said confidentially when the girl had gone in. "Don't call it safe, altogether. I've warned her about it." He blinked at me in the light of the hurricane-lantern. And before God, there came into my mind that moment the thought that he was preparing evidence, beforehand.

Why?

IT took me some time to get back to the store—for, you see, after dark one had to take a round, not to cross the black-sand bay. Now that I think of it, it had taken me some time to get to Smith's for just the same reason. But the way had seemed very short.

Not long after—I am not sure how long; one does not keep close account of days and weeks on Bootless Island—a ketch called in with letters. The mail was in Port Moresby,—the three-weekly steamer that keeps New Guinea in touch with the outer world,—but I had not expected anything from it. I got something, though—a summons to town. It seemed that there had been defalcations in the head office, and that some of the moneys I had sent in from time to time were involved. Nobody suggested that I had been defaulting myself, but I was wanted, in order to assist in sheeting home the crime to the right man.

A boy dressed in one parrot-feather plume and two shell bracelets, brought the note to my store. I remember that I sat silent, nibbling my nails and staring out to sea for quite a while. You know what it is when you cannot—and must. I could not go away just then. Yet I had to.

You will note that I had never told myself there was any special reason for staying just then except the ordinary, obvious one of the soft-eyed woman at the store. In fact, I would have sworn there was not. And yet I was exceedingly loath to go. Something seemed to hold me back.

The ketch was not returning till next day. I strolled over, during the morning, to Smith's store. I had it in my mind to say good-by to Agnes and to him—good-by in any case, whether I went or whether—

The thought trailed off unfinished. I stopped in the middle of the sand—it was black-hot under my shoes; and the tide, creeping slowly, tongue by tongue, seemed to faint and blister in the heat. There was a curious, sickly scent on the air, sweet to disgustingness.

"Alligators!" I said, and the odd dream broke at once. I knew who and where I was, and wondered what I had been making a fuss about.

"Of course it was the smell of the things," I thought. And it was that before—a sort of obscure association with fear and disaster, easily understood.

I remembered that the indescribable, unforgettable alligator scent even affects with a sense of uneasiness people who have no idea what it represents, much as



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the slow movements and vivid colorings of certain dangerous insects give even the ignorant pause, as the dark triangular head of the bull, lying peaceably amid his harem, stands out with warning to the untaught city-dweller's eye.

"Quite easily accounted for," I told myself again. And with that,—for I had been walking and thinking,—I came up to the store.

Smith, who was not Smith, and Agnes, were both there. The baby was crawling on the veranda floor, watched by its mother's careful eye. It was a splendid little creature, with legs like tiny pillars, with a nape to its neck that promised seventy years.

SMITH said he was very sorry I had to go away, even for a week. A neighbor was a neighbor, in such a place as Bootless. So he said, and swallowed two or three times in his throat. "I'd rather you hadn't had to go." And he swallowed again. He looked at me very straight as he spoke. Candor and truth were spread on his face as butter is spread upon bread.

Agnes glanced once or twice at me, and said little. I don't know what she thought.

I wanted to get a word in private with her before I went, but it seemed impossible; old Smith stuck to me like a tick. I was determined, nevertheless, that the word I would have; so, as we were going down the walk to the gateway, he and I, I clapped my hand to my pocket, let out an exclamation, and ran hard back to the veranda.

My purse was lying under my chair; I saw it at once—which was the less odd, in that I had put it there ten minutes earlier. I picked it up. Smith was close behind me. I had just time to say.

"At the guavas, any time tomorrow morning—important," when he was up the steps again. I explained and went.

The guavas were in sight from my house. I kept ceaseless watch from the store window next morning until I saw the flutter of a dark, thin dress, with the light of the child's white frock showing against it, as a baby pigeon shows against the dusk of its warm nest.

I went out to meet her, for in these lands of iron houses and wide, treacherous verandas, that which should not be overheard is best spoken out of doors. I gave her a shaded seat beneath the dome of a huge ten-year-old mango tree. There was something in her eyes that was a little troubled, and she glanced uneasily backward.

"I couldn't get away easy," she said. "What was it you wanted, Mr. Briggs? He might be coming after me any time, to see where I've got to."

"Why should he?" I asked her, standing at her side. The baby stood upright on her knee, and stamped with its feet. It was a glorious little creature.

"He's that careful of me and Baby. He's real kind. Indeed he is," she reiterated, as if she wanted to assure herself of the truth of her own words.

"How is he kind?" I asked her, slowly lighting a cigarette. She looked up at me as I stood beside her, one foot on the bench. She had the trusting eyes of a woman who does what her man tells her to do. And there was a look in them—

("If I asked her—" ran the underground current of thought that accompanies so much of our speech, *"If I asked her—"*)

Aloud, I said: "What does he do?"

"He wont let us go out in the sun. He says it's bad for the baby. Evenings he says we can have our walk. He wont like my coming out this way before lunch-time. He shows us nice places for baby, evenings."

Now, the tracks around the store, except for the beach-track, led through forest. There were half a dozen walks where no sun could have touched the woman and her child. And if it had—why, we are not much afraid of sunstroke in New Guinea. There is little of it.

I smoked a little before I spoke again. I wanted time to think. She went on unasked.

"He's that kind. He wants Baby to hurry up and learn to walk. He likes to see him walk, he does. He looks at him often and often, and says, 'Take care of him' says he. 'Take you good care of him; I love him like my own,' says he. The store boys hears him say it."

A mile away the ketch blew a melancholy call on her conch-shell trumpet. I knew the captain was calling for me. Time was running out. I had to say something. What was it? I did not know. I was afraid of something. What was it I feared? I could not tell myself.

The conch-shell sounded again. I pulled myself erect. It was certain I must go now.

"Look here," was all I found to say. "I want you to be careful while I'm away—very careful."

"What of?" she asked me, puzzled. She had risen to her feet, and stood beside me, the splendid baby jumping in her arms.

"Oh, God!" I said, putting both hands to my head. "How is one to— There's nothing I— Be careful of him and yourself. Don't trust anyone too much."

"Why, that's just what Mr. Smith says," she answered me. "He says: 'Don't you go trusting everyone that comes along.' And I donno what either of you means."

"Good-by," was all I had to say. I seized her hand, and shook it hard. "I'll be back soon." And then came, in spite of myself, the silly, worn-out phrase that carries no meaning at all: "Take care of yourself." And so, swinging my bag over my shoulder, I ran hard for the jetty.

I had to pass, on the way, the end of the track that led to Smith's house and store. There was a strong southeaster on that morning, as on most others, and it was blowing right down the track. Before its force dead palm-tree fronds were flying; blossoms of frangipani, scented, creamy gold, went down the sky like daylight shooting-stars. Something that was not leaf or flower came flying too—a piece of paper. I stopped it, thoughtlessly

Studebaker

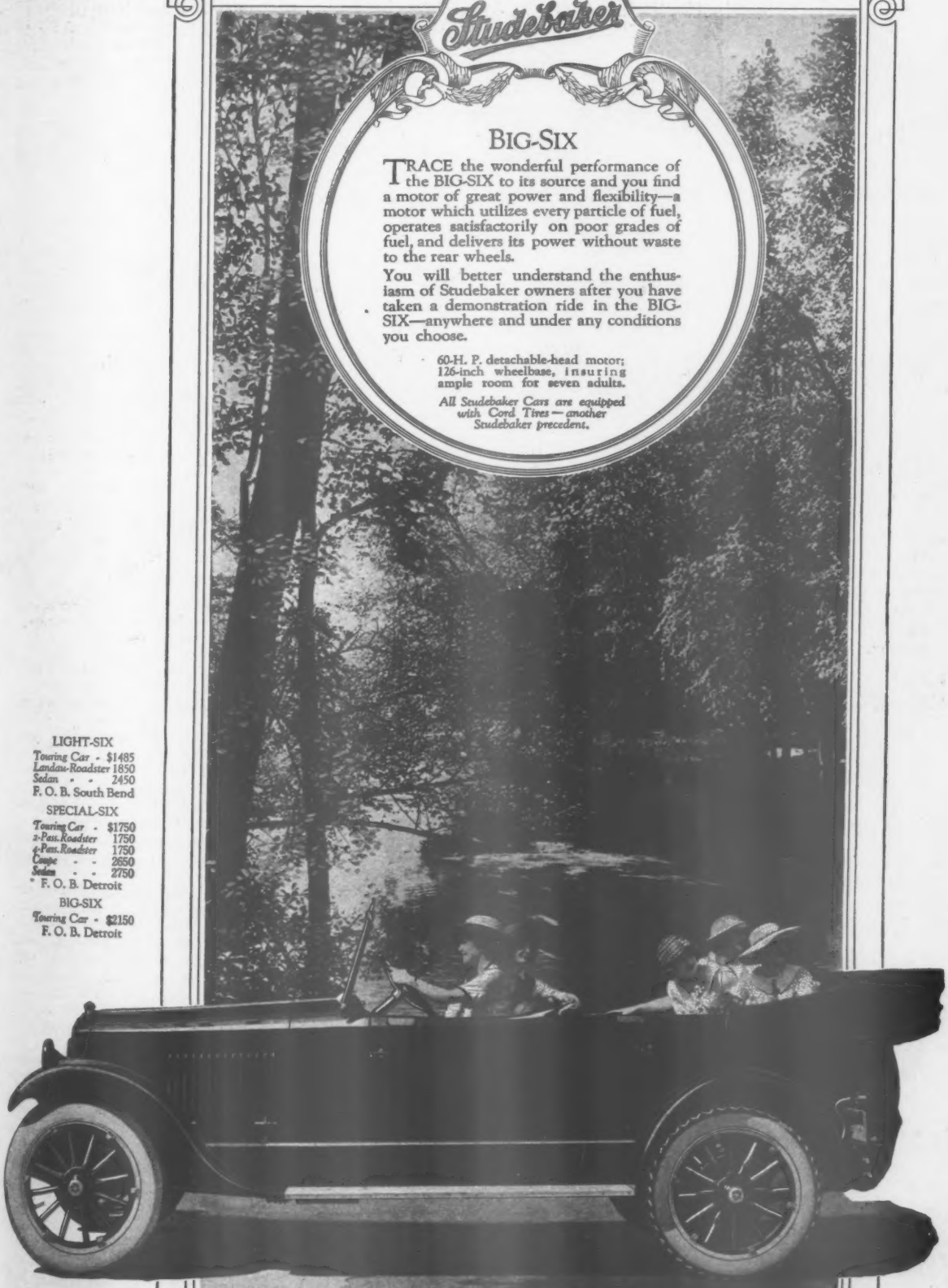
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enough, with my boot, and picked it up. It was an envelope, half burned. The name and address were strange.

I don't know what prompted me to pocket the thing, but I did pocket it, and then ran harder than ever for the ketch. They were getting up anchor; I was just in time.

ALL the way to Port Moresby—we took a day and a half, beating against the southeaster—I was deadly sick. When I arrived, there was enough to do about the missing money to keep me from thinking about anything else for a time. It was not till two days after my arrival—I sitting at the time on the upper veranda of Tim Ryan's hotel, waiting for dinner—that I bethought me of looking at the paper. I pulled it out of my pocket.

Some one had tried to burn the envelope, and only missed burning it because the southeaster had played the ugly trick it plays so many of us in Papua. From April till November, in the "dry-belt" country, any paper that is not nailed down takes wings. And you can't put weights on a thing when you are burning it.

It was a gray foreign envelope, with a Sydney postmark on it, also a London one. It had been delivered and sent on, with its contents, under cover—not redirected, apparently. It was empty, of course. The address was:

The Hon. A. G. R. De Vivers,
Care Bank of New Victoria,
Sydney.

De Vivers! De Vivers? Did I know the name? I thought not; and yet—

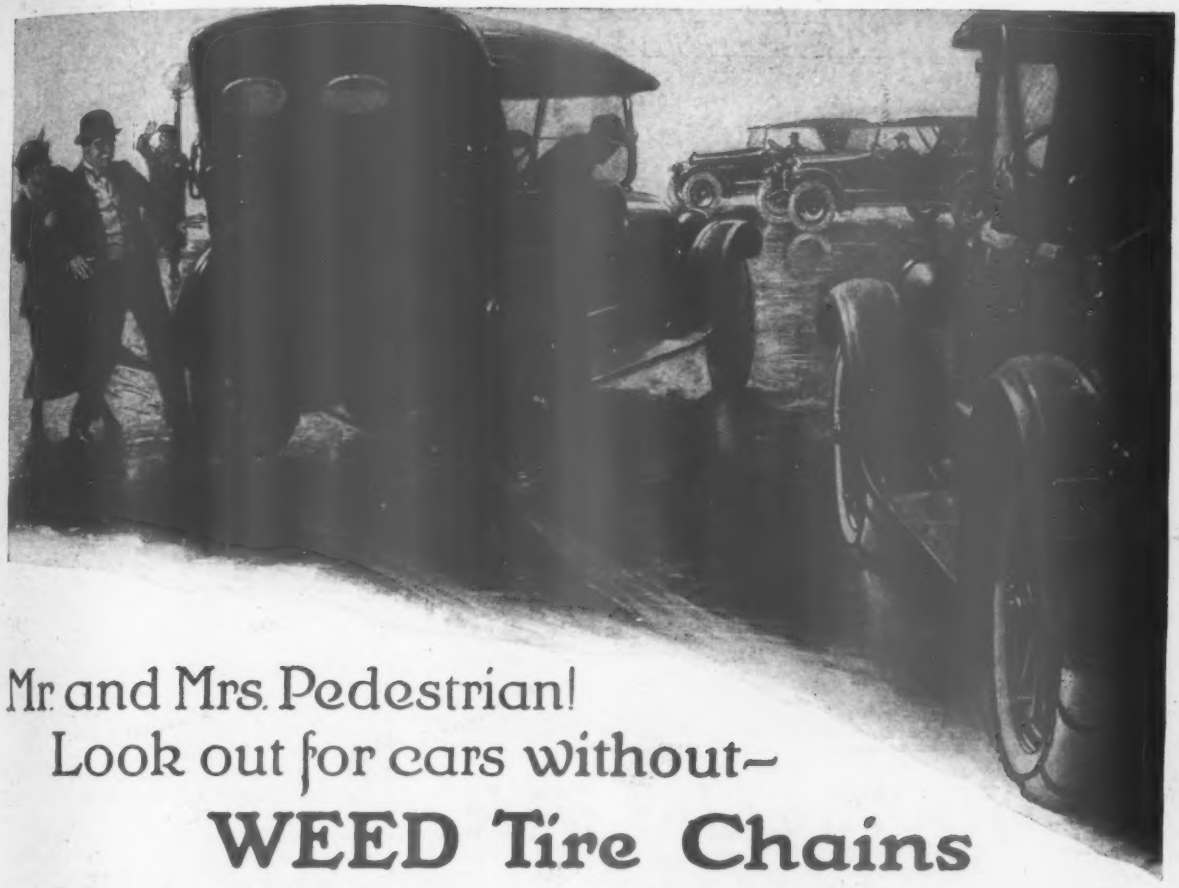
I stretched my legs out in front of me, and thought. De Vivers. . . . . Matty turf underfoot, low-shouldering hummocks beneath a dark north sky. Bite of wind in the face. Women's heather-tweed dresses slatting like sails. Feet wooden, without feeling, in their nailed brown boots. The cold, fresh smell of the sea. Silence, ring of huddled shoulders, watching. . . . . *Spat*—the ball has flown.

Everyone begins talking, beating cold arms, stamping cold feet. After the players, hurry! "That was Lord Warneminster, the tall man in the red coat. Good drive! Take care—let the little chap past; he's after his father. That's Lord Harries—the heir, you know, and earl some day. Lucky kid! There's another De Vivers, the woman with the red hair. They're all out to see the head of the house distinguish himself. Capital links, what? Yes, a foursome tomorrow, if you can get— Oh, going to drive again; sh! Yes, they can all put up a good game, if they can do nothing else. Warneminster is about the only one of the crowd who is any use. Bad lot, on the whole, the De Vivers!"

The cinema-picture that memory had clicked out swept by. The lights went up again in the theater of my mind, and I came back, and it was not the far-north town of St. Andrews, and the year nineteen nine, but far, far, New Guinea, and Ryan's veranda, with the tradewind blowing through.

I jumped to my feet.

"My God!" was all I said. From be-



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ginning to end I understood—I understood now!

"Smith," who belonged to great people, who hadn't long come out, who wasn't quite the pauper he would have had us believe, judging by his boots, who had lost a nephew "two from a title," who was very, very kind to that nephew's widow and little son, and had brought them up with him into an obscure corner of an almost unknown land—Smith, for a ducat, was the Hon. A. G. R. De Vivers!

There is a man in Port Moresby, one only, owner of a "Who's Who." I didn't wait for dinner before going out to borrow it. As I turned the pages, my fingers were unsteady, and I had to stop and swallow in my throat. If it were as I thought—

It was. "Warnemouth, eighth earl of . . . . . Eldest son of seventh earl. . . . . Heir, son, Viscount Harries, born 1903."

And under "De Vivers:" "Hon. Arthur Grant Riddell, third son of seventh earl of Warnemouth. . . . . Cecil Lister De Vivers, eldest son of late Hon. George Christian De Vivers, second son of seventh Earl of Warnemouth. No address, no comments. "Who's Who," by its discreet silence, expressed a pursed-mouth disapproval of Cecil Lister De Vivers, now dead on the banks of Somme.

And the baby's name was Cecil!

"Look here, man," I said to the owner of the book, "do you know anything about Lord Warnemouth?"

"There's a picture of him in the *Tatler*," he said, handing me the magazine. I went back with it. They were dining now in the hotel. I found a quiet seat under the electric light upstairs and looked for Lord Warnemouth.

I found him, under the heading: "Notabilities at Davos Platz." He was spending the winter there, for treatment of advanced tuberculosis. He had acquired it in the recent influenza epidemic, which had carried off,—I held the paper close to my eyes under the swinging light,—which had carried off his only son and heir, Lister Grant Shuttleworth, Viscount Harries.

"The old chap's pegged out too," said the man who owned "Who's Who." He handed me a recent *Herald*, and I read, under a black, widely leaded heading: "Death of Lord Warnemouth at Davos."

After that I do not believe I thought—consciously—at all. I remembered that M'Cracken's launch was to leave at seven o'clock that night for the west. It was already seven, but in New Guinea no one is punctual. I ran hard to Burns Philp's jetty. The launch was there.

By half-past seven I was lying sick, and in no need of the dinner I had left behind, far out among the rolling breakers of the sea beyond the reef, heading for Bootless Island.

IT was near sunset on the second day when we got in. The sea had gone down when we got inside the reef; I was over my sickness, and felt strong and fit enough; yet the launch captain and engineer had scope for their usual rough sea jokes about loss of appetite when supper came on the table. I could scarcely eat.

Each mile that brought us nearer to Bootless Island, lying long and purple, like a stranded whale, off the high Papuan

coast, increased my deadly fear. If not sick with the Pacific rollers now, I was sick with fright. De Vivers, called Smith, De Vivers had come out to Sydney to look up his dead nephew's widow and son, just about the time Lord Warnemouth was traveling to Davos Platz on a hopeless quest for health—De Vivers, who, in the absence of the seventh earl's two sons, was, as eldest uncle of Lord Warnemouth, the heir to the title himself—De Vivers, a scoundrel if ever I had seen one, left alone at the end of the habitable world, with Agnes and Agnes' boy, left in a place that he could have sought with no motive but the one.

I could have jumped out behind the launch to shove her ahead with my hands!

When we anchored off the jetty, in a sinister sunset glow, I know no place can look more wicked than Bootless Island, of thunderous, lonesome evenings, unless it is Yela, at the end of New Guinea's trailing island tail,—I lowered the dinghy with my own hands, jumped into her and pulled her to the steps without taking any heed of the captain's calls and oaths. I dare say he had cargo to put in the boat. I did not care if he had had his immortal soul to put in it. I was bent on landing.

For now, with the sight of the sunset, and the remembrance of what happened sometimes at sunset on these black beaches and among these mangrove swamps—with the thought in my mind of the young native girl I had seen lying on the platform of the village house, torn half in two, with a hundred other thoughts that I scarce dared give a name to bubbling and boiling in my mind like black mud boiling in the springs of Ferguson Island, I knew—you may say I could not know, but I did—that it was a matter of minutes, no more.

I am a strong man, and was a good runner once. I don't think anyone on Bootless had ever run as I ran down the jetty, along the track, past the Company store—silent and empty, as I had known it would be. I took the track, without an instant's hesitation, to the beach.

THE sunset was not yet dead in the west; low bars of black lay like gratings against the sullen fire that sank and sank, even as I looked at it, like hope dying out in a wearied, imprisoned heart. Outlined like figures cut flatly in dark paper, I saw a woman, a white woman by her dress, and a little child. The woman was moving slowly, holding the child by its hand. The child, tottering and stumbling, seemed to be learning to walk. They had chosen an hour that was fresh and cool for their walk, even as Smith—De Vivers—had advised them to do. They were walking, as he had wished, on a smooth, level piece of ground. And it was the hour of sunset, and the ground was the low-tide surface of the black-sand beach.

How many evenings they, innocent Agnes and the innocent little Cecil, had walked there, unknowingly throwing dice with death, I do not know. But I am very sure that on just so many evenings De Vivers had done as he was doing when I saw him. For I did see him, though he thought he was concealed. He was wearing a khaki-colored shirt and trousers,

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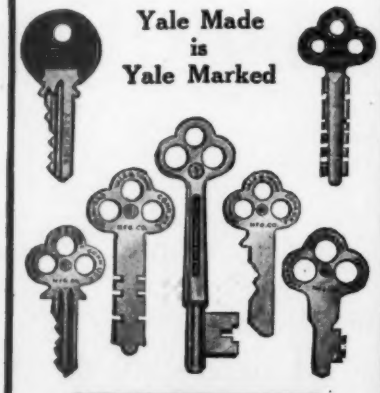
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scarcely visible in the bush, but he had forgotten about his boots, and his boots, those white boots, betrayed him to me, skulking in the mangrove forest that circled round the bay.

He had the keenness of a weasel. He saw me as soon as I saw him, and in an instant the white boots were flickering through the undergrowth, retreating swiftly. There was a narrow creek in the way; I wondered if he knew that it held four feet of mud beneath its slimy trickle of water. . . . . He was making hard for it, to get away (as he must have thought) unobserved.

"You'll do for your damned boots, my man," was the odd thought that ran through my mind even as, drawing a long breath, I took hold of myself and ran, faster than ever, down the slope to the sea. I hadn't breath to call. I croaked something as I went: "Agnes—back—come back!" I don't know if she heard me; probably she did not, but she must have heard my padding feet. She turned, stared up the roadway, lifted the toddling child in her arms and stood holding him and peering through the twilight.

And at that moment I saw, close in to shore, the faintest possible streak on the orange reflection of the sunset. And I smelt—it may have been fancy, but I think not—a thick, sweet, deathly smell.

"Run!" I croaked out with the last of my breath. "The baby—run, Agnes, run!"

SHE was not a clever woman, nor quick-witted, God help her! But all women are quick-witted where one thing is concerned. At that call of mine she got off the mark like a sprinter, the baby in her arms.

"What—what—Mr. Briggs?" she stammered, catching at me with her right hand. I didn't need to answer her. I had time—thanks to that call of mine—to drag her and the child aside before a black torpedo fired itself up the slope of sand with a sound like "*Whoof*," spent itself in the rush, turned, backed, and was into the water again with a speed that no great beast in the world save one can command on such short notice.

"My word!" was all that Agnes found to say. She seemed to feel that it was not enough for the occasion, for she kept repeating the expletive over and over as I led her up to the track and safety. "My word!" she said. "My word! Oh, Mr. Briggs, my word, that was a near one, wasn't it?"

"I—" I was beginning, when I was interrupted. Smith, over at the creek where he had fled, was howling like a dog.

"So you got into it, did you—devil mend you," I remarked, turning my head to peer through the dusk. "You may howl there for a bit, for all that I'll—"

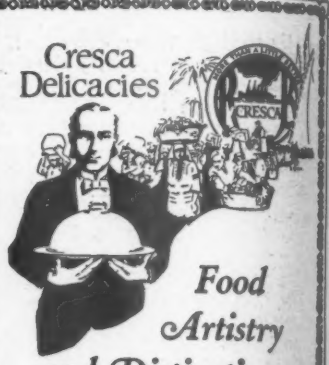
"What's the matter?" asked Agnes. The baby began to cry.

"He's got into the—" I began. I stopped. The howling had risen to a yell, intermingled with cries and prayers and oaths.

"Oh, Mr. Briggs, that's fair awful," said Agnes, anxiously. "Wont you go back and help him? What's the matter?"

"He thinks he's drowning," I answered with a laugh. "Don't you worry; the beast is quite safe. I've bottomed the

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place, and there's hard clay under three or four feet of mud. But I'll allow it gives you a scare at first. Let him get it. Damn him!" I said. "Do you know what he's been trying to do to you and your child, and why?"

"No," answered Agnes, turning a pale blur of face to me in the dusk.

"Come back to the house, and I'll tell you," I said. "Don't worry over—over Smith." He had stopped yelling now; the cries and oaths had suddenly cut themselves off. I figured his lean legs with their hateful P. and O. boots were striking bottom just at the minute when he had given over all for lost. "Serve you right!" I said to myself as I gave the woman an arm up the hill. "I wish it was a hundred times worse."

ON the veranda of the ruined store, beneath the pale, jumping light of the hurricane-lamp, we sat down, she and I; and she, holding the child, waited till I should speak.

I did not speak at once. Coming up that long hill, a thought had struck me. It was a new thought, and it turned me sick to think it. I was still under its influence when we climbed the rickety flight of steps, still weighted by it when we sat down. I could not for the moment say anything.

"Wait," I told her, and went hurriedly into the sitting-room, where I found Smith's whisky and swallowed a drink of it.

I came back, wiping my mouth. I had found courage—almost. She must be told everything, however sick it made me to do it. Mustn't she? Mustn't she know, even if it took her away, her and the boy together?

She loved me, or I thought so; but she worshiped little Cecil. He must go; he was at that very moment Earl of Warnemouth. I looked at the dancing bare feet of the tiny earl. Would she leave her child? Would she give up the guiding of those tiny feet through boyhood, youth, to others, to one or another of a family that numbered more scamps than honest men?

And yet who was she, to bring up a child of such heritage. She was not a lady. The life would be hell to her. They would make it so. Why, she would be happier, a hundred times, if—

I had found my courage; it may have been Smith's whisky, or it may have been that last thought. I told her everything.

She cried a little, and kissed the child, and said a heart of stone shouldn't 'a' been able to plan against that little angel, and she hoped the Lord would forgive Mr. Smith when he came to die. She did not seem greatly astonished at the news of the glories that had fallen on the child—and her. I gathered that she had thought more of her dead, wasted husband's boastings than anyone supposed.

"You'll take him home," I said, holding her hand there in the windy dusk, beneath the poor pale lamp that spoke of exile and of poverty.

"Yes. When's the next steamer?" was her reply. "I don't feel as if I could relish my meals, like, or Cess' either, in the house with Mr. Smith again."

Smith had not yet come back, though every moment I expected to see him

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I am sending you another lot of socks today. I am getting along fine with my machine, and thank you for the promptness with which you have accepted and paid for my hosiery.

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climbing the veranda steps, dripping mud and brimming with lies.

I told her about the steamers. I told her what to do, and how to do it. I offered her money—the little I had. We planned it all out, sitting there, close together, on the veranda, waiting for Smith. She let me keep my arm round her waist. She did not draw away when I kissed her, but kissed me back with a strange force and fire that I had not thought was in her. And I was sure—quite sure.

I went on with the plans.

"You'd better stay a year or so," I told her. "Settle the little chap, you know. And afterward—"

"After—what?" she asked me. The little earl had slipped from her arms, and was lying asleep on the boards of the veranda floor, his floss-silk head pillowed on her shoe.

I stared at her.

"After you've done, you'll—"

"Done?"

"Yes. You're coming back to me, aren't—"

"Why, Mr. Briggs! I sha'n't never be done. I'll have to stay with Cess."

"Don't you—"

"I do. Yes, Mr. Briggs, I do, on my Bible oath, more than ever I did my—" She was wiping her eyes frankly—how large they looked, full of tears! "But how can I? Don't you see? There's things you must, and mustn't."

There ought to have been heroics, fine speeches, I know. But— Were there, that day, with you? Or did you find you were too much afraid, you are a strong man, of crying?

Well, it was so with me. I suspect it usually is. The fine speeches wouldn't salve the hurt, anyhow. And the hurt is all you know. I got up to my feet. I wanted to get away.

"Look for—Smith—" I think was what I said. And then it was just like the stories; for as heroes do, only I was not a hero, simply a miserable man,—I "strode out into the night," home.

ABOUT ten o'clock I bethought me that she should not be left alone with Smith, and cursing my carelessness, I went back to the ruinous store.

Smith had not returned. I thought he was afraid of me. There is no Mrs. Grundy on Bootless Island; so I stopped at the store all night. From my bed on the veranda I could hear, now and then, the restless breathing of Agnes, who seemed to sleep but ill, and once in a way, a low, sleepy satisfied murmur from the tiny earl.

I was out at dawn to look for Smith. Now that Agnes and her affairs were, as one might call it, settled, my thoughts returned heavily enough to other things, and I felt not quite easy about Smith.

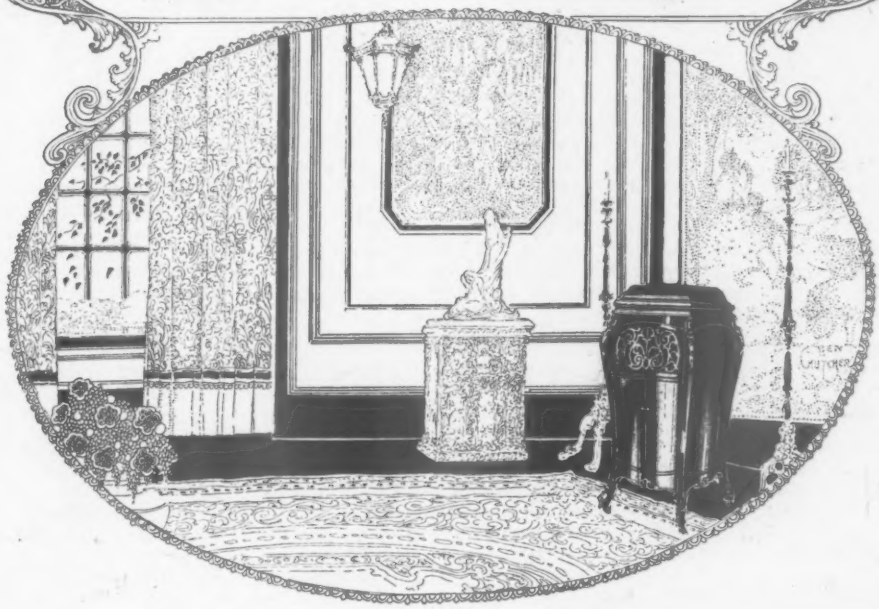
It was red dawn in the creek; the water and mud ran sluggishly down to the sea, painted the color of blood. Birds were awake and calling; some New Guinea crows, mocking, with wicked eyes, were making Mephistophelean-laughter on a mangrove tree. They seemed extremely pleased over something or other.

Smith's tracks were plainly to be seen, leading, as I had supposed, right into the treacherous but not dangerous little swamp. I could not see them on the

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other side. It looked—impossible though it might seem—as if he had not got out again.

I stood and stared at the creek in the rising light. There was quite a chorus of birds now, but the crows outdid them all, screaming with laughter it seemed.

"*Ha, ha, ha ha-ha-haaaa!*" came from the mangrove bough.

Standing and staring, in the dawn-light, it came upon me that something had happened.

"*Corvidæ*," I said to myself. "Crow family. All carrion eaters, aren't they?"

The crows with the blue, cruel eyes *ha-ha-ed* again. I wanted to throw a stone at them, for somehow they made me feel queer, but you can't find stones in a mangrove swamp. I bent down to look for a decent bit of stick. It was still duskish there among the roots, though on the tree tops, broad day now was blazing. I felt about, not seeing very well, until I found what I wanted—a piece of loose root half hidden in slime. I picked it up, shut my hand about it, and threw. I missed the crow. Something made me look at my hand. It was red. When I dropped on my knees in the mud and began staring about me, my heart sickening me with its thuds, I saw that there were stains, red stains, on the ground, in the roots of the trees.

If I had stopped to think, I could not have done it. I did not stop. I tore at the mud with my hands, and when I felt something, I drew it out, as far as it would come. It was a leg in khaki trousers, and on the foot was a P. and O. boot, once white. And the leg, and the body it hung to, were torn almost in two, as the body of the girl in the village had been, the night the death-song sounded underneath the palms.

"They go into creeks," I said to myself. "They hide in mud. If you were running away, not looking about you—"

The light had slipped down now, into the heart of the swamp. I covered what I saw.

I walked back to the store, having washed my hands. I was not greatly shocked—not shocked as you would be. I had seen so much.

When I told her, she was silent for a minute, and then she said:

"God struck him, Mr. Briggs. To plan against my little baby child! There's judgments, though people don't believe in them. . . . . And yet," she said, "him crying out, and we not thinking—oh, Mr. Briggs, it was crool." She cried a little herself at the thought, and Cecil the earl cried too, and she hushed him, and recovered herself.

I saw her away by the steamer—the big steamer, near two hundred tons—that calls once in six weeks on the leeward, far side of Bootless Island. When she was gone, I walked home again, by the kapok avenue, where the wind was blowing, and the air was full of sparkles, like golden Dantzic water.

It is a long way down to the sea—the great sea.

THE DOMVILLE CASE

(Continued from page 31)

"You and your spare money!" she exclaimed. "Do you think your spare money, as you call it, will bring back Joe—the husband I lost while you stayed flirting with this hussy here?"

Miss Clare frowned, and her fingers twitched nervously.

"No shadow of blame can be attached to Miss Clare in this matter," the Colonel intervened coldly.

"Or to anyone, I suppose?" the woman scoffed. "Look here," she went on, facing Domville, "I don't want your money—I'd rather work my fingers to the bone than touch a penny of it—but I want to punish you, and if you're a poor man, so much the better. Ten thousand pounds I want from you by midday tomorrow, and if I don't have it, my story goes to the newspapers for the world to read."

There was a silence. Domville turned to his companion.

"How are you fixed?" Cray asked him.

"That five thousand pounds is my limit," Domville replied bitterly. "If I have to find the rest, it will break up the business I've started and beggar me."

"And why shouldn't you be beggared?" the woman demanded, her hands working nervously and her eyes filled with hate. "That's what I want. That's why I say I'll have ten thousand pounds tomorrow if it means your last sixpence."

There was an uneasy silence. Mr. Cray gathered up the threads of the situation.

"It doesn't seem as if there's any more to be said," he declared. "If you'll bring the lady along to my rooms at the Milan tomorrow at twelve o'clock, Colonel, I'll go into this young man's affairs in the meantime and give him advice."

The Colonel glanced at his engagement book.

"I will come," he promised, "but it is the last minute I can promise to give to this unfortunate affair. It must be concluded then, one way or the other."

He touched the bell. His soldier servant opened the door. Cray and his companion hurried off. The latter groaned as they reached the street.

"Very kind of you to come along, Mr. Cray," he said, "but you can see for yourself how hopeless the whole affair is. Not only have I got to go about all my life with the memory of that poor boy's death on my conscience, but if I find that ten thousand pounds, I shall be beggared. There's only one way out that I can think of."

Mr. Cray was leaning back in his corner of the taxicab which they had just picked up, his chin resting upon his folded arms. The young man watched him furtively. It was not until they neared the Milan, however, that Mr. Cray spoke.

"There may be another way," he ventured. "I promise nothing, but be at my rooms at twelve o'clock tomorrow to meet those people, and in the meantime don't make a fool of yourself. You'd better bring me a statement of just how much you've got, five minutes before that time."

MR. CRAY retired in good time, thoroughly enjoyed his first night in his luxurious bedchamber, was up betimes, and spent a busy morning. At five minutes to twelve, Domville, looking ghastly ill, presented himself and handed over a folded slip of paper.

"I've put down everything I'm worth," he said. "If I have to find a penny more than that six thousand pounds, I'm done. I've come to the conclusion," he went on, "that the fairest way will be to divide all I've got between that woman and my wife, and—disappear."

"Sit down," Mr. Cray replied. "I'll make the bargain for you."

There was a ring at the bell, a moment or two later, and Mrs. Saunderson was ushered in. A single glance into her face robbed Domville of any hope he might have had. She was still lachrymose, but her face was set in hard, almost vicious lines. Colonel Haughton arrived a few minutes later. He received Mr. Cray's welcome frigidly.

"I desire," he said, refusing a chair, "as speedy a conclusion to this affair as possible."

"Miss Clare not coming?" Mr. Cray inquired, with unabated geniality.

"There is no necessity for her presence that I am aware of," the Colonel replied. "The only question that remains to be decided is whether Mr. Domville, here, is prepared to satisfy Mrs. Saunderson's claims."

Mr. Cray was suddenly a different man. The smile had left his good-natured face. His tone was as cold as the Colonel's.

"Colonel Haughton," he said, "you want a show-down. All right, here it is: The whole thing is a frame-up. Joe Saunderson was never shot, and you know it. Neither was he ever married."

"What the devil—" the Colonel began.

"Cut it!" Mr. Cray interrupted. "Miss Clare, as you call her, is married to one of the best-known crooks in the United States, although you, Colonel, seem to have ruined yourself trying to support her for the last few years. This woman who calls herself Mrs. Saunderson, was once her dresser, and is a very fair actress still. Joe Saunderson was in charge of the coffee urn in one of our Y. M. C. A. huts for over six months, and I heard the story of his detention and release with a clean bill, a dozen times. Now what are you going to do about it, Domville? It's up to you."

Domville suddenly reeled and would have fallen but Cray caught him and laid him upon the couch. He forced some brandy between his teeth. In a minute the young man opened his eyes; the color came back to his cheeks. He looked around him. Save for their two selves the room was empty.

"Mr. Cray! Was all that true?"

"Bible truth," Mr. Cray declared.

"But Colonel Haughton? He's a well-known man—a D. S. O.—head of his department."

"I guessed he was the real thing," Mr. Cray acknowledged. "They do fool us sometimes, you know—these men whom no one would suspect."

Domville was on his feet now, going through all the phases of a rapid recovery to sanity.

"And you actually knew this Joseph Saunderson?" he exclaimed wonderingly.

"One of my washers," Mr. Cray explained with unabated cheerfulness, "who was promoted to the coffee urn two months ago. I've heard the story of his arrest half a dozen times. What about going and looking for your wife, eh? I gave the ladies a hint that there might be something doing in the way of a little luncheon."

Mr. Cray led the way to where Sara and Mrs. Domville were seated.

"You go and take your wife off somewhere, Mr. Domville," he said, "and don't let us see you again for an hour or so. If you wish it, we'll all dine together."

"At eight o'clock, here," Domville declared enthusiastically. "I'm host, and I promise you Jules shall do his best. I'll try and say the things I ought to say to you, then, Mr. Cray. I'm going to take Lydia right off home now."

Mr. Cray nodded sympathetically, and drew Sara away.

"It's a long story, my dear," he told her, "but things are fixed up all right for young Domville. He hasn't a worry left in the world. You shall have the whole yarn over luncheon."

Sara grasped her father's hand affectionately.

"Dad," she exclaimed enthusiastically, "you're a marvel!"

That night, Colonel Haughton, D. S. O., shot himself in his study, owing, it was stated, to financial troubles and general depression, and Miss Clare accepted a suddenly proffered engagement in America. Gerald Domville's dinner-party, however, was not postponed.

The second story in this delightful series by Mr. Oppenheim will appear in the forthcoming December issue.

PUSS OR BEAR CAT

(Continued from page 41)

of things that not even these poor lights could hide! They tax your landlords, my friends, and your landlords tax you enough through rents to pay for keeping that street clean. That's why you had so much 'flu' down here, why so many babies and people of all ages died—this thoroughfare was turned into a breeding place for disease germs. You could have clean streets, of course, if Simon Macaw cared, but he doesn't."

The faces in the gathering crowd were startled at this bold naming of Simon Macaw. But the woman candidate went on:

"And there's the milk ordinance. It provides that all milk must be pasteurized *in the city*, no matter where produced. Theoretically that is for the benefit of you. Practically it gives a monopoly to men with a million dollars invested in these pasteurizing plants. Just to keep themselves assured that their monopoly is good, every three or four months they push up the price of milk another cent on the quart. It's gone up four cents since the last election. I have heard babies crying for milk in this ward, this week. Mothers, what are you going to do if milk goes up another cent?"

Mrs. Oliver's voice was hoarse as she asked this question, and the faces of some in her audience blanched as they struggled with it.

"I say that milk shall not go up! The day I am sworn into office as an alderman, I shall introduce an amendment that will knock the monopoly out of pasteurizing, and I am assured the price of milk will fall at least two cents. That is what I promise you. What does Simon Macaw promise?" There was blank silence in the crowd. "Nothing," went on Puss, "but that he will continue to support the present milk monopoly. And, by the way, do you know that Simon Macaw owns stock in the Milk Delivery Company which owns these pasteurizing plants? I found it out today. He profiteers from every spoonful of milk your babies drink. He is asking you to vote him into his seat again in order that he may vote again to maintain his profiteering monopoly."

"Hot shot, Puss, hot shot!" cheered George from the front seat.

"And do you know that he owns stock in the Street Sweeping Combine, that is paid by the city to sweep this street once a day and in reality sweeps it once a week?" The listeners gasped, but Puss, with the instinct of an orator, only held them in the hollow of her hand for a moment, and then answered frankly: "I do not know it. But I suspect it! It would be a nice arrangement if it were so—wouldn't it? For Simon and for the Combine. But not so nice for you."

There were murmurings in the crowd, with some jeers and cries of, "Hurrah for Macaw!"

But Puss was launching another drive. "And about the garbage! Do you know what I did the other day? I followed a wagonload of garbage right down the street to see where it went. Oh, I could follow it with my eyes shut." The crowd laughed. "It went down to a dock and when workmen had separated the food from the ashes, they dumped it on a scow. There was a whole string of scows there and they haul that food off to the hog ranches. And do you know what I found?

"By a little investigating I found that the hog-farmers pay the garbage company a sum of money—a very large sum of money each month for bringing this garbage to them, while at the same time you are paying what totals a very large sum for having this garbage hauled away from your doors. Don't you smell something rotten in that besides garbage? I do. Do you know whether Simon Macaw holds stock in the Garbage Removal Corporation? Again I myself do not know—yet—but I expect to know, and I suggest that you might find out first by asking him. You know him. I've never been introduced. I'm one voter in the ward whose acquaintance he hasn't sought.

"Now, my friends—just taking Macaw's attitude toward those three things, street sweeping, milk and garbage—when I think of him as going to the city council to represent you, I can't understand his course at all. But if I think of him as a stockholder in the Milk Delivery Company, the Street Sweeping Combine and the Garbage Removal Corporation, and as going to the council to represent not you but them, and interested in making profits *for* them *out* of you, I can understand his course perfectly. Think about it, friends, and see if you can understand it, then vote as your judgment directs."

Mrs. Oliver sat down. She had concluded as abruptly as she had begun. The whole speech had not consumed more than six minutes, but she left her audience dazed—almost thinking. Six times that night at six different corners Puss made that same speech with about the same effect.

"Great Scott, Puss! I'm all jazzed up about you," exclaimed her husband chauffeur. "But, say! You oughtn't to make those loose charges, you know, and those ugly insinuations. Unless you are absolutely sure, it isn't fair; and if they aren't true, it isn't safe."

"Not fair?" Puss raised her large dark brows. "Anything's fair when you're fighting a—a human toad! Besides, everybody's been too gentle with Simon Macaw. I'm on his trail in a dozen ways. If I don't get one thing I'll get another. You see if I don't make him squirm."

But Simon was already squirming. "Hell's breakfast!" he ejaculated, when Smiling Tom had raced against half a dozen others to reach him first with the news. "That woman's mouth has got to be stopped."

"It's too late now," argued Tom ruefully. "There'll be five hundred women whispering it all over the ward tomorrow."

"I'll stop one of 'em; see if I don't!" challenged Simon. "Pile out of here, all of you, so I can telephone."

NEXT morning Mr. Heron, president of Heron-Alston Company, a tall, sallow, circumspect man, called George Oliver into his private office and explained something to him very meticulously—something that had to do with the imperative demands of three of the bond house's very largest clients. George listened with rather a sag in his breast.

"Pull her down?" he gulped. "Say, Mr. Heron, you don't know my wife."

"She will have to soft-pedal," declared Mr. Heron, and there was a stubborn gleam in his eye as showing that he considered it inevitable that she should, and a tone in his voice that boded ill for George's job if she didn't.

"I'll talk to her about it," agreed George submissively. He was scared. He regretted the enthusiasm of last night. He did not pretend that he was made of hero stuff at all. But he could think—indeed he could not help thinking. What



Discovered!

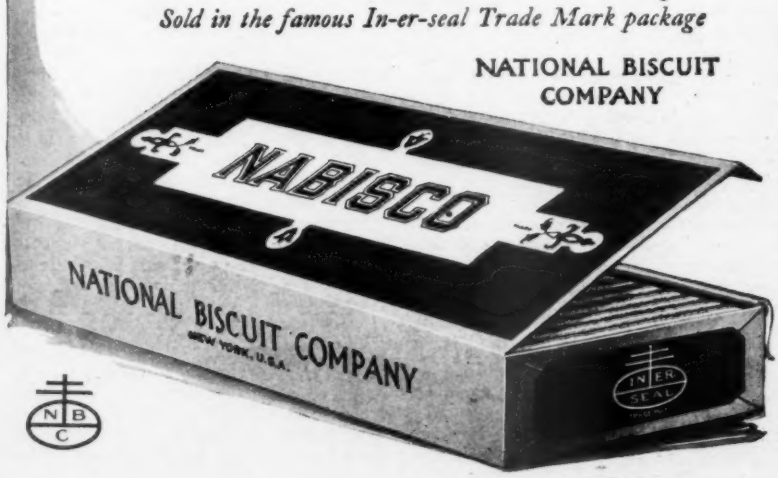
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right had some great financial interest to reach for Mr. Heron, and Mr. Heron in turn to reach for him and seize him by the tenderest portion of him, which was his job, and say to him that he must reach his wife and "pull her down?"

George's thoughts were running round and round in this fashion when Simon Macaw, lacking in that subtlety which is supposed to go with true political genius, and getting madder and madder as he read Mrs. George Oliver's new speech, as printed in the morning *Star*—erupted into the office of the Heron-Alston Company.

"Your wife's got to stop lying about me," announced the alderman crassly, "or I'll take it out of your hide. Understand?" He lifted toward the office manager's face a large fat fist upon the force behind which his political fortunes had once greatly depended and in the weight of which Simon had never ceased to have faith.

George was very much embarrassed at the sudden thought that if he was to be held physically responsible for every extravagant thing his fiery little wife might say during this campaign, he would be kept rather busy. In the second place he was embarrassed by the knowledge that Mr. Heron was sitting just behind his glass door and therefore a witness to the present tableau. These two series of embarrassments crowding to the fore of George's mind made it late in occurring to him that this coarse alderman who had in his day been a prize fighter and a saloonkeeper, was calling his wife a liar.

Now fisticuffs was not in George Oliver's line. He deemed himself to have become a confirmed pacifist. True, his golf and the club gym kept him fit, but at least fifteen years behind him were the days when he had worn boxing gloves and his legs had learned to step in and out, and his hands to fend and fiddle and to wallop; yet without premeditation all of this came back to him. By the mere reflex of an emotion, as it were, he knocked Alderman Simon Macaw over two swivel chairs and into a wire wastebasket. The chairs went over unimpaired but the wastebasket was a total loss.

Macaw, red of face, trembling with rage, but weak from the force of the blow, was slow in getting to his feet; yet once upon them, he made for George again, roaring oaths; but a half-dozen valiant clerks hung themselves upon the alderman's arms and found him astonishingly easy to hold. Perhaps the city Solon had discovered that some of his early vitality was mysteriously gone from him and that he had no proper appetite for more of that right hand over yonder. Anyway, he only bellowed and blustered and permitted himself to be jostled toward the door.

"Don't come back, Macaw," called George to him: "I fear we sha'n't get on."

"Oh, I'll get you, you pale cheese! Hangin' one on my jaw when I aint looking. Oh, I'll get you and I'll get you proper. Just you wait."

George, left in possession of the field of battle, felt strange thrills of exultation. His heart no longer sagged as he thought of what Mr. Heron had said to him or of what Mr. Heron might just now have seen. He knew all at once that he was

HOW I FOUND MY FORTUNE IN A MAGAZINE

An Inspiring Story of How One Girl Solved the Money Problem and the Dress Problem for Her Whole Family

By ALICE FORMAN

"I guess you can't get your shoes this week, Mary," said Father. There was a choky little catch in his voice, for he knew that Mother needed the shoes.

The fact was that Father's salary and my salary combined would not stretch to the limit of our needs. There were three dear little hungry mouths to feed besides our own, and the six of us to clothe.

And the high cost of living *does* keep fearfully high.

I used to lie awake at night wondering whether something couldn't be done to make things go better. Poor Father could do nothing, I knew. Years and worry had weighed down his spirit. But I kept thinking that there must be something that I could do to increase my stenographer's salary so that Mother would not have to walk about with patched shoes, and so that the children could all have Sunday dresses.

Sunday dresses for the children! The thought was so delicious, that, although I didn't have enough money in my purse to buy even half of *one* dress, I picked up a fashion magazine one day to look for little styles that the darlings could wear if they only had some one to buy dresses for them.

A page of costumes designed by Emil Alvin Hartman caught my eye. Beautiful costumes they were, graceful, fanciful, filmy things. Oh, if they were only for me! I choked down a little lump, for I knew they were beyond my reach.

But oh, how I was tempted to picture myself in each of the dresses, walking about with grand airs at gay parties!

Poor me! For a moment I pitied myself. And then I remembered suddenly that it was designs for the little girls that I had opened the magazine to find. I swallowed a lump and quickly turned the page.

Curiously enough, I saw the name of Emil Alvin Hartman on the very next page. He told a story that made me hope for better things. He told of the work of Fashion Academy, the School of Costume and Millinery Design in New York. *In from three to four months,* he said, absolute beginners were learning fashion design easily and pleasantly during their leisure hours, right in the comfort of their own homes, with their families about them to rejoice in their progress.

He mentioned names of former students, girls, middle-aged women, and even elderly women, who have written to Fashion Academy to report their wonderful success as professional fashion designers. One young woman, for instance, *three months after her graduation from Fashion Academy,* working at her own convenience for different people, earned $125 a week, and designed costumes for Lady Duff Gordon (Lucile). Another, *two months after her graduation,* earned $100 a week.

And these girls, Mr. Hartman said, were only two of a great many who had almost immediately won marvelous success in the fascinating profession of fashion design.

Stories like these were hard for a twenty-seven-dollar-a-week stenographer like me to believe. But Mr. Hartman invited any one who wished, to investigate. That same night, although I had no knowledge at all of Fashion Design, I wrote for the booklet sent out *free* on request by Fashion Academy. It contained not only information about the wonderful opportunities in fashion design, and beautiful costumes and hats designed by Fashion Academy students, but also enthusiastic letters from former students who gave full credit for their success in the designer's profession to Fashion Academy.

Names were signed, and addresses given. So, to feel absolutely certain, I wrote to the



writers of some of the letters. From them personally I received the same enthusiastic recommendations of Fashion Academy. In nearly every case, the writer had been a novice at the time of her enrollment with Fashion Academy.

It is a whole year since I first looked through the inspiring Fashion Academy booklet. I have already lost my speed on the typewriter, for I haven't been a stenographer for eight months. A year ago I enrolled with Fashion Academy. *After a little over three months* of easy, fascinating exercises done during my leisure hours right in my own home, I received my diploma from Fashion Academy. Several weeks later I began work as a professional designer at $50 a week. I am now earning much more. And Father no longer has to worry about Mother's shoes or my little sisters' dresses. We have everything we need to make us comfortable now, and my employer tells me that my fine salary now is little more than a beginning.

One of the finest benefits that I have received from Fashion Academy is that now I can dress myself beautifully on a very small outlay of money. In the first place the Fashion Academy lessons taught me that each woman has a figure, a complexion, a personality of her own. I learned that the costume and the hat should be suited to the figure, the complexion, and personality of the individual. Now I know that it is utter nonsense to expect a dress exactly suited to another woman of entirely different type to look well on me. And I now have for my own a complete knowledge of the artistic principles that govern correct dress. I create charming *original* styles in both dresses and hats for myself. The result is that all my friends keep asking me what I have done to make myself so beautiful. I am not a whit more beautiful now than I was a year ago. It is simply that now I design styles in dresses and hats that conceal my every defect and bring out every little point of beauty that I posses. *My clothes now express my personality.*

What is more, I can make every kind of dress from the drafting of the pattern to the last stitch of the finished garment; and I can make any kind of hat, from the fashioning of the frame to the final bit of trimming. Needless to say, I can now have three or four dresses for the price of *one* bought in a fashionable shop; I can now have hats for almost every occasion, for the cost of *one* hat bought from a milliner.

But best of all, I know that my style of dress or hat is not worn by every fourth woman I meet. *I alone wear my designs, for I create them myself.* Mother, too, looks years younger and as beautiful as a girl in the original styles. I design the styles for her dresses and hats. She says our money problem and our dress problem were solved by one stroke of good fortune. And my little sisters get all the beautiful frocks their little hearts desire at a comparatively trifling expense.

You, too, can learn fashion design in from three to four months, in easy, fascinatingly interesting lessons prepared in the comfort of your own home. You too can learn how to dress, so that *your* friends, too, will wonder to see you becoming more beautiful almost day by day. Or you can learn fashion drawing for illustrations in fashion magazines. Fill in and mail the coupon below or send a letter asking for FREE Illustrative Booklet 2811. You will be placing yourself under no obligation to ask for it.

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in this fight against Macaw himself, and that he was in it for the duration. His soul palpitated with a new kind of joy. He went straight in to Mr. Heron, to be greeted with a look of hasty reappraisal, as if Mr. Heron now saw something in him not perceived before. In such a situation a merely strong man would have forced his fate by resigning. George Oliver tossed a superior defiance.

"Mr. Heron," he said, "I feel that I shall have to ask you for a five-weeks leave of absence in order to devote myself entirely to my wife's campaign."

"What's that?" hemmed Mr. Heron, twice as surprised as when he had seen his inoffensive office manager beat a fighting alderman to the punch. Then for a moment his glance was set on distance, and it seemed that he must have done a deal of thinking quickly, for when he spoke again it was in a changed, almost indulgent tone of voice, such as he had never used to George before. "Very well, Oliver," he said, "if you feel that you must, you must, I suppose."

AS for the campaign—for a few days the air was thick with charges and countercharges. The whole town was waking up and centering an eye on the fight in the Seventeenth Ward, and there was elation in Mrs. George Oliver's camp. But one night, like a living thing, this elation lay down and died right on the table between Hannah Smart and Puss Oliver, where they were studying the results of that very thorough and systematic canvass of the voters of the ward which, under direction of a firm of lady accountants, volunteering their services like the canvassers themselves, had just been brought to an end. This canvass revealed that with all their work and all their publicity and all Puss' daring speeches, they had made no appreciable inroads on the stolid supporters of Macaw.

"You'll get a good vote, Puss," said Hannah mournfully, "but Macaw will win by a clear majority over all candidates, just as he has at the last two elections."

"Oh!" gasped Puss, and looked dreadfully hurt and depressed.

But there was a new face at the Executive Committee meeting tonight, and it belonged to Miss Rebecca Mussell.

"I guess that's what I come up here for," she croaked, in that hoarse, booming voice of hers. "I told you I wanted to put a crimp in Simon Macaw for fair, and here's my little chance—and yours. Now get me. Tomorrow morning's papers will say that I am a candidate for alderman in this ward. Give the news time to get around and some orders a chance to go out, and that'll trim twelve hundred votes from Simon with one slice of the knife. It'll knock his majority galley-west. All you have to do, Mrs. Oliver, then, is to get more votes than we do at the primary. That will make you and Simon the two high candidates and you can fight it out at the regular election."

Puss was naturally learning the details of political maneuver rapidly. She grasped the idea. "You're a dear, Miss Mussell, a regular dear," she declared, and patted the broad back affectionately.

"I'm a bear," rumbled Rebecca Mussell, quite unsmiling, "when anybody

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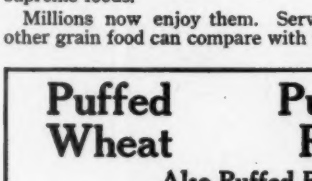
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We now mix Puffed Rice flour in an ideal pancake blend. It makes the pancakes fluffy and gives a nut-like taste. You will surprise your folks with the finest pancakes ever tasted when you use it. Ask for Puffed Rice Pancake Flour. It is self-raising—simply add milk or water.

The Quaker Oats Company

Sole Makers

double-crosses me and my union the way Simon Macaw has."

She was as good as her word about the announcement in the morning papers, and but a day's inquiry was sufficient to reveal that a good deal of organized-labor support was obediently shifting to one of its own standard-bearers. Not only that, but Mrs. George Oliver and Miss Rebecca Mussell became friends. They put their heads together and did some planning; then they did some hunting together along trails that were frequented by that fat old fox, Macaw.

But careful Hannah Smart, grown wary of the glue-like adherence of the Macaw contingent to its leader, insisted on a second complete canvass two days before the primary. This unearthed another ominous situation—that not Puss Oliver but Miss Rebecca Mussell was likely to stand second high in the primaries, with Macaw the top candidate, of course. This would eliminate Puss. It would make Rebecca the woman candidate against Simon.

Puss swallowed bravely, though her eyes were a little starey for a moment as she contemplated the blank wall that had lifted itself. "I'm not sure, Rebecca—but that," she stammered, "—I mean, I *am* sure that you would make a better councilwoman than I, anyway. It's just that—some woman—We'd throw all our support to you. —Wouldn't we?" And she looked around with brightening eye on the rest of her executive circle.

But the stentorian voice of Rebecca Mussell rumbled premonitorily after its habit, and her features took on one of the large good-natured grins that was characteristic of her more benevolent moods. "Say, Mrs. Oliver! How do you get that way?" she remonstrated. "I came into this fight to help you win, not to beat you. You got to dust around and get some more votes from somewhere. Look!"—and she directed attention to the tabulated figures: "here's six hundred votes tagging onto a lady named Hortense Marley. Six hundred don't get her in out of the field. Couldn't somebody make a trade for 'em, somehow? Who is this Hortense bird?"

"Hortense!" exclaimed both Hannah and Puss in one breath. She was known to both of them, and favorably. She was a successful business woman, an insurance agent, to be specific, with thousands of personal acquaintances in the ward, and prominent in fraternal circles. She was a self-made woman, possessed of a splendid income of her own and could afford to gratify her whims. One of these was —social aspiration.

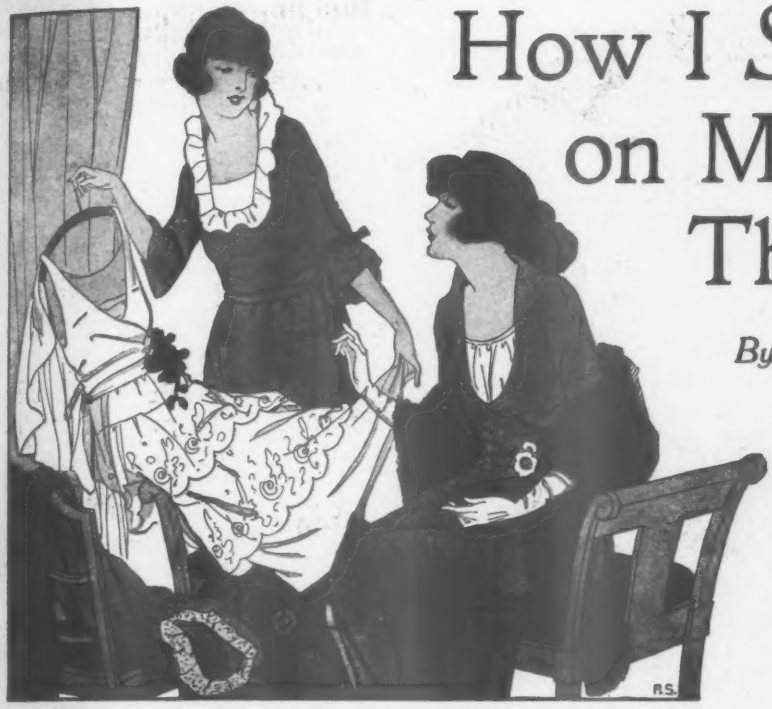
"I'll talk to her," decided Hannah resolutely, even hopefully. "Hortense has her faults but she is one of the most human women I know."

AND she did talk to Hortense, finding her alone in her luxurious bachelor apartments, wearing a crimson negligee and two pounds of barbaric jewelry and enjoying the combined solace of a cigarette and a cup of tea. "And so, for the sake of the cause, Hortense," concluded Hannah and gazed at her with the ultimate appeal in her fine gray eyes.

"Let's drop the 'cause' talk," sniffed Hortense, flicking the ash into her gold

How I *Saved* $100 on My Clothes This Season

By Marion Louise Taylor



So I went to the closet and came back with an armful of dainty things that fairly made Janet stare in wide-eyed astonishment.

YESTERDAY after lunch I had just slipped into my new brown one-piece dress, and was getting ready to go down town when the doorbell rang and who should it be but Janet Burson. Janet used to live next door, but they moved to a little place in the country last summer and I hadn't seen her in nearly six months.

Maybe it was because we used to go on all our clothes-buying expeditions together, but, anyway, the first thing Janet exclaimed as she stood in the door was: "Oh, Marion, tell me, where in the world did you get that stunning dress?"

"I'll give you three guesses," I said, and I fairly bubbled with joy when she named the three most exclusive and expensive shops in town.

"Wrong—every time," I announced, 'I made it all myself!"

"But, Marion!" she fairly gasped, "made it yourself—how—when—where did you ever learn? You never used to sew a stitch!"

"I know I didn't, but I made this dress, just the same, and not only this, but so many other things that I have more clothes than I have ever had before and—if you please, my bank book shows deposits of $100 representing what I saved on my clothes this season."

"Well, tell me this minute how you did it."

So I went to the closet and came back with an armful of dainty things that fairly made Janet stare in wide-eyed astonishment.

"To begin with," I said, "this dress I have on is an exact reproduction of an exclusive model I saw in a shop window marked $65. It cost me exactly $18.50 for the materials, and I think they are really of better quality. Here's a little crepe satin petticoat that would have cost at least $10 in any shop. I paid for the materials just $4.20. And here's a tailored dress that Jack says is the prettiest thing I ever wore. I copied it from a fashion magazine, and the materials cost exactly $16.25. Sister paid $30 for one not nearly so nice.

"Then I have made two house dresses, four aprons, a crepe de chine petticoat and lingerie that I saved altogether more than $25 on. Beside, I've made three school dresses for Betty and all her little undergarments. Oh, Jack wouldn't believe I could do it, but when I showed him my bank book and the money I'd saved on clothes in three months, he said, 'Marion, you're a wonder! You've never had such clothes—and to think that you could have them for less than you ever spent before. Well, I guess I'll quit worrying about the high cost of living.'"

"But you haven't told me yet," insisted Janet, "where you learned."

"Well, then, listen and you shall hear. Last spring when I realized that I simply must have a lot of new clothes, I gaily started out to buy them—as we always used to do—in the different shops. But when I found how terribly high all kinds of clothes were, I was absolutely discouraged, for I knew I just couldn't pay the prices. Why, I wouldn't wear a single thing I saw that I could afford. So for several days I pondered on my problem. Where could I get the money for the clothes I needed, when we were having trouble enough to get just the absolutely necessary things?

"Then one night, just when I was most worried about it—for all my clothes were either too shabby to wear or else hopelessly out-of-date—I read in a magazine about an institute of domestic arts and sciences that had developed a wonderful new plan through which one could learn dressmaking, millinery and cooking right at home in leisure time.

"That was a new idea to me, but I began to think how much it would mean if I could make my own clothes, so I wrote to them. They sent me the most interesting book that explained just exactly how you could learn every step in dressmaking or millinery or cooking, even though you had no experience whatever. Why, think, Janet, more than 70,000 women and girls have already learned to make their own clothes by this new plan. You see, it doesn't make the slightest difference where you live. And it is no disadvantage if you are employed during the day or have household duties that take most of your time, because you can devote just as much or as little time to the course as you wish and just whenever it is most convenient. There are members of the Institute in the big cities, in small towns and in the country, all learning with the same success as if they were together in a classroom. Isn't it wonderful?

"Well, I joined the Institute and took up dressmaking, and when my first lessons came I saw at once why it is so easy to learn. Every step is explained so clearly that even little Betty could understand it. And there are hundreds and hundreds of actual photographs that show just exactly what to do. It was so fascinating that I wanted to spend every spare minute on my lessons. You see, the delightful part of it is that almost at once you start making actual garments—in the fourth lesson I made this waist!

"I didn't think about it at first, but after a bit I realized that in learning to make my own clothes I was also learning something that I could turn to profit if I ever wanted to. Since then I have found that hundreds of women and girls have taken up dressmaking or millinery as a business—as a result of these courses. Many of them have opened shops of their own and have splendid incomes. Others are teaching sewing.

"I've nearly completed my dressmaking course now, and I'm going to take up millinery or cooking next, I don't know which——"

But Janet broke in right there, "Marion, this is the most wonderful thing I ever heard of. Tell me where to write, so I can find out all about it myself."

So I told her that if she would send to the Woman's Institute, Dept. 20-L, Scranton, Penna., and would tell them whether she was most interested in home or professional dressmaking, or millinery, or cooking, they would send her, without obligation, handsome booklets telling all about the Institute and its methods.

And, if you, my dear reader, would like to know more about how you can easily have more and prettier clothes this season and save at least $100 as I did, or how you can provide your family better meals at less expense, I suggest that you, too, write promptly, or, better yet, send the coupon below, which I have arranged for your convenience.

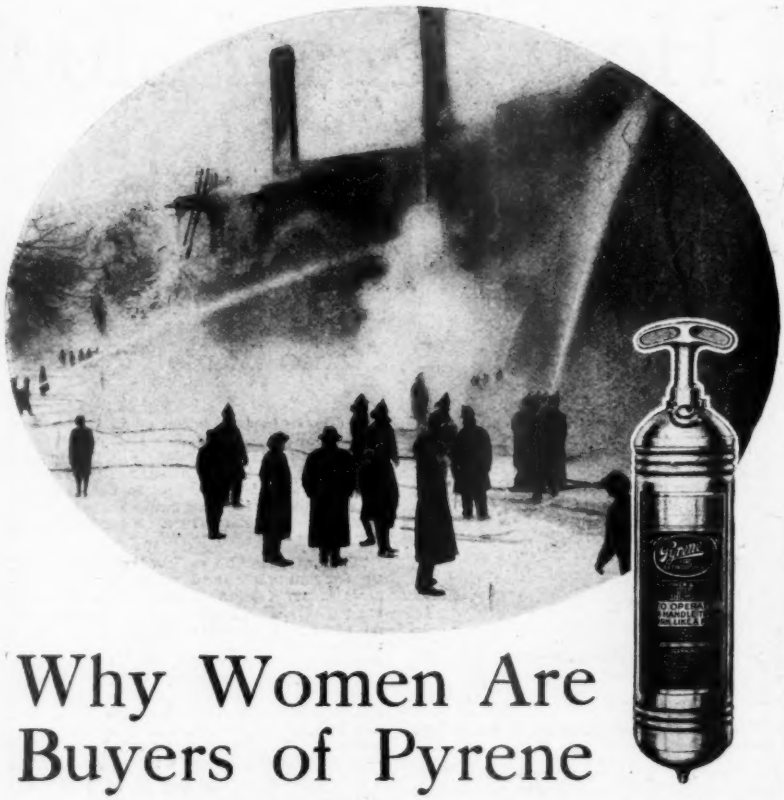
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Please send me one of your booklets and tell me how I can learn the subject marked below:

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(Please state whether Mrs. or Miss)

Address .....



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KILLS FIRE
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tray. "One woman can represent the 'cause' as well as another. If Puss Oliver should give her votes to me, then it would make me second high. No, Hannah; this'll be strictly business. I've got five or six hundred votes in the primary. They're hand-picked; I can hold 'em or deliver 'em. It will gratify my vanity to get six hundred votes in the primary. Good business, too—keeps my name before the public. Now, what can you offer me for 'em that will gratify my vanity more."

"Hortense!" breathed Hannah, shocked by the cold practicality of the woman; yet Hannah was herself a practical woman and she faced a situation that could only be dealt with by practical means. "What do you want?" she countered shrewdly.

"I'd like to be invited to assist Mrs. Charles Dillingwood in receiving for Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Hooper." For a moment Hannah felt herself bowled over, but she came out with: "You've never reached the stage of being invited to Mrs. Dillingwood's at all yet, have you?"

"No reason why I shouldn't be!" Miss Marley snapped. "I'm as good as they are—and better."

"You shall be," announced Hannah, with quick resolution. "You shall be invited to receive with Mrs. Dillingwood, Hortense," she declared gratefully, "you have saved the cause."

AS for Mrs. Charles Dillingwood, she fumed at first at inviting Hortense Marley to her house at all, for there was the usual amount of snob in Mrs. Charles, but—she was devoted to woman's cause politically, and, in the parlance of the profession, she "delivered." Hortense also "delivered," and the count of votes on primary night showed that while Simon Macaw had failed of final election through getting a clear majority of all votes cast, he was high man and Mrs. George Oliver was second.

"And now," grunted Rebecca Mussell, "you got to go out and get that fellow, or he'll get you."

But "getting" Simon was not to be easy. Reports showed that the Mussell vote, which had to be captured for Mrs. Oliver, was drifting back to Macaw. He knew this, of course, and the manner of his supporters grew insolent. Bloated with confidence and assured of victory, they became bolder and more offensive. Puss continued her valiant speeches, but the respectful silence of the crowds was gone. There were always interruptions now, and one night, while she spoke and the crowd gathered close, all four tires of the automobile were pierced without anyone in the car suspecting it.

And worse than that, when George got out to examine his tires, he was caught in a swirling eddy of the crowd and borne round the corner into darkness. When after a minute or so, he came fighting his way back, both his eyes were black and his mouth was bleeding. He was not seriously injured, but he was seriously mad.

"I wouldn't swear it, Puss," he explained, "for I couldn't see in the dark, but I believe Macaw was in that crowd. I believe that two fellows held me while he hit me."



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"In Case of Cough or Cold—Musterole"

He takes no chances. On the road or at home, Musterole is his faithful old router-out of colds and congestions. Twenty years ago they used to put a stinging, messy mustard plaster on his chest when he had a cold. It was a harsh but effective remedy.

Today he uses Musterole. It does all the work of the old-fashioned plaster, but is without the fuss, muss and blister.

You just rub a little of this clean white ointment over the congested spot. First, there is a gentle tingle, then a soothing coolness. But way down deep underneath the coolness, where Musterole has penetrated, there is generated a peculiar heat which soon disperses congestion and sends the cold away.

And Musterole is good for many other things. For twinging joints or aching muscles, for instance. Keep Musterole always handy on the bathroom shelf. At all drug stores, jars at 35c and 65c. $3.00 hospital size.

Better Than a Mustard Plaster



Puss had neither fainted nor shrieked. She was too seasoned a warrior for that now.

"That settles it," she announced grimly, "as far as I am concerned—that *settles* it. No quarter for that man. I'll fire the last shot in the locker, and I'll do it now." She lifted her voice high before the mob.

"Si—mon Ma—caw!" she challenged. "Simon Macaw! Come out from behind that corner there and tell us about Felix Lusk. Who is Felix V. Lusk?"

There was no answer, only a momentary silence broken finally by jeering laughter. The crowd had never heard of Mr. Lusk. Only Tom Egan had, and he went hurrying to where Simon Macaw nursed a bruised knuckle.

"Simon!" he demanded: "Simon! What's this Lusk stuff the girl is peddling?"

"Lusk? The woman!" exclaimed Simon in amazement. "What did she say about Lusk?"

"Just bawled him out—wanted to know who he was."

"Well, let her tell 'em who he is," he bantered—boastfully, but with obvious uneasiness.

The fight grew hotter and hotter. Puss found her own sincerity attacked; her face began to show the strain.

George viewed her more solicitously each day. "It's just—just that I know there's something rotten behind all this venom—even though I am not able to dig it up—yet," she said to him one day. "Besides, there are other compensations."

Chief among these was the sign of a change taking place in the sentiment among the women voters of the ward. Working girls came to her, girls from behind counters, from overall factories, from the laundries, to say: "We're with you, Mrs. Oliver."

The girls and the women were telling her things, too—stenographers, telephone operators, bookkeepers, shopgirls, little things they saw and overheard, that helped to reveal to her something of that mysterious but unrevealed relationship between great financial power and the alderman from the Seventeenth Ward. But it was that now oft-repeated if vague and insinuating inquiry about Mr. Lusk which brought to her the most striking bit of information. She had added to her campaign equipment a stereopticon which played from the top of a low building opposite to a screen in front of her headquarters, and she used to stand and talk to the audience of what was on the screen—pictures of dangerous fire-escapes, of garbage cans standing unemptied, of dirty streets, of the scows loading at the docks and even of the pigs eating the refuse upon the farms and growing fat upon it with live pork at twenty-three cents per pound.

BUT one night there was flashed on the screen a page of names and figures. "That," she announced, "is a list of stockholders of the Garbage Removal Corporation." Strangely now, yet not so strangely perhaps, since it was done deliberately, all those names and figures were blurred and illegible save only one line. That read:

"Felix V. Lusk, 5,000 shares."

"Who is Felix V. Lusk?" she inquired

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for Men, Women and Children



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It is the same principle as that of the storm window and two walls of a house.

The wool in Duofold is all in the outer layer, where it cannot touch the skin. It keeps cold out and warmth in. The inner layer is made entirely of fine, soft cotton that provides constant comfort.

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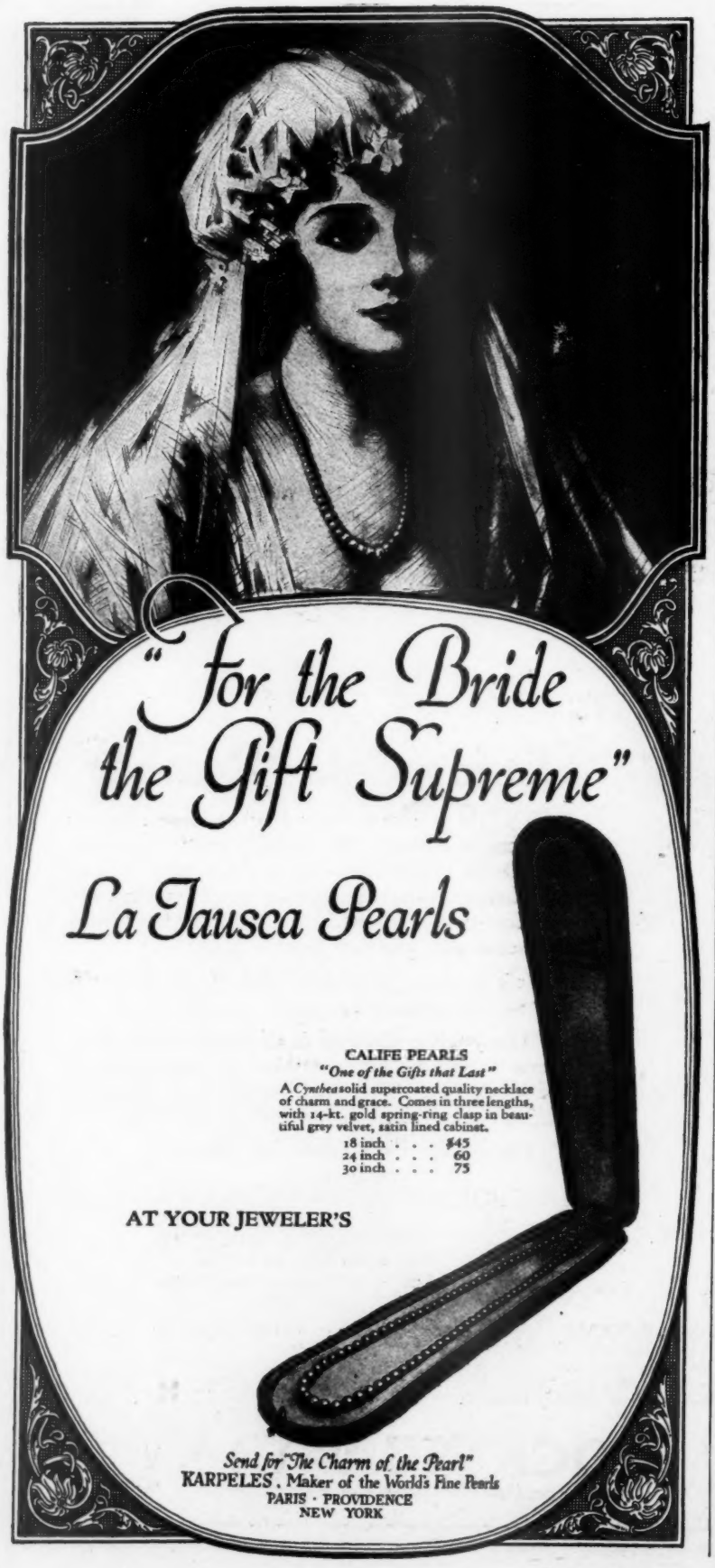
Branch Offices in Chicago and San Francisco

AND REMEMBER—In spring and summer enjoy the Ease and Comfort of Rockinchair Underwear—with the full blouse in back above the waist, closed seat and crotch, side-leg opening and the positive, *ever-lasting* fit due to "Kittle Srunk" process of finishing that makes the cotton suits *absolutely ushrinkable.*

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Athletic Underwear *for* Men & Boys

ROCKINCHAIR



pertinently. "Look for him in the city directory, and you will not find him. Search for his name in the telephone book. It is not there. Who is Lusk? Ask Simon Macaw!"

A mild sensation was produced among her hearers; and next day a blonde, earnest-looking young woman who wore a pencil in her hair and carried a notebook in her hand brought Mrs. Oliver another weapon. That night there was a list of the shareholders of the Street Sweepers' Combine on the stereopticon sheet, and as before, only one line was legible.

"Felix V. Lusk, 600 shares," it read.

"Who is he?" Mrs. Oliver demanded, and again she assured them they would not find out from the city directory. "You wont find his name in the assessor's lists either," she trumpeted. "He does no jury service—this Felix V. Lusk—but he clips coupons twice a year."

The next day there were more developments. That night the Milk Delivery Company was on the screen, and again the name of Felix V. Lusk was there. "There are more corporations interested in the public service," Mrs. Oliver announced. "Perhaps tomorrow night I'll show you the Water Company, or the Telephone Company or the Trolley Merger list—and perhaps the name of Lusk will be there also. Who is this man?"

In addition to inquiring about him orally, Puss put her standing interrogation on the billboards, and she flashed it from the movie-screens. "Lusk?—who is Lusk?"

But George Oliver could not get over feeling that such tactics were dangerous.

"You haven't connected Simon Macaw with Lusk in any way as yet," he reminded her as they came in one night in the middle of the last week.

"No—perhaps not—but—"

IT was nearly eleven o'clock. They sat down to talk the thing over, and almost at the very beginning of their discussion the phone bell tinkled. George answered, but the inquiry was for Mrs. Oliver. She took the receiver.

"Mrs. Oliver," she heard, "a gentleman is calling on you upon urgent business connected with the campaign. He will be there in ten minutes. Will you see him?"

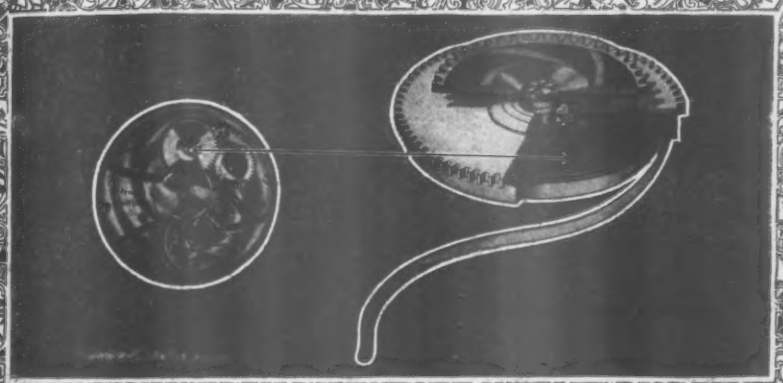
"I do not receive unknown callers," she answered.

"He will not be unknown long," was the response.

"Very well. Let him come." Puss turned upon her husband with a startled, expectant air. "George," she announced, "somebody is getting nervous. I have a hunch that we are about to find out who Felix is."

When, in due time, George answered the ring at the door, he found his wife's intuitions correct. The generous figure of the alderman was there, muffled to the eyes and with a slouch hat pulled low. George received him with a glare, but at once something in the visitor's manner softened his glance. Macaw's face was sagged; the expression of his eyes was anxious; he looked humbled as he asked huskily for Mrs. Oliver. George motioned him into the den where his wife waited. She rose, but there was no proffering of hands, no greeting.

PROOF



THE MOST SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH IN THE WORLD

The Waltham Scientific Main Spring— The Power That "Drives" Your Watch

THE Main Spring is to a watch what gasoline is to an automobile — the power that drives the mechanism.

With this difference — that the Main Spring of a watch must supply power with a constant and even tension — with no acceleration or diminution in order to secure accurate time-keeping.

A Main Spring should measure in length, width and thickness to a fraction for the particular size of watch it is to fit — as, for example, a Main Spring for a gentleman's size high-grade watch should measure 25 inches in length and be approximately three times the thickness of a human hair.

The problem that confronted watchmakers was to produce a Main Spring without any variation of thickness for its entire length. This problem was solved by John Logan, an inventor of the Waltham Watch Company, who perfected a method and created the machines which have made Waltham the largest and most famous Main Spring producers in the world.

The superior time-keeping ability of Waltham Watches created a world demand for Waltham Main Springs.

You will observe in the illustration (above) that a unique feature of the Waltham Main Spring is the reverse curve, so difficult to produce, yet so essential to time-keeping dependability.

This reverse curve adds power as the spring tension diminishes, giving the Waltham Watch an equality of motive power during the twenty-four hour interval of winding.

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Waltham Colonial A

Extremely thin at no sacrifice of accuracy
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$200 to $325 or more depending upon the case

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WALTHAM

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Deep in the African Jungle, where the edge of the lake was rank with tropic growth, they spied him—the giant hippopotamus. Nearer came the clumsy row-boat. A man stood up and fired. In a great fury the beast spun round—plunged into the water. With his huge jaws open, he struck straight for the boat. But what happened then makes an adventure so thrilling that you can read it only in the

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These are the books of a President of the United States—the most entertaining, the most extraordinary books a President ever wrote. But it is not as a President these books are written. It is as a man—a keen eyed hunter—a brave hearted adventurer, laughing at fear—eager as a child—telling you of startling things that happened—of hair breadth escapes—of exciting hunts for big game—of a world of true adventure that lies thousands of miles away.



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NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

OCCUPATION..... R. B. 11-20

"I come to ask you," he said, and his frayed voice was little more than a hoarse whisper, "I come to ask you to let up on Felix Lusk. I can't stand it. Everywhere I look—*Lusk, Lusk, Lusk! Who is Felix Lusk?*—till I'm just about crazy with it."

PUSS was greatly surprised to discern that in bearing down so on Felix Lusk she had battered Alderman Macaw's fat nerves to pieces; but, if in her heart she felt a thrill of exultation, outwardly she was calm and coldly firm.

"You know how to stop it, Mr. Macaw," she said quietly.

"Listen!" croaked the alderman, who, not being invited to sit down, had nevertheless sunk into a chair as if his legs had weakened under him. "Listen! You've got my goat. No *man* ever got it—but you have. I can't stand this Lusk business. I have to get from under. I've got a boy in the university—getting the chance I never had. Today he came all the way home to ask me, 'Who is Mr. Lusk?' I've got a girl out here in Notre Dame—the sisters are awful fond of her—and today she comes to me and asks, 'Dad, who is Mr. Lusk?' Tonight my wife, Mollie Macaw, that's as good a woman as ever lived,—as good as any of you,"—and his voice took on a defiant note—"tonight Mollie was crying. 'Simon,' she says, 'who *is* Mr. Lusk?' And somehow, I can't tell 'em. I wouldn't 'a' minded telling six weeks ago. They've heard me mention his name. But it's—it's all this talk and clamor, and all this cloud of suspicion you've built up in the public mind—this mystery—till it looks like Mr. Lusk was some kind of a crook?"

"Isn't he?" The question was slipped into him with the sleek celerity of a Sicilian employing his stiletto.

Macaw winced. "Kind of," he confessed.

"Alderman Macaw," said Mrs. Oliver, leaning straight toward him, dark eyes piercing, *"who is Felix Lusk?"*

"Me," the big man groaned.

"And you came here to tell me that?"

"To get you to let up on him—I can't stand it. Listen! I'll quit. I'll lay down and let you walk over."

"You will withdraw your name as a candidate by tomorrow's papers?"

"No! No! My God, no!" The man whitened and his eyes took on a look of fear. "There's men would ruin me—financially—if they knew I laid down. I got to camouflage. I got to go through the motions of the campaign, so's I'll have time to make my financial arrangements safe; but the night before election I'll pass the tip around that'll give you a small but safe majority. Between you and me, I quit. On the face of the returns, I just get beat."

Mrs. Oliver listened to this remarkable proposal with mingled feelings.

"And what assurance have I that you will carry out this agreement with me?" she asked astutely.

The man drew from his pocket three envelopes with loosened flaps and laid them before her. In the one were Garbage Removal Corporation certificates made out to Felix V. Lusk. In the other envelopes were Milk Delivery and Street

SETH THOMAS

FIVE generations have marked their time by clocks bearing this time-honored name.

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Containing complete story of the origin and history of that wonderful instrument—the

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Sweeper shares, also made out to Felix V. Lusk.

"Hold 'em!" he proposed frankly. "If you're not elected, expose 'em; tell where they come from. You've got a witness," and he nodded toward her husband.

The man had placed his fate in her hands. He had attested his sincerity. But Lucille Oliver hesitated. She knew what the high-minded answer to make to him was: "Go back, Simon Macaw. I can have no deal with you. I shall not accept my election at your hands."

Yet when she looked at Macaw, his eyes pleading and the sweat of fear bedewing his face, she had no feeling for him. She saw that he was suffering and rather enjoyed it—but—the son in the university, the daughter in the Sisters school, the wife who cried.

"Yes," announced Lucille, decisively. "Take back your certificates; I wouldn't contaminate myself by touching them. I will accept your word. I will not again ask who Felix Lusk is."

Simon rose with gratitude in his eyes, hands reaching for the certificates. Turning, he held them out to George. "You keep the—the stakes," he proposed. "It'll be a kind of a moral support to me to know that I am trusting somebody too."

IN the remaining six days of the campaign, Puss continued her general attacks on Macaw, but she made no further inquiries concerning Lusk, and her adherents seemed to agree that, provided she had no additional revelations to make, this was good strategy. But the billboards still voiced the question, and the people in the ward still voiced it. Macaw had to realize that of course these babbling mouths could not be stopped, and he realized too that this campaign of interrogation points was beginning to work terrible havoc in his own ranks. He was not merely to be beaten by an order of his own; his whole political power was crumbling and it was no mere narrow defeat that was coming to him. He was to be utterly smashed. He divined as much, and the count upon election night revealed it. It was not the contemplated few-hundred majority that he saw go to Mrs. George Oliver. She was elected by a landslide.

And after the first gasp of astonishment, the town was hardly surprised. It seemed all at once to understand that nothing else could have happened—could ever happen when, with women voting and taking an intelligent interest in how they voted, a candidate like Mrs. George Oliver faced a candidate like Mr. Simon Macaw.

But it was Smiling Tom Eagan who, out of the wreck, and no longer able to smile, voiced the lesson of defeat to the males of his kind—and perhaps to others: "Women," he explained, "are natural politicians because they're natural busybodies. They go scratchin' in the ward like a lot of hens in a neighbor's garden, and whatever's planted is bound to come up. It's open fighting when the women vote."

But when Simon Macaw summed up, his reflections were personal rather than general. "Puss!" he rumbled ruefully, "Puss—nothing. She's a bear cat!"



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THE drug-store, Coombs found, was on a corner, and occupied the ground floor of an apartment house. It had two entrances; one at the intersection of the two streets, and one at the side. To enter at the front door it was necessary to go down two or three steps, while the side door was flush with the street level, which at this point followed a rather steep incline.

Sauntering in, he bought himself a cigar and having time to spare, occupied himself in taking note of his surroundings.

The bookcase holding the thumbed and limp volumes of the circulating library was, he saw, on the right of the store and directly opposite the side entrance. He also observed that the windows being below the level of the sidewalk, it was impossible for passers-by to see what was going on inside.

He did not forget, though, to keep an eye on the clock, and as its hands approached seven he strolled carelessly back toward the bookcase and began idly glancing over the various titles. Presently he took a book from the shelves, and apparently became absorbed in its contents.

As he stood there, a woman, tall and fair, came in at the front door. She went directly to the counter where toilet articles were displayed and made one or two small purchases. She was perfectly quiet and composed as she waited for her parcels and her change. When these were handed to her, she turned and walked back toward the circulating library. Coombs did not turn or even lift his head as she approached behind him, but he was watching her every movement in a mirror on one of the showcases with which he had carefully placed himself in line. . . . .

A minute or two later, there was the thud of a body falling to the floor. A clerk and two customers ran forward; they thought the woman had fainted. But as they bent over her, they saw the handle of a long, thin knife protruding from her chest, and the blood making a widening circle on the floor. As they lifted her, it was plain that she was already dead. She had been stabbed in the heart.

In the momentary, startled hush, the sound of an automobile moving away from the side door throbbed across the stillness; then, as by magic, the store filled with an excited crowd of people.

"Hold that man!" the cigar clerk shouted as Coombs pushed toward an exit. "He was talking to her."

In an instant Coombs was seized, and although he made no effort to resist, held in a grip of iron by willing hands.

He looked dazed; his breath was coming rapidly.

"What happened?" he gasped. "What's the matter with her?"

"Guess you know!" cried a dozen voices. "It's murder!"

"But it can't be," he stammered. "I— There was no one near us—just her and

THE DEFENSE

(from page 57)

me. She started to go, and then I heard her fall."

The policeman on the beat came shouldering through the press, and with curt authority relieved the volunteer posse of their captive. He ran his hands over Coombs' person in a precautionary search for weapons, but finding none, stood listening to the excited babble of the clerks and spectators while he waited for the wagon. On its arrival with a squad of police and two plain-clothes men, he summed up the matter to his immediate superior in a single terse comment.

"Open-and-shut case, Sarge," he advised out of the corner of his mouth. "This is the guy all right."

Then they took the prisoner away. At the station house the letters he had been commissioned to secure were found on him, and with the explanation he gave for his possession of them, Ramsey was naturally sent for.

Mystified at the summons, for he had as yet heard nothing of the tragedy, and had been impatiently awaiting the return of Coombs, Ramsey was still more taken aback when he came hobbling into the station on his crutches, to be conducted into the captain's office and there subjected to a grilling.

FORTUNATELY, the story he told coincided in every essential detail with that previously related by Coombs. Fortunately, too, the representative of the district attorney's office who was questioning him, happened to be a social acquaintance of his.

The latter, when he had taken Ramsey backward and forward over his movements of the day several times without shaking in any degree the straightforward nature of his answers, finally acquainted him with the true facts of the case, and unbent from his rôle of inquisitor.

"I hope I don't need to tell you how delighted I am," he said, "that you have come through so clean. I was afraid when I first tackled this thing that you were pretty seriously involved, and that we were in for a nasty scandal: but your story tallies perfectly with that of your valet, and is further confirmed by the fact that the dead woman had the exact sum you mention, five thousand dollars, in her bag. I must hold these letters, but I shall put them under seal, and unless the court insists upon it or unless the case shows some new angle, I see no reason why either the nature of them or the name of the person to whom they were addressed need ever be divulged."

Ramsey thanked him, and then asked eagerly if he might be allowed to see Coombs, and consent being granted, the prisoner was brought in.

Coombs still seemed rather stunned by the disaster which had overwhelmed him, but insisted vehemently that his arrest was a terrible mistake.

"Why, what reason would I have, Mr. Ramsey? I'm not crazy. Why should I go and kill a woman that I never saw



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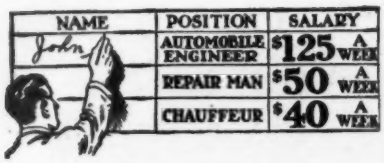
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before and never expected to see again?"

"Of course you didn't do it," said Ramsey. "But," with frowning reflection, "who did? Think hard, Coombs; was there no one lurking about?"

Coombs shook his head. "No one that I saw," he said slowly. "It might be that some one slipped up very quickly and quietly; my attention was diverted for a moment. You see, she had just put the money in her bag and was snapping the catch, and I was slipping the letters into my inside coat pocket. One of them caught against the pocket lining and bent over. I looked down as I straightened it out. In that instant the thing was done.

"As I say," he repeated, "I saw no one either before or after. But that is how it must have happened."

Ramsey caught up this theory eagerly.

"Yes," he agreed; "that is undoubtedly the explanation. And we'll prove it, too, before we are through. Don't let yourself get down-hearted for a minute, Coombs. I got you into this scrape, and I'm going to get you out. You shall have the best counsel that I can secure, and not a stone will be left unturned to establish your complete innocence."

He turned to his friend from the district attorney's office. "Who is the best criminal lawyer to be had?" he asked.

"The best? Why, Heywood Achison of course, if you can get him. He stands head and shoulders above any other man I could mention."

"No!" Ramsey's brow darkened, as he demurred to the suggestion.

BUT later in the cab as he mentally canvassed the five or six other names given him by the lawyer, struggling meanwhile against a growing despondency over the outlook, he caught himself dwelling on the brilliant capabilities of the advocate first proposed. And finally he tapped on the pane in front of him and gave his driver a new address.

The man turned about, swung over to the Grand Central viaduct, and after covering several blocks, stopped in front of one of the apartment houses of upper Park Avenue. Hardening his resolution, he allowed himself to be helped out and assisted into the building.

There he asked for Mr. Heywood Achison, and learning that the latter was at home, sent up word that he wished to see him on a matter of urgent business. After a brief delay, a message was returned requesting him to come up.

On reaching the apartment, Wallace found a servant waiting to inform him that Mr. Achison was busily engaged in his study at the moment but would be with him in a few minutes; and he was accordingly ushered into a small and very beautiful reception room.

The rich, dim light from concealed globes lay softly over its crimsons dulled to violet, and its violets with the bloom of crimson on them. Pink and saffron petals were falling from a bowl of roses whose perfume filled the air. A great gray cat was curled up on an orchid cushion, and it sleepily opened its eyes and then closed them again, as Ramsey wearily sat down.

Almost immediately a curtain was pushed aside and Achison stood in the

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doorway. He was a tall, imposing man with a grace and quickness of movement which even his increasing flesh could not mar. His heavy, iron-gray hair was tossed back from a distinguished brow. His eyes had the cold, clear glint of steel, but his expression was uniformly benign.

For an imperceptible moment he paused, surveying Ramsey, who sat in the stronger light. From the slight curl of his lip, he might have been mockingly paraphrasing to himself that speech of Ahab's to Elijah: "Hast thou found me, O mine enemy?"

"Ah, Ramsey." He spoke in that suave, mellifluous voice which had swayed many a jury, and which now was pointed with a faint surprise and hauteur.

Then noticing his visitor's pallor and the effort it was costing him to rise, he added quickly:

"What is it? Have you had an accident?"

RAMSEY sank back in his chair, easing his knee. The twinge occasioned by his attempt to get up caused him to scowl, and the scowl remained as he gazed at Achison without endeavoring in any degree to veil his hostility. He was too young to have acquired the art of which the lawyer was master, that of concealing his feelings.

"Yes," he said shortly; "I've managed to bang up my knee. That's an unimportant thing in itself, but it's had some pretty serious and widespread consequences. You may not have heard of the murder which occurred this evening?"

"Murder?" repeated Achison in his deep tones. "Who was murdered?"

"Ella Sands. She was stabbed in a drug-store over on the West Side, and my man, Coombs, has been arrested for it. He went to meet her in my stead, after I had slipped on a bit of banana peel." He made a disgusted grimace at the thought of his misadventure. "I was on my way to see her," he said now with sharp emphasis, "for reasons which you probably know and under circumstances of which you are doubtless aware."

There was a quick narrowing of Achison's eyes, but his poise was unshaken. He was invulnerable to surprise.

"Murdered!" he said again, and the astonishment in his tone was unfeigned, or would have seemed so to anyone less skeptical of him than Ramsey. "And by—what did you say this man's name was? Ah, Coombs." He paused.

"So," he added reflectively, "Ella Sands is dead, killed by your valet." The inflection of the words, slight as it was, gave them the effect of a sinister innuendo. "How did this—er—Coombs happen to be in your employ? Tell me all the circumstances of the case, if you will be so good. And, by the way, you are looking very badly, Mr. Ramsey. Let me order you some Scotch. I still have a fair stock."

"Thanks, no." Wallace declined the offer with a negative gesture. Then as succinctly as possible he told his story.

Achison followed it with profound attention. "Very strange," he muttered abstractedly when Ramsey had finished. "Very strange. What is your theory regarding it?"



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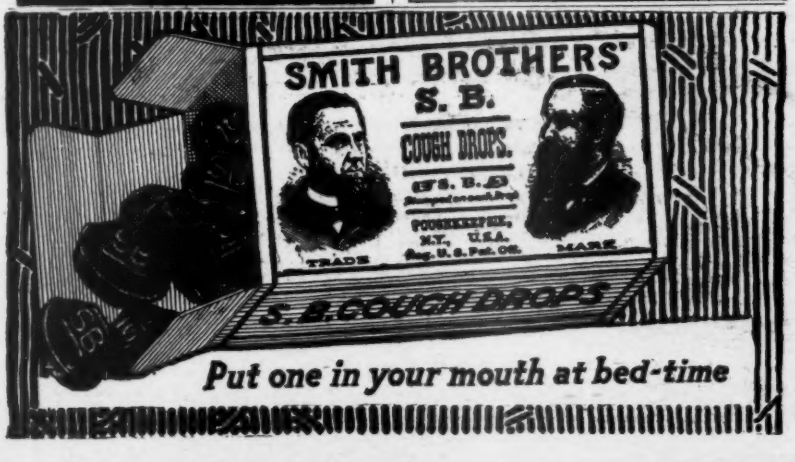
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Ramsey leaned forward in his chair. The stronger light accentuated the lines of pain and anxiety in his face. His hair was damp with perspiration, streaked across his forehead.

"I'll give you my theory," he said in a hard voice; "but there's a preface to come first. You may remember that in the fight to a finish that's on between you and me, I once had you fairly cornered, and you wriggled out by holding over me the possession of those letters in the hands of Ella Sands. For the sake of the lady involved, I was forced to refrain from exposing you."

ACHISON had lifted the cat to his knee, and was smoothing its fur with even, gentle strokes. His head was thrown back, and he was looking at Ramsey disdainfully through half-closed eyes.

"Are you still nursing that absurd delusion that you once caught me in a questionable transaction?" he asked in bored scorn. "Me!" It was rather superb, the Caesar-like way in which he said it. He sighed and shook his head. "Such obsessions are dangerous. They should be resolutely excluded from the mind."

"I am well aware that my knowledge is dangerous," Ramsey answered significantly; his face was paler than ever, his eyes were burning. "I have had satisfying proof of that on several occasions. But it is not my peril that is bothering me now; it is that of Coombs. To anyone conversant with the facts, it is ridiculous to believe that he is guilty of this murder. I know it, Mr. Achison; and so do you. Then who *is* guilty? Why, obviously some one who knew beforehand that Ella Sands was to deliver those letters to me at a certain time or place, and who seized upon it as an opportunity to kill two birds with one stone—to get rid of Ella Sands, who probably knew too much, and at the same time fasten upon me the crime of murder. Until she encountered Coombs in the drug-store, she thought and therefore the other person thought, that I was to be there. It was a very shrewd scheme; but it miscarried, because Coombs turned up—a man who had no earthly reason or excuse for killing the woman. The orders, however, were carried out as given, and hence the muddle."

He lifted his head slightly, and bent his gaze upon Achison accusingly.

"Those letters were in your control, and when I heard from Ella Sands, I knew that she was selling them with your knowledge and connivance. My letters!"

"I beg your pardon," corrected Achison punctiliously; "the lady's letters. I was fortunate enough to retrieve them from an unscrupulous maid, in whose power it lay to wreck the home and happiness of her blameless mistress solely through the medium of these cubbish and caddish effusions of your calf-love."

Ramsey's hands clenched until the nails bit into the flesh; his head dropped toward his chest, and his face was flushed with shame.

"Your condemnation is nothing beside my own," he said in a choked voice. "But my fault or folly is not the issue now. Neither is it material to inquire whether your motives in obtaining the letters were not less altruistic than you

claim; you have not altered my opinion in regard to that. The point at present, however, is this: those letters, if possible, have got to be kept out of the trial. Therefore, and also because I want Coombs to have the best obtainable counsel, I am asking you to take the case."

Achison was silent. Apparently he was engrossed in the study of a scarab ring upon his finger.

"I don't believe," Ramsey leaned forward, "you would particularly care to have your affiliation with the Sands woman disclosed, or the fact that you had turned over to her letters to be used in the levy of blackmail."

ACHISON glanced up from his contemplation of the ring, and nodded. "You are quite right," he admitted easily.

"And yet," he continued half-musingly, "I have no real reason to feel ashamed of my conduct in the affair; it was the result of a chain of circumstances, and to my mind fully justified.

"You must understand, Ramsey," he squared back in his chair with an air of thoroughly unbosoming himself, "I have known Ella Sands for a long time, off and on. I once cleared her of a charge of robbery when she was little more than a girl, and she has ever since looked to me as an adviser, and has made me to some extent her confidant. It was due to this relation or quasi-relation between us, that I was able to secure from her and hold in my keeping your letters; but only on condition that I should not destroy them and would deliver them to her on demand at any time she could convince me no injury would inure thereby to the lady involved.

"Poor thing!" He shook his head contemplatively. "She had had a good many hard knocks from life, and I suppose they had taught her to drive a sharp bargain.

"At any rate," he resumed, "she came to me not long ago and insisted on a performance of the covenant. She told me that she was no longer young and felt that she ought to establish herself in a settled position. Her brother, she said, a successful truck-farmer, would buy more land and take her in as a partner, if she could furnish the required capital. She thought then of the letters, and knowing that you had been seeking to locate her, looked to you as a likely purchaser.

"I told her if she could give me proof that you were the person buying them, she could have the letters; and accordingly, the telephone conversation you had with her, in which the terms were arranged, was held from my office, with me listening on another instrument. Regarding it as a transaction beneficial to both sides," he smiled benevolently, "I gave her the letters without further question, and supposed that ended the matter."

"I can quite believe what you say!" Ramsey, who had been frowning throughout the recital, exclaimed bitterly. "Your story is worthy of you in every respect, and confirms me in my suspicion that you had a hand in the later developments."

Achison shrugged his shoulders with supreme indifference.

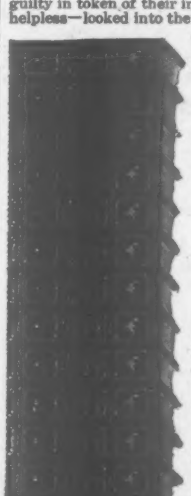
"I have no apologies to make," he said, his tone still satirically courteous. "Grant-

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the Iconoclast

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ing that my action in the premises was perhaps not strictly ethical, you must yet admit that it was human, very human.

"However," he broke off, speaking more briskly, "as you say, the question of importance at present is not what you think of me or I of you, but how to deal with this situation that has arisen. If the attitude of the district attorney's office is what you tell me, I have no doubt that the letters can be successfully suppressed. But as to securing an acquittal for this valet of yours, that is a horse of another color. The circumstantial evidence—the best evidence in the world, by the way, lay opinion to the contrary notwithstanding—seems all against him. The one thing in his favor is the apparent lack of motive."

"And isn't that enough?" demanded Ramsey. "Why should he kill a woman utterly unknown to him, and do it in such a manner that there was no chance of escape?"

"Why, indeed?" Achison echoed thoughtfully. "Unless his devotion to his employer was such that her action roused him to a homicidal fury, and that is scarcely plausible. However," he gave a wave of the hand as if to dismiss further speculation, "there's no use raising questions or trying to outline a defense until I have seen and talked to the man himself."

"You are going to take the case, then?" asked Ramsey.

Achison inclined his head, evidently starting to assent; but checked himself and paused at some suggestion which seemed to tickle his sense of humor. The corners of his wide, flexible mouth curled upward, and there was a flicker of malicious amusement in the glance he bent upon Ramsey.

"I will take the case," he said, "but only on one condition."

"What is that?" Ramsey drew back.

"That on the evening after I have succeeded in acquitting your man, you dine with me at my club. Oh, don't be alarmed!" he added ironically, as Ramsey stared at him, trying to fathom the reason back of so singular a proviso. "There will be no knock-out drops in the cocktails or cyanide in the salad. I will promise you safe-conduct to and from the door, and guarantee you against any hidden trapdoors, concealed gunmen, or other unusual accidents or incidents while inside."

Ramsey still hesitated, warily reflecting before he committed himself.

"I can hardly flatter myself," he said slowly, "that you wish merely to enjoy the pleasure of my society; but, since you make it a stipulation, for the sake of poor Coombs I agree. Otherwise—" He finished with an eloquent silence.

So, the next day when Ramsey visited the prisoner, he was able to bear to him the gratifying intelligence that he was to be represented by, as Coombs elatedly expressed it, "the best in the shop," and the latter thereupon settled down to await philosophically the outcome of the trial.

FOLLOWING the regular routine of such matters, the case came up in general sessions about three months later; and as it progressed, Ramsey, who

had heard much of the daring, ingenuity and audacity of Achison as a trial lawyer, found himself bitterly disappointed. To his mind, a raw novice from a night law-school could hardly have made a sorrier showing.

This champion of a thousand hard-won criminal combats allowed the opposition to conduct the case practically as it pleased. He displayed but tepid interest in the selection of the jury, permitting the panel to be filled almost without a challenge; and thereafter, he sat back listlessly, hardly rousing himself to make even a pretense at cross-examining the various witnesses.

Again and again he let pass unheeded points to which he might well have taken exception. His slack inertness was the talk of the courtroom. Everywhere Ramsey moved—among the lawyers, court-attachés, newspapermen and spectators—he heard but one expression, that Achison seemed deliberately to be throwing his case away.

THE representative of the district attorney, on the other hand, was full of confidence and vigor. He evidently believed with the policeman who had taken Coombs into custody, that it was an "open-and-shut case," in which conviction was a certainty. But he did not on that account remit any effort to nail home his contention in the minds of the jury.

He pictured for them through the testimony of the clerks and bystanders that scene in the drug-store, with the full daylight of early evening on the streets outside, and the interior brightly illuminated by a score of electric globes. He made them see the man and woman standing apart, and within constant view of at least a dozen people—no possible place of concealment near them—the side door a good ten paces away. The inference that Coombs alone could have struck the blow that killed Ella Sands was unescapable, unless one chose to go back to the days of enchantment and believe that the assassin had come in a cloak of darkness.

The crime being established with the circumstances which pointed toward Coombs as its perpetrator, he cleverly skirted that lack of motive which was the weakest link in his chain, and which with all its efforts the prosecution had failed adequately to supply.

Unable to prove a previous acquaintance between valet and victim, or to show any of the personal incitements to murder—jealousy, hatred or revenge—he fell back on robbery as the cause, and from the single circumstance of the $5,000 in the woman's bag built up a plausible argument. By innuendo, by suggestion and by direct statement, he painted Coombs as a crafty, scheming fellow, who, realizing that he would undoubtedly be arrested if he made off with the money before paying the woman, had planned to get it by killing her, and then in the excitement effecting a quick disappearance.

It was a flimsy theory, but by his very persistence in presenting it he made it stick; yet all this while Achison did nothing to stay the tide of accusation, or to alter the unfavorable impression which one saw gathering in the minds of the jury against his client.

To Ramsey, dejectedly following the



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developments, it seemed that the prosecutor had iron-bound and rivetted his case, when he called to the stand an officer from Scotland Yard, in America on another case, and through him positively identified Coombs even to the fingerprints, as one William Orth, who had been arrested in London seven years before for burglary and had served a term in Dartmouth prison.

AND then Achison arose. His listlessness and indifference were gone; but there was nothing aggressive in his manner, no suggestion of being hard-pressed. Serene, suave, smiling, he seemed simply to rise above the odds against him. He dominated the entire courtroom, judge, jury and spectators alike. As he commenced to speak, there was a hush of absorbed attention. Even Ramsey paid a grudging tribute to the power of his magnetic personality.

With a careless wave of the hand, he admitted and swept aside Coombs' criminal record. If the man was a burglar, so was the woman a blackmailer; and whereas the testimony would show that on leaving prison Coombs had determined to turn over a new leaf and had sedulously held to that resolve, she had met her end while in the very act of consummating a felony.

But they were not there to question whether the defendant in his youth had committed a criminal error for which he had already paid the full penalty, or Ella Sands in her maturity had engaged upon the more despicable offense of blackmail. They were there to decide if it was the defendant's hand which had struck her down, and it was the task of the learned counsel on the other side to convince the jury of that fact beyond a reasonable doubt. On the prosecution rested the burden of proof. His client must be regarded as an innocent man until proven guilty.

"But I shall not stand on that provision of the law." He flung back his leonine head, and his voice rang out over the courtroom. "I shall show you beyond question that my client never struck the blow that killed Ella Sands."

Then he called Ramsey to the stand, and skillfully led by Achison, Ramsey told how Coombs at the risk of his own life had saved him at the time of the accident in the subway, and in their subsequent association had always shown himself steady, sober and honest as well as cheerful and efficient. He also showed how absolutely fortuitous and unfcreseen were the circumstances which led to Coombs meeting the woman instead of himself. By an arrangement between counsel the nature of the letters which had figured in the transaction was not gone into; but naturally at this point the witness became a little nervous and embarrassed, and much of the good effect which his earlier testimony had created on the jury was lost.

The prosecutor noted his momentary lack of poise, and took advantage of it.

"You consider that this man saved your life, Mr. Ramsey?"

"I don't consider so. I know it."

"And naturally you would do a great deal for him in return?" There was no mistaking the sarcastic inference. The

prosecutor glanced toward the jury, as if to say: "You see. This witness is under such a heavy obligation that he would swear to anything to help his rescuer."

But it almost seemed that Achison had been awaiting this interchange in order to score. Quick as a flash he came back.

"You would even have given him five thousand dollars, if he had asked for it, Mr. Ramsey?"

"I certainly would," agreed Ramsey emphatically. "I have repeatedly tried to persuade him to accept money as a reward for the service he rendered me, but he always refused."

"Then there was no incentive for him to steal the amount you sent to this woman?"

"Not the slightest," said Wallace firmly. And the prosecutor, unable to counter, had to let him go.

THEN Achison introduced into the case one of those surprise features for which he was famous. He called to the stand a solid, well-dressed man of the substantial citizen type who proved to be the head of an important manufacturing concern. This witness stated that on the evening of the murder he had left his home about seven o'clock, and, while walking up the hill toward the corner occupied by the drug-store, had seen a man who was standing just outside the side entrance of the place, turn suddenly, dash across the sidewalk, jump into a motorcar standing at the curb, and drive hurriedly away. A moment later he saw the crowd commencing to gather, and when he reached the corner, learned that a murder had been committed.

Asked why he had not reported this before, he replied that he had attached no importance to the circumstance. He was told when he reached the corner that the murderer had been captured, and this was confirmed by the account in the next morning's papers. Besides, he was positive that the man had not come out of the drug-store, but had been merely standing at the side entrance as if looking in, and he supposed had seen the tragedy and been frightened away. He had a vague impression that the man was a chauffeur, and a slightly clearer one that the car was a large, private limousine; but he was unwilling to swear definitely to either fact. No one else was on the block at the moment, so far as he could remember; it was a residential quarter and there were not apt to be many people abroad at that hour.

The prosecutor cross-examined the manufacturer perfunctorily; but it was plain to see he was puzzled. He could not understand the purpose of this testimony.

From it, however, Achison elaborated an entirely new theory of the murder. The evidence had already demonstrated that from the position in which the woman had fallen, she must have had her back toward Coombs and have been facing toward the side door of the drug-store, and the contention of the State was that Coombs had reached over her right shoulder and stabbed her with a swift, downward thrust.

By his line of questioning, though, Achison now suggested that the real mur-



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derer was some expert juggler or knife-thrower who, knowing of the woman's appointment at the drug-store, had been lurking at the side door and had seized his opportunity as she started to come toward him.

To substantiate this assumption, he had a dummy brought into court, and then calling a team of professional knife-throwers furnished by one of the theatrical agencies, he stationed them at exactly the distance the woman had been from the door, and then directed one of them to drive a knife into the dummy's suppositious heart.

Swift as a flash, the knife flew through the air and buried itself in the indicated spot. Again and again, as Achison named some particular part of the body, the knives were thrown, and each time with unerring aim and precision.

Ramsey with his eyes on the jury felt an exultant thrill as he saw the effect of this somewhat gruesome touch of vaudeville. There was no getting away from the conclusion that the crime might have been committed in the manner claimed, and that the mysterious chauffeur lurking at the doorway might have been the real assassin. Already in the faces of the twelve men in the jury box might be discerned the dawnings of a "reasonable doubt."

But Achison, not content with this, was reserving an even more dramatic climax. Changing the line of testimony, he called to the stand two great surgeons, authorities in anatomy especially in regard to joints, and bidding Coombs stand up, had him bare his right arm. The experts upon examination declared that there was a dislocation of the elbow of such long standing and with such a pronounced ankylosis of the muscles as to permit but little or no use of the arm. They were unqualified in their opinion that Coombs could not possibly have struck the blow that killed Ella Sands.

Upon this, Achison promptly moved for a dismissal of the case against his client. The judge, holding, however, that the matters at issue were properly questions of fact, left it to the jury to decide. But this was hardly more than a formality. The result was already assured. The jury had little more than closed the door of the jury room before they returned with a verdict of acquittal.

RAMSEY, elated as a school-boy, was the first to reach Coombs with his congratulations, and managed cleverly to maneuver him through the crowd and into a waiting taxicab.

"Why did you never tell me about that arm?" he exclaimed reproachfully as they drove together up town. "Ambidextrous as you are, I never even suspected it. And I'll bet, too, that you dislocated it when you dived after me in the subway. I'm going to see that you have treatment for it right away."

Coombs, who had been looking out with eager eyes upon a world from which he had been immured, turned from his survey of the passing panorama of streets, buildings and people, and twisted up his face with his old whimsical expression.

"Seems like turning on an old friend," he said. "That arm was probably what saved me from the electric chair; so, but as the pain was at times, I guess it was worth while." Then, with an abrupt change of subject, he added: "Mr. Achison is sure one wonderful man."

Ramsey gave a grudging assent to this and lapsed into silence. The mention of the lawyer had recalled to him a note which the latter had passed across to him in the court room just after the conclusion of the case, reminding him of his promise to take dinner with him that evening; and again he fell to speculating as to what possible reason there could be for the invitation.

Achison was not the man to do idle, impulsive or inconsequent things; and besides, he had been too insistent in this instance not to have a very distinct and definite motive in view.

Curiosity and conjecture were still seething within him, when he met his host that evening at the club which Achison had named.

The lawyer, looking as fresh as if he had not just finished the conduct of an exacting trial, greeted him with the utmost urbanity, and led the way to a small table which had been reserved in a corner of the dining room. Then, with the zest of a true epicure, he devoted himself to the ordering of a fastidiously chosen dinner.

With that off his mind, he showed himself in the mood for conversation. The trial was not mentioned, but he talked on the topics of the moment with such knowledge, insight and humor that Ramsey was forced to admire and content to listen. It was not until the coffee was brought, that Ramsey realized his host had not yet indicated his hand or even shown a card. He promptly decided to force things.

"You did a remarkable stunt in clearing Coombs, Mr. Achison, and I am grateful to you."

"—But?" Achison neatly interrupted. "You are saying that 'but' just as surely as if your lips uttered it. You are wondering why I asked you to dine with me. You have been suspecting me all through dinner of trying to beguile you into friendship, instead of remaining, as your youthful and exotic fancy conceives us, 'enemies to the death'." He chuckled deeply in his throat.

"You are perfectly right," returned Ramsey; "I was wondering just that. And now why have you asked me here tonight? You don't act without a motive. What is it in this case?"

Achison smiled with an expression which suggested that the joke was on his companion.

"Ramsey," he said, "you've seen me do my mystifying act before my audience in the courtroom; now it amuses me to take you behind the scenes and show you just how the rabbits and the bowl of goldfish got into the silk hat.

"My young friend, the argument I put over, that this crime was committed by some unknown man who drove away in an automobile, and who, you are sure

vinced, was hired by a 'Master Mind,' mounts to just that." He blew out a cloud of cigarette smoke, and watched it dissipate into the air.

"You don't believe me, eh?" He turned his broad, mocking face back to Ramsey. "You think I am drawing a red herring across the trail, because I realize where it really leads? Let me see; how shall I convince you? Like all doubters, you demand a sign, yet fail to perceive those which lie right under your nose.

"How do you suppose, for instance, that I secured as a witness that eminently respectable manufacturer who served as the corner stone of my defense? Was it by chance? A stroke of luck? Not at all. Before I had ever heard of him, I knew just what he would testify, and where to go to find him."

A PAUSE. Then: "In order that you may understand, let's start at the beginning. When, after your long and unavailing search for her, Ella Sands finally communicated with you, it was because she was in deadly terror. A man she had great reason to fear was at large after the expiration of a prison term, and she had learned that he was in New York. She was anxious to obliterate herself, to fade away into some country landscape and leave no trace behind; and this proposal of her brother to take her into partnership offered the desired opportunity. Meanwhile, she was actually afraid to walk the streets. After her telephone conversation with you that day, she spent the whole of the rest of the afternoon in my office rather than go back home; and she became so nervous and apprehensive as the time approached to set out for her appointment, that I sent her to the drug-store in my car, and gave my chauffeur orders to wait and drive her to Grand Central Station, for she was planning to leave the city at once. It was he who was seen by the manufacturer, and mine the mysterious car in which he drove away. Naturally, I realized that some one must have observed the incident, and fortunately, when I found the person, he proved to be impeccable for our purpose."

Ramsey glanced up sharply.

"Does that mean that it was your chauffeur who killed the woman?"

"Oh, dear, no. Henry knows practically little more of the affair than the clerks in the store. He did not see the murder; but waiting at the side-door, his attention was attracted by a commotion and looking within, he saw a woman stretched out on the floor and heard someone cry, 'Murder!' Then, fearful of being involved, he made off."

"Who did kill her, then?" demanded Ramsey.

"Coombs," replied Achison.

"Never!" cried Wallace. "Why, that's impossible. It's—"

"Wait until I finish." Achison authoritatively imposed silence. "Coombs was the man, I tell you, of whom Ella Sands stood in fear. He had met her first in Paris, and becoming infatuated with her, was her accomplice in various thefts. Naturally he fell in with her friends, and a thorough-paced lot of scoundrels they were, I imagine. One of

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the big fellows used him to pull off the burglary of a large house in London, and knowing of this, Ella, who had grown tired of Coombs' jealousy and wanted him out of the way, gave information that resulted in his conviction and a seven-years' term in Dartmouth. He came to this country seeking her, and—"

"And of course arranged it so that I should sprain my knee," sneered Ramsey, "and he go to the appointment in my place; probably laid the banana peel purposely in my path. Don't you think you are stretching the long arm of coincidence a little far?"

"When you sprained your knee," returned Achison, "and Coombs appeared so opportunely on the scene, he was not playing the protective watchdog as you so fondly imagined. He was following you to get in touch with Ella Sands after your interview was over. A man has no secrets from his valet, remember. Do you suppose that Coombs did not inspect your letters before he brought them to you, or that he failed to recognize the handwriting of Ella when he saw it? He knew that you were going to meet her, and he intended to find out where.

"He did not intend to kill her in the drug-store. He says he did not intend to kill her at all; he merely wanted to talk to her. But when he made himself known—for with his hat drawn down, she doubtless believed him to be you until after the interchange of the letters and money had been accomplished—she snatched the knife out of her bag, he claims, and made a lunge at him. He wrested the knife from her hand, and then as she turned to flee, he reached over her shoulder and struck her down. In the eyes of the law, Coombs stands an innocent man; but as a matter of fact, he is guilty as hell."

RAMSEY shook his head.

"I am afraid I shall have to remind you, Mr. Achison," he said with a faint, superior smile, "of the old adage about the pitcher that goes too often to the well. If the story you presented in court today was, as you claim, merely an ingenious fabrication, a tissue of truth and lies, how do I know that you are not performing a similar feat in the version you now ask me to believe? And your second story lacks the convincing quality of the first; for in it, clever as you are, there is a fatal oversight.

"You quite forget," his voice rose triumphantly, "that, with Coombs' arm in the condition that it was, he could not possibly have struck that blow—an obvious right-hand thrust."

Achison stared at him, although hardly with the consternation that Ramsey expected. Then he broke into laughter.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed. "Don't you know I held my breath when I was putting that over in court. That dislocation is an old contortionist trick that I learned years ago, and fortunately Coombs had the nerve to hold his arm that way throughout the months before his trial and so deceive the experts.

"And now that that's settled," he leaned blandly across the table, "I hope, my young friend, you will begin to see the folly and futility of the absurd suspicions you harbor against me, and abandon these

efforts to 'bring me to justice.' If you don't—!" The light satiric smile was still on his lips, but in his eye there was a hint of darker menace. "If you don't," he shrugged his shoulders, "why, I don't know what I shall do to you."

To Ramsey, staggered by the revelations of the last few minutes, the half-veiled threat was like a restorative. He raised his head, and looked Achison squarely in the eye.

"I don't believe a word you have said," he declared doggedly. "It's only another out of your box of tricks. Will you go with me to my apartment, and there repeat to Coombs' face this story you have told me?"

"With all my heart," agreed Achison readily.

But when they reached the apartment, they found that Coombs was gone, and had left word he would not return.

(In the next RED BOOK MAGAZINE Heyward Achison will have a hand in the affair of "The Medium's Miniature," with Ramsey still on his heels.)

"BEAUTY"

(Continued from page 47)

for the Rothschilds,' he says, 'and I'll give you twice what you could earn on your own, and give it to you in a lump. These mercury pockets are tricky, and they don't last forever. You've got about a quarter of a million dollars' worth of it here, if it's worked scientific, and that's my last price. Take it or leave it.'

"I told him I was sleepy and rolled over. But all that night I dreamed of being a swell. I'd never been out of Texas—born there, like my grandfather was. My great-grandfather was born in Missouri when it belonged to Spain. His father went there from Virginia with old Moses Austin, who fought Indians with one hand and mined lead with the other. When the Austins went down into Texas, my great-grandfather went along as a boy. The Spanish gave him a hundred and sixty acres; every child got that much, and every slave eighty.

"Then Mexico broke away from Spain, and the trouble with the Americans began. My great-great-grandfather was one of the men who founded the Fredonian Republic. You never heard of it, I reckon. It only lasted a few weeks.

"Mexico freed the slaves, and that made trouble with the Americans. My great-grandfather was at the consultation that started Texas off as a republic. Then he went with Colonel Bowie to the Alamo, and of course he never came back. So you see we came from one of the originalest families there were in Texas. . . . . But you didn't ask me about my pedigree. I was tellin' you about that mining engineer and how he offered me two hundred and fifty thousand dollars for my little mercury-farm. I didn't believe there was really that much mercury in the world, but I said to the M. E.:

"'Well, seeing as you are so set on getting my little old mine for your baron friend, I reckon I'll have to let you have it. I never could deny a baron anything.

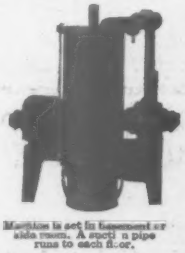


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Niagara School of Music

DEPT. 304

Niagara Falls, N. Y.

I suppose he'll expect me to pay him a long visit on his ranch at Monte Carlo, and we'll ride in and shoot up the bank every Saturday night.'

"The M. E. allowed we would, and we closed the deal. I wanted to divvy up with Pa Milman, but he threatened to cut my nose off if I didn't get the hell out of there. I bought Ma Milman a few presents, includin' a right expensive car, so's she could ride over Mrs. Bowditch whenever she'd a mind to. Then I got her a phonograph and some records, for she was very partial to Caruso, and she's got that Dago almost wore out, singin' to her every night.

"Well, it was the strangest thing how different the world looks when you look at it from the top of a pile of money. I'd been dreaming of a pretty little 'dobe shack in Alpine, with a palm tree and a couple of ornamental cactuses and a windmill all my own. But the minute I got money, Alpine looked kind of small. I wanted to hit out for the white lights. I decided to buy New York and push old John D. off the map. When I got here, I found that my quarter of a million would only buy a little stack of white chips, hardly enough to ante with, to say nothing of any reds or blues. But here I am, and here I stay while my pile lasts."

CLELIA had listened to him as to a visitor from Mars; his life and his language were almost as unlike hers as if he came from a foreign planet. Perhaps he mistook her curiosity for fascination. As long as her eyes were bright upon him, he would talk about himself.

Now she wondered how he had ever drifted into her realm, for she belonged to what the excluded call the exclusive set, though the circle is far easier to enter than any labor union if one chances to prove interesting—and it is hard to see why anybody should be admitted if he is not interesting.

Still Clelia had wondered how Larrick had happened in, and she said:

"It's wonderful how many accidents it took to get you your money. What accident threw you in with our gang?"

"Oh, it was just my run of luck," said Larrick. "I had happened to meet up with Norry Frewin when he was visiting our little State, and when I came to New York, I just thought I'd look him up. And I did, and he took it upon himself to save me from falling in with the wrong folks, knowing I was young and innocent and not to be trusted with money."

"Tell them how you happened to meet me in Texas," Frewin said.

"Why, when did you horn in?" Larrick asked. "Last I saw of you, you were trying to whip a trout to death."

Frewin had joined the group unseen by Larrick. He had wrenched his line free, leaving his favorite fly in the rocks, and had followed Clelia. When he had seen Coykendall sitting next to her, his anger toward Larrick had been mollified by his greater distrust of Coykendall. He was afraid of Coykendall and afraid for Clelia in the man's company, for Coykendall's divorce had been an ugly affair, attended with rumors of the most odious cruelty.

Frewin had warned Clelia to beware of the fellow, but that had made him all the



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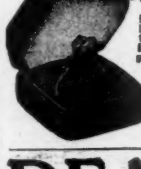


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CHAPTER XVIII

SOMEHOW it struck Frewin as good tactics to magnify Larrick. Perhaps he thought that he could divert Clelia from Coykendall by heroizing the Texan. He had little real fear that she could ever take the cowboy seriously. So now he repeated his behest to Larrick:

"Tell them what you did for me in Texas."

Larrick's brown face turned a little ruddier as he mumbled:

"I been braggin' about what a wonderful feller I am. Don't make me give myself away for a thunderin' imbecile."

"You did the bravest thing a man ever did," Frewin insisted, and he would not be estopped from describing how he had found himself broke and hungry in the wilderness and had unwittingly insulted the whisky-mad bad-man who proposed to shoot him up, how Larrick had thrust into the dispute and set his forehead against Spot Caper's pistol-muzzle and dared the brute down.

He made a little epic of it, and though Larrick grew sheepish with embarrassment, the women liked him all the more for his humility under praise. It is fine to hear some one else tell of your heroism—if some one else only will.

Clelia, with a young girl's idolatry for physical courage, was troubled with a feeling of awe, an emotion so unusual to her that she grew shy and awkward under its spell, as everybody does when a new emotion catches him unawares.

She sighed: "To have saved somebody's life—how marvelous! I'd give my right arm just to be able to say I'd saved somebody's life!"

Larrick mumbled with a kind of terror-smitten audacity: "There's one life you can save and keep both arms."

"Whose?" said the unsuspecting Clelia.

"Mine," said Larrick.

This was quite too gauche, and Clelia was shocked back into her familiar insolence.

"Oh, really!" she gasped, and got up.

The charm was broken; the picnic was over. She sprang to her feet and strode homeward. Frewin scrambled up to follow her, but Coykendall managed to interpose himself and shunt Frewin aside. He made off down the hill with Clelia. As a punishment for Larrick and a torture for Frewin, no doubt, Clelia took his arm.

Frewin gathered up his fishing-rod and empty creel and turned back to the trout-stream.

Larrick, left alone with Nancy Fleet, stared after Clelia's captor with a rancor poorly disguised:

"That's what we call cuttin' a heifer out of the herd. Coykendall is a pretty slick article."

"He's a beast, and Clelia knows it," Nancy snapped. "You'd better go along and chaperon them."

Larrick would have been only too glad to, but he could hardly leave Miss Fleet alone in the Adirondacks, so he spoke with rather labored courtesy:

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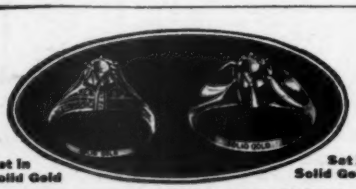
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Don't send a penny. Send your name and finger size and say, "Send me a Correan Gem mounted in solid gold ring on 10 days' free trial." We will send it prepaid right to your home. When it comes merely deposit $5.25 with the postman and then wear it for 10 full days. **If you or if any of your friends can tell it from a diamond, send it back.** But if you decide to buy it, send us $2.50 for five months.

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M. LOWEY, Dept. A, 301 30th St., Woodcliff, N. J.

"I'd rather be with you, if you don't mind."

"Liar!" said Nancy. She was in a somber mood, and Larrick felt that he had not been honorable, or even polite to her. She had been the recipient of his first gallantries when he came North, and he felt that he had incurred a certain obligation to keep them up, even though Clelia had drowned Nancy's radiance as the will-o'-the-wisp lures the eyes from the moon.

When, then, they strolled toward the camp and lost sight of Clelia and Coykendall in the piney labyrinth, Larrick began to suffer from the venerable sense of obligation the male inherits from the immemorial past, an imagined obligation to offer the dubious compliment of an embrace to every personable female he finds himself alone with. He was grotesquely crass in his motive and its expression, and nothing could have been more idiotic than his ursine clumsiness when they walked into a perfect opportunity.

A lofty cedar sent down its green boughs to the earth, making a wigwam of sheltered solitude. Here Larrick paused, and laying hold of Nancy's firm round arm, drew her toward him and stammered like an overgrown lout asking for his first kiss:

"It's been a mighty long while since—since—"

The words were too gross even for his stupidity, and so he drew her to his bosom and closed his long arms across her flat back. Once she was in his embrace, he remembered with a kind of surprise how bewitching he had found her once, and how the apposition of her form to his had once thrilled him.

He stared into her eyes and found them mystical and her mouth luscious. But when he bent his head, her eyes blazed with indignation and her mouth trembled with scorn and with the hurt of being scorned. She made no struggle, but simply groaned: "Oh, for God's sake, spare me that!"

His arms fell to his sides, and she walked away.

CHAPTER XIX

ONCE more Larrick could only follow an implacable woman at heel. Because he could not honestly make the true amends, he did not speak. He was compromised in his own soul by his courtship of Clelia, and by the amazing folly of telling her before all the others how she could save his life. That remark had sprung to his lips as a very inspiration of wit. And it had disgusted Clelia, and sickened Nancy.

Larrick decided that he was unfit for the society he had blundered into. The boarding-house waitresses in Alpine were about his measure. He wished himself back there, and wondered why he had ever left. His money had made a jackass of him, as of so many other men, from Midas down. How dazzling had been his vision of the conquest of New York, and how differently everything had turned out! His memory ran back to the day of his departure. The railroad built with such slow and bitter toil across the desert where, as the saying was, "a crow would



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THE poor little fingers blistered and hurt terribly. Mother was wild — but big sister ran for the

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The little hand was well

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Canadian Address, THE ARTHUR SALES CO., Dept. Z.
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have to tote his rations," offered the swift and magic escape. The Sunset Limited, that gorgeous flying serpent, on its twenty-five-hundred-mile flight from San Francisco to New Orleans, reached Alpine at half-past nine, when the desert night was chill, stopped and took aboard only one passenger—though he had the celebration of a bridal party. Nearly everybody in Alpine was at the station to bid Larrick God-speed, and every citizen had his farewell joke to fling at the delegate from Brewster County who was going North to dehorn the foolish cattle of Broadway.

Larrick found his car in the long, dark train, and the porter led him to his drawing-room. He would leave in nothing less, though he had had to buy two tickets for the privilege. There was many a girl in Alpine who had laughed at him once, but would have been proud now to share his state as a bride. But young Lochinvar rode out of the West alone.

Chicago was Larrick's first great city. Here he saw his first sky-scrapers, his first art gallery. The huge lions of the Art Institute held him spellbound. He lingered for several days fascinated by the wonders of the place, and after being knocked aside by the crowds, learned to forbear gazing up at the tall buildings.

He studied the manners of city people with an eager eye and replaced his store-clothes with costumes less conspicuous. And so when he reached New York he was not quite so green as he had been. He made himself a trifle foolish about the big hotel, but he was as quick to catch the amusement or the scorn in the beholder's eye as he has been to scan the desert for a rattlesnake. He had by nature the gentleman's desire to blend with his background, and the horror of blatancy; and he shed his outlandishness with great rapidity.

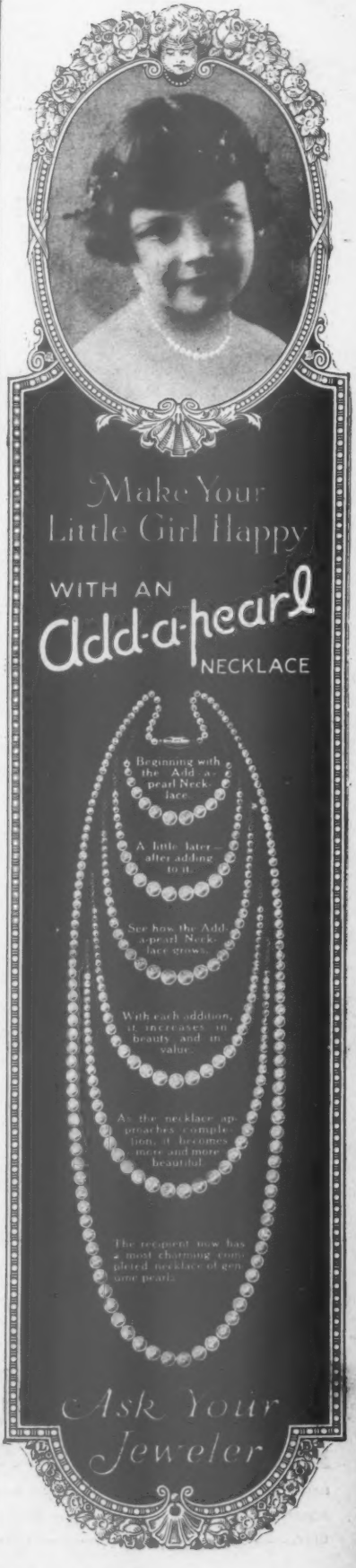
Days and nights of riding about the city and the beaches in taxicabs and in seeing-New-York wagons exhausted Larrick. He began to be oppressed by that loneliness which has always made cities harrowing to strangers. He made a few of such acquaintances as every town offers to the visitor, but their easy vices did not satisfy his soul

THE only New Yorker Larrick had ever known was Norry Frewin; and because Frewin owed him money, Larrick hated to look him up.

But the memory of their brief friendship, and the hunger to meet some one who had once cared for him, broke down his reluctance to impose himself on anyone, especially on a citizen of that New York so famous for its alleged indifference to the rest of the country.

Finding young Frewin was not easy, but his father's business address was in the telephone-book, and Larrick ventured into the bank. With some difficulty he learned Norry's number and called it.

A valet answered in a prim voice and asked Larrick's name. The next thing Larrick knew was the rattling of his eardrum as Frewin hailed him in a prairie voice with the cordiality of one desert waif to another. Frewin assumed that the telephone centrals were not listening, and with necessary expurgations, his welcome ran somewhat as follows:

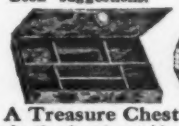


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"Gad Larrick! that isn't you? Why, —bless your sweet soul, what are you doing in this—awful hole? Whatever became of you? I sent you back your money, and it was returned. I supposed you had been shot up by that Spot Caper and buried in his private graveyard. How long have you been here? You don't mean to say that you've been in this hole a week and not let me know. Why, you—"

If Galli-Curci had been crooning a lullaby to him, Larrick could not have been more soothed and reassured. Frewin offered to come and get him at his hotel, and Larrick went down in the lobby to wait for him.

It was not on his own account, since he cared little for other people's opinions, that Frewin was anxious lest Larrick should turn out to be the same wild primitive he had met in the cattleman's saloon. Frewin was afraid for Larrick. He was comfortably disappointed when a well-dressed young giant whom he had not recognized at first glance spoke in a voice that he knew at once.

FREWIN was the noisier of the two in his greeting, and the more violent in his handshake. He even embraced his rescuer. He demanded that Larrick give up his hotel rooms and move to the apartment he kept, but Larrick refused—on altruistic grounds. He refused also to go with Frewin to dinner. But Frewin would not let him off.

"You can live at the hotel if you insist on it, because I don't want to interfere with your private flirtations, but you're not going to get out of my sight today. I'll put you in the way of some real flirtations. Tomorrow I want you to meet my dad and mother. They are going out of town tonight. They'll both take you into their hearts. I know my mother prays for you every night and on Sundays at St. Bartholomew's. The old man was so scared by my disappearance and my adventures that I've got him eating out of my hand. He pays my debts as fast as I can make 'em, and he keeps so quiet about my taking up a serious business that I'm beginning to be tempted to try it. Besides, I'm kind of crazy about a girl—Clelia Blakeney. I want you to see her. She's to be at the dinner. Keep your eyes off her. There'll be enough others present for you to fascinate."

Suddenly he remembered that he had not asked about Larrick's affairs, or his evident wealth. It was so natural to Frewin to see people rich and in New York that at first his curiosity was not aroused. When he heard of the fortune that had come to Larrick, he groaned:

"Oh, hell! Now I can't do anything for you! I was in hopes that you were down and out and broke, and I could save your life as you saved mine, and set you up in business as you did me. And now you've gone and got yourself rich enough to buy and sell me a dozen times a day. Just to save my self-respect, will you let me pay back what you lent me?"

Larrick was already sophisticated enough to suppress his natural tendency to make a battle over the return of the loan. He said: "If it would make you feel easier—"

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CHAPTER XX

LARRICK had bought himself evening clothes of the highest priced tailor the hotel-clerk could refer him to. He had thrown himself on the mercy of a fashionable haberdasher. As far as nine tailors could make him, he was a man in style. He was a gentleman, too, in his high and easy-riding pride. He carried his self-respect like a concealed weapon. He was courteous to others, and he was ready to demand what he gave. He was not a New York gentleman, but he was a desert gentleman, and he wore the uniform of the occasion. He was big and handsome, humble and haughty, and he was afraid of no man.

So Frewin knew that his guests would find him worthy of their company.

"When I tell them what you did for me, they'll make a lion of you," he told Larrick, who promptly began to buck.

"If you're goin' to tell 'em that fool yarn, you'll make a jack-rabbit out of me," said Larrick earnestly. "If you don't promise not to mention it, even, I'm not going to be there at all."

He forced Frewin to guarantee him against any such homage, and Frewin kept his word. Larrick was accepted as Norry Frewin's friend. If he had a past, that was his affair. His immediate behavior was all that concerned the new acquaintances.

They dined on the roof of the Ritz-Carlton, and thanks to the daylight-saving law, it was still twilight though the advanced clocks said eight. The mixture of daylight with the lamplight made the women's dinner-gowns look a little more startling than they would have in the artificial light alone. Larrick had seen a good deal of modish dressing and undressing in the theaters and hotels when he had wandered about the city. But the dresses of Frewin's women guests!

He was introduced to men and women who bore names that sounded impressive even to Larrick's little-tutored ear. Some of the women were wives, and their husbands were along. And they seemed to be honest enough women. But the amount of paint and powder they had on—and the amount of clothes they had off!

Even to look at some of them terrified Larrick—not because they were not good to behold, but because he could see so much more of them than he thought he had a right to. He drew the pre-marital line rather high—and the post-marital, for Mrs. Roantree was there, and she had been a widow for fifteen years. She was bulky and not flirtatious, yet she dressed as low as the rest of them. It must be a custom of the country! Larrick would come in time to see that costume has little relation to morals, but for the present he was almost paralyzed.

He was acutely embarrassed and kept his eye on his nude plate and the décolleté clams. The guests paid little attention to him, as is the New York wont with strangers who do not command it. They chattered rapidly to one another, answered him pleasantly enough if he spoke, but made no effort to entertain him or draw him out. So he retreated into silence, feeling as absent and transparent as *Banquo* at the table before *Macbeth* caught sight of hi..

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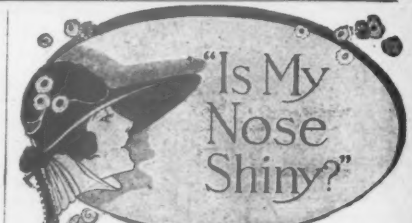
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FREWIN had been fuming since the guests met in the lobby, and all the way to the roof because Nancy Fleet was late and Clelia did not come at all.

"That's the damn little Clelia of it!" he raged. He had got the crowd together to be with Clelia, who did not care for solitudes; and she had not come—and did not come. She did not even telephone : kindly lie.

"The cat has forgotten all about it, or she has been offered some other date that she likes better. I could wring her neck!"

Henceforward Clelia was a name stamped on Larrick's memory by her emphatic absence. He forgot, before the night was past, the names of the other guests, but not Clelia's.

He forgot Nancy Fleet's name, too, but not her face! Nor the rest of her! She came in with Randel the sculptor. He might have modeled her as she stood making her apologies for being "held up by a damned traffic cop who rowed with her fool of a chauffeur."

She nodded to Larrick when he rose to be presented, and went on talking volubly, impatiently, with a venomous cynicism that her laughing features belied, and her singularly voluptuous form and carriage. Her place was just across from Larrick, and she never looked at him, except when her glance flicked across his face in passing from one end of the table to the other. And Larrick carefully avoided looking at her. He avoided her with a violent intention as a modest citizen caught out in the streets of Coventry might have kept his eyes off Lady Godiva on her famous ride—and for much the same reason.

But Larrick listened to everything she said. She startled him, frightened him by her reckless words, the profanity that sprinkled her phrases, as if it had no meaning to her, the shocking freedom of her allusions and her audacious opinions She fascinated him as a sort of gleaming and beautiful serpent. But he watched her only out of the corners of his eyes—which is, of course, the best place to watch from, though that was not Larrick's motive. He was afraid to gaze at her. She blinded him a little with her splendor and the freedom with which she revealed her radiant surfaces.

AS the long, long dinner went through the elaborate ritual, the waiters so solemn, the captains so attentive, the changes of silver and china so frequent and complex—the whole service so high-church (and the conversation so low-church), Larrick began to feel that Miss Fleet was no more ignoring him than he her.

Such impressions are made up of so many, many little motions and manners, inhibitions and excesses and artificialties, that they seem intuitional, occultly magical, though they are no more miraculous than the overwhelming mysteries of common speech and understanding. But somehow Larrick was assured that as in his own silence, his averted gaze, his avoidance of any remark, there was a tremendous recognition of Miss Fleet's importance, so she was paying him the same tribute, thinking of him while she talked to everybody else, meditating pro-

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E. S. WELLS, Chemist, Jersey City, N. J.

foundly upon him while she seemed to utter only the shallowest of chatter, and communing with him by making him the sole recipient of her silence.

This thought kept him enormously interested through the dinner. Frewin wanted to talk to him, but Mrs. Roantree was at his right, and she was immense and continuous in her overbearing tirade about something or other that Larrick was too busy to attend. And he was very busy at this new kind of game, fencing blindfolded against a blindfolded adversary, with buttoned foils and no danger of bloodshed, but an intense excitement over points.

At last the coffee came along, and the tobacco—though, for the matter of that, both men and women had smoked before and during the entire dinner. There had been no cocktail, no wines, no liquors; people were getting along without them nowadays in public, resigning themselves dolefully to the inevitable and solacing themselves as best they could in private, growing stingier and stingier with their own failing supplies and more and more greedy of other people's. It was dismally noted that in the homes the cocktails were tending more and more to become unmitigated orange juice.

MISS FLEET pushed away from the table, sat endwise, crossed her knees and all but turned her back on Larrick. She was rattling away to Randel about a lot of people Larrick never had heard of—and had not missed much, to judge from Miss Fleet's reference to them as "muckers," "bounders," "rotten cads" and "dirty pups."

Now Larrick's flattering theory of the masked attention Miss Fleet had been paying him fell to the ground, and his pride suffered a severe sprain. Surely if she were really fencing with him, she would not have turned her back on him.

He suffered the more from realizing how beautiful a prize he had lost, for now he could steal a look at her when the others were not looking at him. He was astounded at her loveliness, at the bewildering pattern of her coiffure, such a maze of architecture built out of such delicate and innumerable silken threads. He stole voracious glimpses of her profile that ran down from under the eaves of that hair, the brow, the nose, the felicitously cut lips, the delicious swirl of the chin into the throat, the flexile shaft of her neck, and the lines and planes and curves that ran from the root of the throat, across and around the shoulder and the one arm whose elbow was on the table, and the shoulder-blades and the—the— The word in his mind was "chest," but it did not seem up to the opportunities.

He was despondent with the loss of his mad fantasy that this glittering creature had been conversing with him in thoughts and not in words. He did not know her name even, though he heard her called "Nancy," at intervals. He was sorry to have lost her. He wished bitterly that he might have interested her a little, as she absorbed him much.

Then the dinner was over. Frewin signed the check and left a bank-note on it that set the covey of waiters to bowing and whisking away the chairs.

As the guests quitted the tables, this

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one and that one stopped to speak to friends. Larrick noted that some of the men did not get up even when a woman stood by them. It was too much trouble to be always rising and sitting, he supposed, but he had been taught otherwise. Larrick, who knew nobody, was left alone. He found himself for a moment standing at the side of the neglectful Miss Fleet.

To his stupefaction she turned her wonderful head and murmured across her pluperfect shoulder:

"I've had such a glorious flirtation with you tonight! If you talk as well as you keep quiet, come and see me sometime."

Just then a woman at a table clutched for her and dragged her down into a knot of heads, to hear the latest horrible story.

Larrick's heart was beating like a trip-hammer as he realized that his mad guess was indeed an intuition. He had made a conquest, or at least a hit, with the queen of the world. If only he knew her name!

IT seemed that the story at the table would never end. As he stared across the straight incline of Nancy's back, his unseeing eyes were wakened by a surprising sight.

At a lonely little table near the door a lone woman sat. She was dressed like the rest in a much-disclosing gown whose brilliant inspiration even Larrick could vaguely recognize. Her hands were jeweled, her arms and shoulders beautiful, and her hair coiffed to the limit. But her face was covered with a thick veil that hid it completely. She lifted it away a little as she carried her fork to her lips, but not a feature could be seen.

Larrick was amazed.

Then Nancy stood erect, laughing as she lightly smacked the cheek of the man who was telling the story.

And she moved on with Larrick in her train. He was wondering less about her now, than about the woman in the lace mask.

As Frewin and his flock passed out through the door, Nancy waved her hand to the woman, and the woman waved to her. Mrs. Roantree stopped the traffic to demand:

"Who was that person in the veil—some actress trying to get up a mystery for advertising purposes?"

"No, my dear," said Nancy. "That's Mrs. Coykendall."

"But why the melodrama?"

"She's another poor victim of the craze for eternal youth."

"Then why doesn't she stay at home?"

"But she has no home."

THE mysterious fate of Clelia Blakeney is evoking widespread discussion. You will find the next installment of the forthcoming December issue of even greater interest

THE PIN-POINT PUPIL

(Continued from page 68)

money about the table—but none to the woman. The watcher had been correct—two white buttons remained on the greasy oilcloth. The three bet had lost.

A shrug of the shoulders and the woman turned to her companion.

"There isn't any more," she said. "We'd better be going, Fred. There might be a telegram for us."

The cappers remained behind as the bowing, grinning Yow Mong showed them to the rear exit. Wun Sing, placid as usual, shuffled slowly to the other side of the partition, then summoning his ancient muscles to their greatest speed, leaped for the alley and its shielding shadows. When the car containing the chauffeur and the mysterious devotee of *fan-tan* pulled away from the curbing at Twentieth and Larimer Streets, a big, sleek limousine, its interior darkened, rounded the corner quite incidentally and proceeded in the same direction.

WUN SING was taking no chances. It was one thing to "accept" the money of Chinese and Japanese laborers from the beet fields; it was quite another to play with some mysterious woman who pawned diamonds. Pete Clark from headquarters, might be affable and Irish and grinning; he might be able to forget a few little infractions of the law when the sole participants were of a world apart—but this was different, and Wun Sing leaned forward watchfully in his seat as the machine ahead swiftly skirted the blaze of Curtis Street, carefully avoided the lights of Sixteenth Street, of Seventeenth and of Broadway, hurried up the Twentieth Street hill, and then, with a sharp turn, headed through the dark State-house grounds, and toward the older residential district of Capitol Hill. Wun Sing touched his chauffeur on the shoulder.

"Cla'ful!" he ordered. "You sabbe, Jabe?"

"Sure." Little Jabe Rafferty of the Welton Street Service, dealt in just such trips as this. A swift circuit of a block and they were ahead of the other machine, three blocks of progress; again a circuit and they were behind. A moment more—then Jabe Rafferty swerved his big limousine swiftly around a corner into protecting shadows. The car ahead had stopped, before a big, rambling house that had been built back in the gold and silver days of mining and was known to every person in Denver as the Hemingway "mansion!"

From his place in the shadows, the old Chinese watched the other car glide under the porte-cochère and a woman alight. In the seat ahead, Jabe, dictionary of dualities, cocked his tawny head, and pulled his cap over one eye.

"Humph!" came softly, "that's a new one on me."

"Wassamalla?"

"Wasn't that Alice Hemingway?"

"Me dunno. Me wantem flin' out."

"Well," Jabe jerked again at his cap, "it couldn't very well be anybody else.

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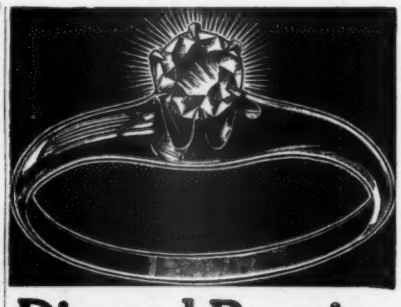


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There aint nobody else lives there but her mother and she's an old woman who spends most of her time in California. Wish I'd been closer so I could have seen her face. But what's the diff? That's the Hemingway car, and the Hemingway chauffeur and—that's the Hemingway girl. It couldn't be nobody else."

Wun Sing leaned back in the soft seat. A light gleamed for an instant in an upstairs room of the house, then disappeared as a shade was drawn.

"Hop Allee," said Wun Sing and the big car of the shadows turned townward, while in the darkness, an old Chinese reflected upon the vagaries of life as viewed from the Oriental angle. It was not so strange now that Alice Hemingway should stick to Harrison March in spite of every protest. And yet—

"Most Beautiful," said Wun Sing as he sat prim and apparently placid upon a stool in the hop-filled air of Sadie Lo's "palace" a half-hour later, "what is the mind of woman?"

Sadie, more interested in the sizzling hop pill than in a dissertation on femininity, looked up wearily.

"Like the bird that flits from bough to bough, Most Honorable."

"Excellently Beautiful, the ways of woman are strange to the venerable mind of the aged Wun Sing."

"And to the young as well, Most Honorable."

"The aged mind of Wun Sing is filled with doubt, Gloriously Beautiful. Why should a woman love and yet not love, be faithful and yet not faithful, be wondrously good and yet not good, be pure and yet impure, sweet as the lily yet poisonous as the poppy? Why, Beautiful One?"

Sadie Lo, queen of Hop Alley, turned her pipe to the peanut-oil flame and drew long before answering. At last:

"Because she is woman, Most Honorable."

Wun Sing rose, bowed, and walked sedately out, to return to his little shop and to sit rocking until the night had begun to fade, and the last of the players behind the partition had ceased to place their bets. Old Wun Sing, Chinese by nature and by strategy, American by association and by love, had met a problem which he could not understand. A woman loved another, yet she would marry the man she did not love. A woman was supposedly all that was good and beautiful—and yet she was not. Wun Sing rose, said his prayers to the bones of his ancestors, and went to bed.

AFTERNOON found him awake again, and nervously about his store. Yow Mong entered to be dispatched to Sadie Lo after forgotten information, and to return with it. Harrison March had not been seen in Hop Alley for two days. No, he had met no American while here; most assuredly he knew nothing about a woman. Night came. The signal from without sounded; quickly tables were shunted into bunk rooms and covered with blankets. Grinning Pete Clark made his entrance, to question, then to go away again. There was nothing that Wun Sing could tell him of Harrison March. Had not Wun Sing been away? The signal from the lookouts again sound-

ed a clear coast and the light gleamed once more behind the partition. Hours. Then Wun Sing came to his feet at the entrance of someone by the rear door.

It was the woman again, the chauffeur and one of the leaden-faced cappers. Her own face was flushed; eyes were dilated; the chauffeur was almost sodden. Her clothes were richer than the night before, her fingers glittering with jewels. Hastily she extended a hand toward the chauffeur as she approached the first table.

"How much money left, Fred?"

The chauffeur stolidly rammed a hand into a pocket.

"Not enough. Put up something. I haven't time to go out for any."

A jeweled hand unclasped a platinum wrist watch and extended it toward Wun Sing. The old Chinese slowly held it to the light, examining the closely set chip diamonds, the fine filagrees of precious metal, the jewel-studded clasp. Then, impatient, the woman came closer.

"Well? Isn't it good? Or—don't you know me by this time?"

They were apart from the others. Wun Sing looked up quietly.

"Yeh, me know," came softly, "you Mis' Slemin'way."

"Sh-h-h!" The woman had raised a hand as though to place it over his lips. "Don't say anything about it. Nobody's supposed to know. How—"

"Me Molly's pla-pla."

"Molly? Oh. Molly Sing? Of course!" A smile flashed on her pretty, flushed face. "Don't ever let her know I've been here—will you? Please. Promise."

"Me do anything for Mis' Slemin'way. How muchee?" He dangled the wrist watch.

"Can I get a thousand? I came away in a terrible hurry and didn't bring any money."

"Hurry up, Honey!" It was the voice of the chauffeur approaching. The woman turned hastily and Wun hesitated at the partition long enough to hear the whispered warning. "Sh-h-h! Don't say too much. It's Molly Sing's father!"

Then old Wun Sing went out into the tea store, to fumble in the rickety drawer beneath the counter and return with a thousand dollars. The play began, excited, tense, as the buttons were raked in and the usual bet placed on the three count. A little scream of delight. The first bet had won. Wun Sing smiled as she looked toward him, then moved out into the dimness of his tea store. Someway he knew that he had made a mistake; more surely he knew that after tonight, this woman would never return. The look in her eyes—in spite of her smile at the mention of Molly Sing's name—had told him that.

FOR a long time he plodded about, taking a drink of tea now and then from the cozy, straightening the queerly marked packages on the shelves, watching the shadows of the alley, while from behind the partition the noise of the play grew louder. At last he turned and moving a small tea chest, brought forth a jade casket. There lay four rings, a lavallière and a bar-pin, all set with diamonds. Carefully, Wun Sing examined them and tucked them, together with the

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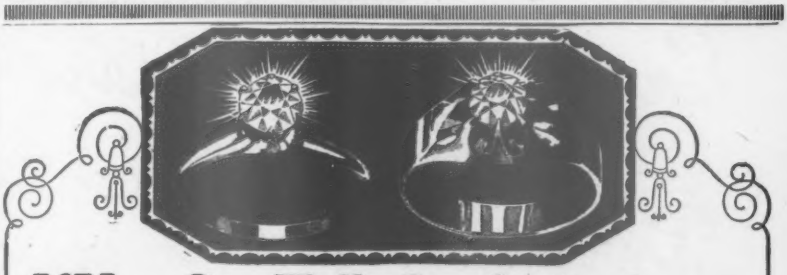
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three-stoned ring of the night before and the wrist watch, into his blouse. Then he returned to the gaming room.

The Japanese had ceased to play now, finding a greater divertisement in watching the woman. She had been winning. Four times straight three buttons had been left on the table—and the cashier had paid constantly doubled bets. Excited, talking incessantly as she watched the play, the woman had lost all consciousness of those about her, her slender fingers toying fretfully with the stack of bills and gold before her, her eyes watching with glistening eagerness the play of the bamboo rake as it scraped in the white buttons. The chauffeur, soberer now, edged closer.

"If you win this time, call it a day and stop!" he admonished. "Time's getting short."

"Don't break my luck!" She had turned toward him impatiently. "There! Didn't I tell you?"

The count had come out even. Not a button was left on the table and the smug cashier gathered in the stakes. The woman reached for her money, grasped a handful of it and shoved it forward.

"Count it later," she ordered. "I want three to win!"

"This is the last! We've got to go!"

"Let her play if she wants to!" broke in the leaden-faced capper, "she's been winning aint she?"

"Yes, I know. But we've got to go. She's—"

"Oh, stop it, Fred and let me play!"

Yow Mong passed. A nod of the head and Wun Sing had directed him to take his place in the tea store. Laughter, high-pitched, triumphant. She had called the winning number again.

After that, the pleadings of the chauffeur were in vain. A half-hour she played, while luck tantalized her with winnings, then dropped her to despair with straight runs of ill-fortune. A half-hour more, while the pile of money before her dwindled. Then the chauffeur leaped forward angrily, and brushed the entire stack before her to the gaming square.

"Let it lay! We've only got one chance in a hundred now!"

"But Fred—"

He pulled out his watch.

"Look, if you don't believe it! I haven't a chance to take you home—we'll be in luck if we make it from here!"

The flush died from the girl's face.

"Hurry!" she urged the gamekeeper. That calm individual raked in the buttons with never a change in his motions. The chauffeur looked at his watch again.

"One!" It was the call of the crowd. The bet had lost.

The cashier gathered in the money, while the capper eased toward his side. Already the chauffeur was at the rear entrance, almost dragging his companion. The door closed behind them, while Wun Sing watched almost in wonderment. Then, with a swift motion, he turned and paddled toward his tea store.

He had heard the front door slam and the oily voice of greasy Yow Mong raised as he attempted to placate someone—insisting upon going behind the partition. Hurriedly Wun Sing signaled; the players

and gamekeepers leaped into action as they cleared the room. Then the King of Hop Alley rounded the partition, ducked through the heavy door, and close hanging curtains—to stop short.

"Wassamalla?" he asked gruffly of the argumentative man who faced Yow Mong. It was Harrison March.

Another man was with him, droop-eyed and leaden-faced, the second capper, all too evidently dopey from the effects of opium or morphine. Harrison March was exactly the opposite. Even in the dim light, the sharp gaze of old Wun Sing could see the intense dilation of his pupils, the heightened, stimulated appearance of his face, the twitching of his fingers, all indicative of one thing, cocaine. For a moment he stood, an aristocratic wreck, gazing at the aged Chinese. Then his mouth went into an ugly line.

"You've got my fiancée back there!"

"Wassamalla you. Noblody here."

"You're lying! You've got Alice Hemingway back there—he told me!"

A twitching finger pointed toward the dreamy poppy chaser, and that person nodded hazily.

"That's right, I told him. He's a friend of hers."

WUN SING looked from one to the other, narcotic opposites, then turned to Yow Mong and spoke in Chinese. The subordinate slid to the side of the opium smoker and began to talk in soft, inveigling tones. Harrison March did not notice. He had moved forward until his excited features almost touched the calm ones of Wun Sing.

"If she's back there, I want to catch her in the act! See? No woman that I'm going to marry—" Cocaine, not manhood, was speaking—"is going to be running around Chinatown at night with chauffeurs and—"

"Glon' home," said Wun Sing.

"What's that?"

"Glon. Mebbe fli minute, mebbe fliteen. Glon."

"Home? Did you say home?"

The door closed softly—Yow Mong and the joy-rider had walked out. Wun Sing nodded.

"Glon. Mebbe fliteen, mebbe hal'-hour. Glon."

Again the shoulders of the man twitched.

"Where's my friend?"

"Him glon. Smoken hop wi' Yow Mong."

"Quit me, eh? Oh, all right. I can handle this myself. Got a telephone?"

"No."

"Then I'll go where I can get one. I'm going out there. No woman I'm going to marry—"

"Me glo too."

"You?" A thin, sarcastic smile came over the face of the man. "Yes, you'll go too—as a witness. We'll settle this thing—we'll—"

"Blettee talkem less—movem more." Wun Sing was showing the way to the door. "Fliteen minute—"

"You said that all before. I heard you. What I want to hear is a noise like a taxicab."

Ten minutes later, as the machine which was bearing them swiftly through town, turned on a better lighted street,



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Wun Sing, apparently drowsing at his side of the seat, saw Harrison March take a small box from a pocket, place something on the back of his hand, and raise it to his nostrils. The limousine streamed on—stopped. A moment more and they stood in darkness on the veranda of the Hemingway mansion.

A wait while the nervous fingers of Harrison March pressed the bell button. Then light flooded them, the door opened and a woman looked uncertainly outward.

"Why Harrison! What a surprise! At this hour of the night. Come in—and—and bring your friend."

THEY stepped within. Then coldly, March spoke:

"I've come out here on an important matter, Alice. This man you know—whether you admit it or not. But first I want to see you alone."

Wonderingly the woman looked at him, then toward the stolid form of Wun Sing. At last, the Chinese, pulling away his gaze nodded toward a seat beside the telephone stand.

"Me stlay here."

"If you will." The woman said it nervously. A door closed behind them, and the excited, drug-heightened voice of Harrison March broke forth in sweeping accusation. But Wun Sing paid little attention. The old Chinese was face to face with realization. A duty—the duty of gratitude, the inexorable, traditional law that a Chinese must not forget—had come suddenly before him.

At his elbow was the telephone. Five seconds away, with its aid, was police headquarters. Two miles distant was Hop Alley, and the gambling tables that were to build an American home for an American Molly Sing. Wun's face grew long and doleful. Publicity to the truth must bring scurrying gamesters, empty tables, a magistrate's fine, perhaps, for would it not be he who would give the evidence? Then months of waiting before again the bamboo rake could gather home the china buttons, four by four. Months in which the tea store would be the sole support, months in which he—and Molly—must forego.

Then he grinned.

"Molly she work beflo'. She no care."

He reached for the telephone. A few minutes later, Harrison March found him nodding, apparently asleep.

"Come in here," he ordered roughly.

Wun Sing went forward, and faced the white, tense woman who stood in the center of the room.

"What's this accusation?" came imperiously.

"You never figured that I'd find it out, did you?" sneered Harrison March. Then, with a sweeping movement, he wheeled Wun Sing about. "Tell her what it is! I've said that she's been running around with her chauffeur, and with joy-riders from Hop Alley. She's been in your place! You admitted it to me. You—"

He stopped.

"You hop head," had come quietly from Wun Sing. Harrison March gasped.

"Didn't you—?"

"You fullem coke."

"I didn't ask you to come out here and libel me. I want to know—"







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"Me never see 'em lady beflo'. Me good' Clistian boy. Me no lie. You fullem coke. You smokem ope. You buyem hop from Ling Foy and Chollie Mock. You—"

"Enough of this!" the woman had cut in. "It doesn't matter what he has done —I'd rather not hear it. The main fact is—" she turned angrily toward Harrison March,—"that I defended you when everyone else was against you. I heard everything and refused to believe anything. I didn't love you—but I had given you my promise. That was enough —for me. But for you—you—" She clenched her hands and turned away from him. "Go away from me—please go away from me! I never, never want to see you again!"

Sneering, smirking, the man muttered under his breath. It may have been a curse or a blessing. Wun Sing did not distinguish. He merely nodded toward the door and there was something in his grim command which caused the drug-weakened man to obey. The door slammed.

FOR a moment, the woman covered her eyes with her hands, then she lowered them slowly and stood gazing at Wun Sing. The old Chinese grinned, and reaching into his blouse, brought forth a handful of gleaming jewelry, to lay it hesitantly before her. Alice Hemingway's eyes went with wonder.

"Why, it's mine! How—where did you get it? Where's my maid—Marie—Don't tell me that she's—" She faltered.

"You must excuse me—Mr.— I don't know your name. I can't understand all this. I just got home tonight—my chauffeur wasn't at the station—the maid that I trusted to come ahead with my trunks, even my valuables to be put in the safety-deposit vault, isn't at home—and then you hand me my own jewelry. I—"

A side door opened. The figure of a woman crept up the stairs and Wun Sing caught a glimpse. Alice Hemingway started forward, but the old Chinese, a finger on his lips, halted her. A motor neared to a stop outside. Quick steps. An insistent ring at the bell. Wun Sing stepped into the hall and, opening the door, returned with a genial-faced Irishman.

"Hello Alice!" came heartily. "Where's that maid of yours and that chauffeur? Mr. Wun says they've been stealing you blind."

Alice Hemingway rubbed a hand across her eyes.

"I—I guess so, Peter. I can't understand it all yet. This Chinese gentleman—"

"Me Wun Sing!" cut in the old man happily. "Me telephone from hall, while waitee. Me Wun Sing. You know Molly Sing? Hum?

"Um—hum. She my gal—Molly. Me write her now, me met you. Me write her you know me glad for you alleetime bein' good' to my Molly. Me say mebbe she go to weddin'—when you mally tha' man Littica. Hum?"

And as Alice Hemingway stood regarding him, his happy, slanting eyes, his folded hands over his dragon-bedecked stomach, his beaming grin, suddenly found what she thought was far, far away—a smile of supreme happiness.

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SALOME—WHERE SHE DANCED

(Continued from page 36)

get ahead of us!" they said to each other in explanation.

Pop and Perley and Holiday Bill were the committee which saw that the Strange Woman and her son were duly domiciled. She was feverishly gay as they carried in the humble household goods. They frowned and winced when her frequent cough broke out, like the ripping of rotten shingles.

"It's only fair to tell you, ma'am," said Pop, when the truck was finally empty and headed northeastward toward the Wells, a mile away, "that this aint the choicest of locations, in some respects."

"Why?"

"Mexicans. We got a sort of private feud on with a bad *hombre* from over the border—a bandit who's promised to come and burn the town for us some night. And this'll probably be the way he'll come."

Salome laughed.

"I aint afraid of no greaser that ever lived," she said. "Shucks, I aint afraid at all, Mr. Pop."

"But this one's bad," Pop warned her, with a shake of his old head. "If you see 'em comin' you can just slip into the mesquite and let 'em drift along by. We'll take care of 'em."

"No Mexican could be as bad as Copper Canyon," averred the Strange Woman, closing her loose lips in sudden anger. "The way them coyotes talked to me when they druv me out! I hope I get a chance to play even, that's all. Them and their ree-ligion!

"But," and her mood changed again, her eyes filling with the easy tears of the weak and ill, "I'll never forget what you boys and Drinkman's Wells done for me. You sure been fine. I aint bringin' no disgrace on a town as good as this. I'm a-livin' straight here, so help me Gawd!"

Embarrassed by her praise and her gratitude, they said awkward farewells and went their way.

In the long, white-hot summer that followed, death seemed to have granted Salome Chesterfield a stay of execution. She lazed in the sun like a gaunt animal, smoking listless cigarettes, almost without conscious thought. Her son with the long name made frequent trips between the house and the little town, whose few scattered roofs could just be seen above the thorny shrubs that shimmered beneath a blistering sun on the floor of the flat desert. He carried home much of the supplies which the Wells provided.

ONE midnight, Salome lay in her bed by the open window, unable to sleep. It was a glorious hour, with the moon overhead at full. She looked out over the vast plain, turned now to a shadowy and mysterious sea by the flooding silver light. Beyond, the grim mountains of Mexico upheld the beacons of the pallid stars. Doubtless the great beauty and peace of the scene soothed her and brought back old memories tinged now with a pleasant melancholy. Perhaps she

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enjoyed it all as one whose sins were less scarlet would have enjoyed it. She drew lingeringly on a final cigarette.

Lying thus, there was borne to her across the silence the stealthy tramp of horses' feet and a subdued rattle of accouterment. With heart pounding in her thin chest, she sat upright, thrusting back the pale, yellow, lank hair from which the curl had all but vanished, that she might see the better.

Perhaps two hundred yards away, approaching from the southwest, she discerned a long file of horsemen. What Pop had said to her that first morning about the bandits recalled itself to her mind. They were coming—coming to loot and burn Drinkman's Wells and kill its people.

Getting out of bed hastily, she awakened the boy, who was sleeping on a cot on the other side of the room.

"Dukey," she whispered urgently, when she had shaken him into comprehension, "there's a gang of Mexicans headed this way, to shoot up the town. We cain't let 'em do that. The Wells has been too good to us. Slip on your shoes and run to the hotel. Tell Mr. Pop I'll hold 'em here as long as I can."

All his little life had been a matter of fleeing hither and yon to Marmaduke, so he made no answer now. He rolled off the cot, blinked, and slipped on his brogans. Otherwise, he was already dressed.

"All right, Ma," he said cheerfully, "I'll tell 'em. I'll run as fast as I kin."

Fortunately the door was on the opposite side of the house from the approaching Mexicans and the little figure was soon swallowed up in the vegetation, leaving neither sound nor sign behind. Salome closed the door and dropped the heavy bar across it. It was a fairly strong door and as the windows were too small to admit a man, they must perforce batter it down before they could gain entrance. Then she proceeded to dress.

Juan Batista and most of his ruffians dismounted in the bush a few yards at the rear of the house. They left their horses with a squad that had been previously selected. Then, with a heavy revolver in his hand and the men crowding at his heels, their leader swaggered to the door, and finding it barred, beat upon the panels.

"Open!" he commanded.

There was no response from within. Salome Chesterfield even grinned a one-sided grin at the babble outside. Men did not frighten her; she knew them too well.

Batista flung his weight against the door; it did not give. The combined assault of the chief and two of his men caused some splintering but the door, reinforced by the bar, still held. When consultation, cursing and repeated attempts to burst in the door had held them up for several minutes, and Salome calculated that Dukey must be at the hotel, the leader shouted:

"Open up, or I shoot t'rough window."

This alternative had not occurred to him but to one of the band who had made a circuit of the little dwelling, looking for another door.

"What do you want?" asked Salome.

A throaty growl and a chorus of sibilant undertones acted as chorus to Juan's repeated threat:





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"Open, or I shoot!"

There followed the fall of the bar and she stood framed in the doorway.

Thrusting his followers back with a sweep of his right hand, in which the revolver was clenched, he seized her by the shoulder and dragged her forth into the moonlight. Erect and defiant, she threw back her head and gave him look for look until mutual recognition caused her to drop her eyes. Once upon a time this man had attempted to gain entrance to her shack east of the corral in Columbus, where the outcasts dwelt. She had driven him away with revilings. His triumphant crow came now through bared teeth as he cried in English:

"So! It ees Salome of de dance! Salome who speet in my face and call me 'greaser' in Columbus—no? Yes. So—so glad to see you again!"

There was death in his black eyes, and in spite of herself she shuddered. This woman, he recalled, this frail specter before him now, this outcast, had cut his pride to the quick when she had still held herself above him. He had sworn at the time that he would yet kill her—and now she was delivered into his hands.

"Salome of de dance," he repeated, with his wicked, baleful grin. "You no dance for me then. You dance now. You dance and then—I keel you, *sabe?* Pietro!" he called over his shoulder. "The wheep!"

His chief lieutenant stepped forward, disengaging from his wrist as he came, the thong of the slender riding quirt, while the others of the band crowded forward, gloating in anticipation at the rare sight in preparation for them—a Gringo woman made to dance for their amusement, whipped and then killed. Ah, this Juan, was he not a leader?

NOW, rather a long way back in Salome's career she had been a chorus girl in a comic opera. She had been pretty in a fragile, unspoiled way, and they had given her a chance—a bit that has been done and underdone in many a theatrical attraction for some hundreds of years: the dance of Salome, with the head of John the Baptist, before the king. Her name was not "Salome" in "The Gondoliers," but when misfortune overtook her and she had chosen the easiest way, Salome was as good a name as another to mask her fate.

Sometimes since, she had danced the Salome dance, and Batista had undoubtedly seen it in Columbus, or perhaps in El Paso, in one of those brick pens down by the Rio Grande. And he remembered.

The woman was unafraid. She laughed up at him.

"You don't need no whip, Batista," she replied. "Sure, I'll dance the Salome dance for you. Wait till I dress up some." And while he was reaching for the whip, she turned and entered the house.

To Salome, it meant a few vital minutes for preparation in Drinkman's Wells. To Batista, the delay was as nothing. This time he did not intend to be balked of his vengeance, and a squad had detoured to cut the lone pair of telephone wires between the Wells and Copper Canyon. He would shoot it out with Drinkman's undisturbed and unmolested. An hour more or less would make no difference, since the town was entirely unsuspecting.

Salome fussed over her costume until Batista came in and drove her forth. She had arranged a mantilla and combed out her hair. She had a battered tin tray which Aunt Hetty had contributed from the hotel stock, and a large white bowl for the head of John the Baptist. Quite composedly, she freed herself from Juan's bruising grasp and surveyed the circle.

It was not large enough to suit her. She bade them make room and they, as eager children about to have a promised treat, were quick to obey. The leader was left within the circle, his arms folded, his revolver lying over his right elbow. About him as the king, she danced. But not without accompaniment. These were border dregs; yet they carried their musical instruments even on their raids of pillage and murder. Before she had taken a half-dozen steps, a set of strings were twanging softly. Others followed and still others, until an impromptu orchestra was making hushed music.

They played "La Paloma." The stately yet plaintive measure suited well the step of Salome's dance.

She did not dance lithely. The excitement was taking cruel toll of her weakness. Yet the hour and the circumstances threw a glamour about the halting, stumbling steps. All watched her, utterly absorbed, as she circled about the dominating figure of the leader. Like his fellows, he responded quickly to the appeal of the dramatic, and he threw back his shoulders with a swagger and an air.

While he posed, he thought.

Torture was what she deserved—torture that would prolong her death-agony, so skillfully should it be applied, almost indefinitely. He thought of several things to do, almost with tears of regret, for torture was impossible. Not only was the time for a real job lacking, but he feared to arouse the unruly passions of his men before the sacking of Drinkman's Wells. Well he knew that once were they to get out of hand, his commands would not be obeyed, and disaster would follow. Kill he could; torture he could not.

When Salome could dance no more; when her heart pounded almost audibly and her legs gave way beneath her; when she could all but feel the cells of her lungs melting before the unaccustomed rush of blood as a honeycombed dike falls before a rising flood, she stumbled to the feet of Juan and raised the tray above her head as she knelt. It was the finale of the dance. Surely, she thought, if exhaustion left conscious thought within her, her work was done. The boy must have reached the settlement long ago and roused its defenders.

The music stopped. Batista leaned forward and lifted her to her feet by the simple expedient of grasping her by the throat.

"You speet in my face," he snarled. "I say I get even, an' I do."

Still holding the frail creature by the throat, he shook her wolfishly, making guttural sounds in his own throat the while. Then he thrust his revolver against her body and fired.

A second report like an urgent echo sounded on the heels of the first. The bandit's two hands opened convulsively, and Salome and the revolver thudded to the sand. He folded into himself, sinking gently to his knees, then toppled slowly forward on his face.

Ensued a medley of shots, yells and curses. Mexicans streamed past in panic-stricken haste, or fell, or rolled, or crawled as the bullets from the rifles of Drinkman's Wells rained among them.

And Salome?

Her last words, in keeping with the deed that had rounded out her shabby and discolored life, should have been beautiful. But they were not. By some irony of the gods, the head of the dead bandit had come to rest upon the tray that she had dropped. His profile was clearly outlined by the brilliant moon, a block of shadow, while beneath it, on the tray a darker shadow spread. She saw this, and caught its significance, for she whispered to Perley Bluett, who had brought him down, and now paused from the chase for a moment beside her:

"Juan—Batista! John—the—Baptist. With his—dam'—head—on—a—platter!"

DRINKMAN'S WELLS followed its Sabbath custom, and congregated on the porch of the hotel just before sundown. A gratifying coolness was already coming into the dry air. The Wells had the consciousness of a busy week behind it. There had been divers dead Mexicans to dispose of—by the simple method of piling them in heaps, pouring gasoline over them and touching a match. There had been also the pretentious funeral of Salome Chesterfield. There had been the fate of Marmaduke Archibald Chesterfield to settle. He had been taken over by the Beardslees, and was at that moment tending garage for Pop. But he was wrestling two hours daily with the three R's under Aunt Hetty.

It was Aunt Hetty who broke the comfortable silence now:

"Seems to me you men have been dawdlin' about one thing in this town that's needed fixing for a long time," she began, crisply. "Here you've let the world reproach us by keepin' the name of a low-down alien plastered on us. I say it ought to be changed from Drinkman's Wells to something else.

"Now, Pop," she said, turning to her husband, "don't you start this Taft business, and the rest of you boys can forget about Wilson and Pershing and General Foch. Far's I'm concerned, I'd be glad and proud to live in a place that went by as fine and self-sacrificin' and brave a name as—*Salome!*"

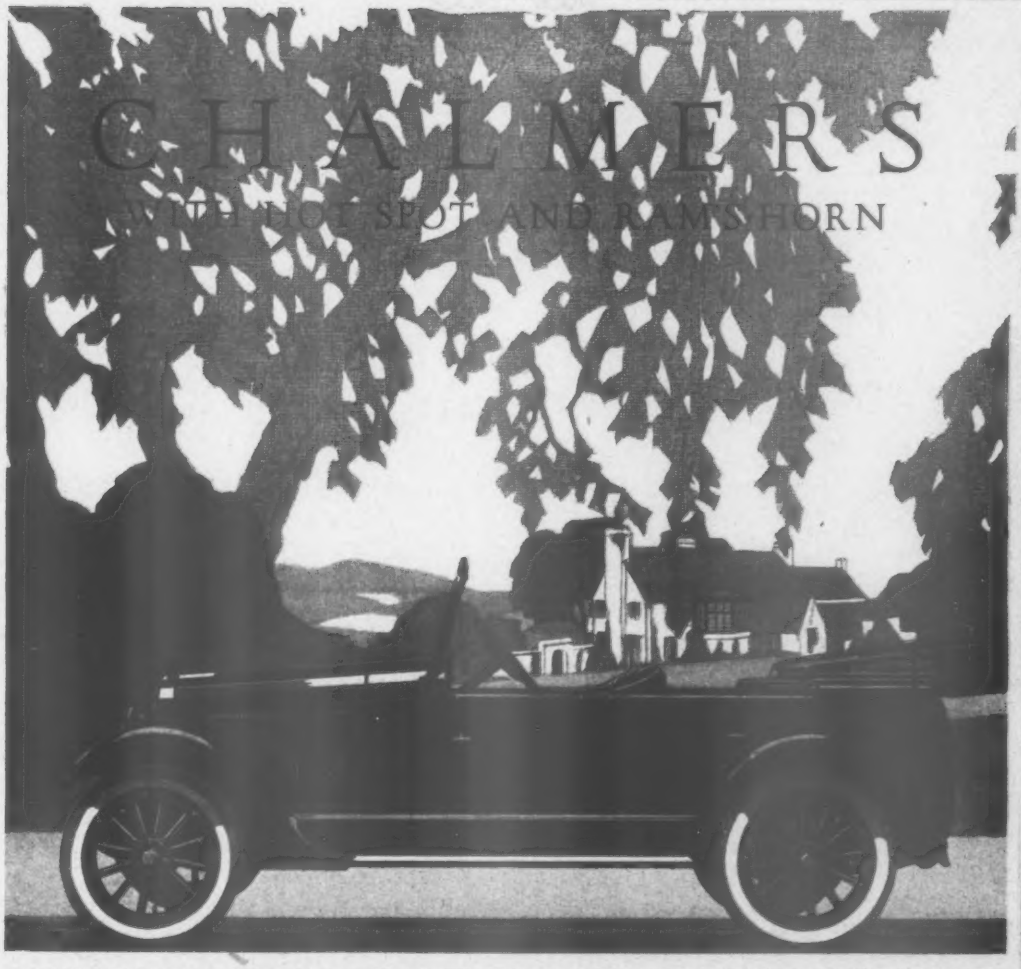
THERE is no longer any rivalry between the desert hamlets.

As Pop says:

"Salome is the big dog with the brass collar and Copper Canyon knows it."

Copper Canyon does not ignore Salome, nor deny its existence. It speaks of its neighbor with curses and bitter revilings. Salome mentions Copper Canyon with broad smiles and easy tolerance, as a place of much inferior station. Perley Bluett's inspired paintbrush on those two big signs at either entrance of the town was the thing that clinched it. For "Drinkman's Wells" was blotted out, and in its stead was painted in:

"Salome—where she danced."



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THE GRANDSTAND PLAYER

(Continued from page 72)

and there, fickle as rivulets of quicksilver, pulsing, eddying as though driven by the call of the impending battle. The approach of playing time stemmed their wayward courses and drew them into an irresistible current.

Cheer leaders, conspicuous in white sweaters, took their stations in front of the cheering sections. One of them swept in a Dervish dance across the turf and to his incantations the Kingstown stands erupted in roaring welcome to their old rival. Across the field another, with hair flaming like the plumage of a flamingo, shouted frantic appeal through a megaphone. He flung it from him with violence, and then, suggesting both the shimmy of Broadway and the goosestep of Unter den Linden, swept into short, sidewise steps. To the cadence of his gyrations the Haventon stands chanted their deep-throated war cry. Song followed cheer, and cheer followed song until a murmur, that began like the creeping of incoming waves on a shingly beach, swept like a tidal wave over the Haventon side.

There was the taunting defiance of a bulldog in the shout that greeted the spectacular entry, and the Haventown stands became an agitated sea whipped by banners of blue. Hardly had the raucous echoes stilled before Kingstown was on its feet. Out through a runway set in the ring of gray lumbered Big Jim Ford. At his heels raced his men, straining behind his ungainly lope like hounds pulling at the leash. Kingstown's welcome crystallized on the instant into a cheer that hurled a defy, sharp and tigerish, to the ancient enemy. The sight of Haventown's center teeing up the ball for the kickoff brought temporary surcease to the tumult of sound that rocketed and boomed across the field. An official's uplifted hand hushed the uproar.

"Ready, Kingstown?"

"Ready, Haventon?"

Down shot the hand. The clear notes of a whistle shrilled the call to battle between the old foes.

From the vantage of the sidelines Jack Beresford, doomed to inaction because of his old grandstand proclivities, watched the scoreless first half. Inwardly he chafed like a caged tiger at the edict that chained him to the bench. Verdun, Soissons, the Argonne! Petty skirmishes to this wholly desirable battle of giants from which he was barred.

SLOWLY, begrudging every yard that it yielded, he watched the lighter line forced back almost to the shadow of its goal posts three times. And each time the quick upthrusting lunge of the line outcharged and smothered the final mighty smashes. A moment later and Sheldon's punt would nullify those terrific marches that threatened to drain Haverton of the reserve forces that would be drawn on to the last ounce before the issue was settled. Sheldon was punting well, matching every drive of the opposing backfield. Yet Beresford knew, as did every coach and substitute on the lines, that he could better each drive by the priceless margin of a ten-yard line. The ends were down on them like eager hounds, dropping their quarry, Hampton—touted as the most dangerous open-field runner of the year—in his tracks. So far the heralded offensive of Haventon had lived up to its promise, and its line was a bulwark of giants. Hampton had failed to "show" and the threatened aerial attack had not been used.

On the other hand, Beresford knew that in all the long line of Kingstown elevens that had passed into the shadows, here was one second to none. The light line bent and buckled in mid-field but stood like a rock when its goal was endangered. On the offensive, Barrett had handled his attack as a master fencer wields a rapier. Hawthorne, a sterling line-breaker, had pierced the giant line with his terrific impact. Torrey, the speediest back on the field, had lanced past tackle and outskirted the ends, shuttling his way for short but brilliant advances. The ends had been magnificent.

All through the gruelling second quarter he had envied with all his soul the ardent substitutes who had sprinted madly out to their place in the fray. Not once had Hopper sought him out with those keen blue eyes that portended orders. Not even when the Haventown forwards had come within an ace of blocking Sheldon's punt from behind the goal line. He caught the impatient shrug of Hopper's shoulders, the emphatic negation in the shake of his head. The smile died and the wistful droop came to his lips again as he followed the squad at the end of the half to the dressing-room.

It was a sober-faced squad that listened in intent silence to Hopper's rapid fire of criticisms, of exhortations pounded out to the smash of his clenched fist, of short, fierce sentences that stabbed inspiration to their very souls.

"You've got the goods, fellows," he snapped at the end of his talk. "But now is your last chance to deliver! Now go out there," and his voice shot up to its highest pitch of vibrancy. "If Hampton tries to cut loose with his passing game—*pull his arm off! Fight! Fight for Kingstown!*" His passionate plea ended in a falsetto break.

The dressing-room went quiet as a place of worship as players and coaches laid their silent prayers at the feet of the gods.

"Oh, you one-armed Hampton!" piped up the irrepressible Beresford when the tension broke. They piled out of the room laughing and chuckling, immensely intrigued at the vision. Hopper grinned.

"They're a great outfit, eh, what?" he flung at their receding backs.

The half was not five minutes old before the rugged attack of the Haventown backfield had carried the ball to Kingstown's thirty-yard mark without a break but it was not until the end of the third quarter that Hopper, desperate, snapped:

"Beresford, in you go for Sheldon! Tell Barrett to open up with all he's got. And lift that ball as you never lifted it before! Go!"

THE Haventon rooters, serene in their confidence of decisive victory, laughed with hysterical glee as Beresford, streaking across the field, slapped the referee's back with a force that made him wince. His padded knees were dripping where he had sponged them hastily at Hopper's first word. The sponge had gone hurtling back into the face of a startled linesman at the last word. "Fresh young bird!" the linesman had sent after him. The audacious gray eyes were bubbling with glee, his lips were twitching with ardent desire, all the fight and glory of Hopper's gridiron gospel were written in every move of his body.

"Here's where we bury 'em, fellows. Bring on the pallbearers," he chanted. "Let's go, Kingstown!"

His voice carried back to the lines and Hopper frowned.

"The old grandstand stuff," he muttered. "I'll skin him alive if he pulls it."

The first plays of the quarter found Haventon playing a defensive rôle, welcoming the respite that the six-point lead afforded. Grady punted on the second down and Barrett was dropped for a five-yard loss. Two trials at the Haventon line found it adamant and the ball snapped back to Beresford for a punt. From his eight-yard line he booted it for a return of sixty yards. Again Haventon punted and Barrett was run out of bounds for a twenty-yard gain. The backfield crouched in place like statues moulded in steel, needing only the snap of the ball to galvanize them into life.

The line outcharged by the fraction of a second and Kingstown started its march down the field. There was a new ring in Barrett's signals that bit into the weariness of the eleven as acid bites into metal. There was a new smoothness and cohesion in the plays, a skillfully restrained ferocity in the attack. As Hawthorne's bull-like drives at the line pulled in Haventon's secondary defense, Barrett, watching it like a hawk, shot a long pass down the sideline. At full speed, beautifully timed to the tantalizing delay with which the pass was started, Beresford caught it and the teams lined up twenty

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yards nearer the Haventon goal. With skillful, unerring generalship Barrett mixed line smashes, and shoots off tackle. From his kicking position, now within the range of a field goal, he shot passes that just cleared the maddened Haventon line, or swung like a deerhound across field for an end run.

On one side of the stadium rose the frenzied appeal: "Hold them, Haventon! Hold them, Haventon!"

On the other side, every man on his feet with arms waving like flails, rose the chant: "Touchdown, Kingstown! Touchdown, Kingstown!"

Contrasted to Haventon's sledge-hammer blows this was the thrust of the rapier, the threat and again the thrust. For an unbroken gain of sixty-five yards the striped team fought its way with a finished skill that baffled the brawn of the enemy. Fifteen yards to go, with the count third down and four yards to go, Beresford dropped back to his kicking position. There was in the maneuver the hidden menace of a goal from the field, a swinging end run, a dash off tackle, or a forward pass built around this substitute who had fired anew the losing team with faith in Hopper's text. Back shot the ball and through a ruck of Blue linesmen he made the pass to the spot where Barrett would turn and clutch it for the needed first down. It was a perfect pass but Barrett slipped and Hampton, whose brilliancy had been so long dimmed by the alert ends, snatched it from the air as it shot out of Barrett's insecure hold. It was Beresford, last man in the field, who swept him off his feet with a crashing tackle on Haventon's thirty-yard line.

"Rotten luck!" groaned Hopper, crouched on the sidelines. "The finest sustained attack we've shown in years."

Again Haventon punted without delay. Again Beresford's return netted a gain that found the Blue team crowded back to its goal line. The soaring, twisting ball had literally corkscrewed its way out of Hampton's arms, and he had saved it by a desperate effort on his ten-yard line. Two smashes at tackle and Grady fell back to his kicking distance. Instead of the obvious punt he swung wide to the right. He was carrying the ball clear of his body in both hands and Hampton was circling behind him with dazzling speed toward the sidelines.

Over the stadium swept the intuition that Haventon was daring a piece of the desperate strategy that had so many times vindicated its proud title of leadership on the gridiron. The Kingstown left end scented the danger and dove with headlong cunning at Grady's knees. His lateral pass to Hampton was launched the split of a second too late. The ball went to him, not spinning like a bullet on its axis, but wavering and tumbling like the course of a spent bullet. Hampton made a gallant dive to retrieve it. Through his outspread hands it flashed, struck the turf and bounded high. The way to the goal was clear for Beresford who had sprinted up as he had never raced before. No, clear but for one Haventon back! Ahead, if he could elude or out-race him, lay the goal but five full strides from the bounding pigskin, the goal and a tie score!

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The stadium was rocking to the tumult of forty thousand. Forty thousand mad, insane, delirious. Beresford heard only the fierce gasps, the inarticulate cries and the swift-running feet on the gridiron. Then, above the welter of it, he caught an unmistakable sound. "It's Big Jim!" flashed through his keen-strung senses. Only Big Jim's feet could pound the turf in that syncopation. Hard at his heels it drummed. He swerved to the left like a startled deer and hurled himself full at the Haventon back who barred the path to the goal. Head over heels they rolled on the turf. A mighty shout was rising in his ears as the two, the force of their fall spent, glared at each other. Speechless they turned their heads with a common impulse. Big Jim, madly loping like an enraged cow, was circling behind the goal line with the ball clutched under his arm.

Beresford grinned at his adversary and, in his sweetest tones, addressed him. "Hard luck, old man. The Hall of Fame for Big Jim and the showers for us in three minutes."

THERE were just three minutes to play when he stretched prone before the goal, the ball cupped in his nerveless hands, waiting for the last of Barrett's terse orders. The old cheer of Kingstown was rising to its climax and then came the whiplike, tigerish "Ford! Ford! Ford!" cutting the air like a knife.

"That's good, Jack. Hold it," said Barrett. Beresford dropped his eyes from their fascinated study of the creases on Barrett's neck that were lined with the grime of battle, and held them true on the poised ball. He heard, rather than saw, the short, quick step, the swift arc of Barrett's foot. The ball shot out from under his hand like a homing pigeon, rose end over end, cleared the crossbar and sailed into the south stand.

Kingstown held its slim one-point margin to the end of that historic battle, with Beresford's magnificent punts wiping out the hard-won gains of the fighting Blue eleven.

The final whistle unleashed the jubilant Kingstown stands, raised to the highest transports of joy, and emptied them out on the cleat-torn gridiron. Big Jim Ford, fighting good-naturedly, was shot aloft on a dozen shoulders and the mad snake dance to the south goal posts was under way, with caps and hats tossing above its sinuous length like autumn leaves in a gale. Jack Beresford, lungs still pounding to the vehemence of the team's cheer to its defeated rivals, sprinted through a gap for the dressing-room. He was caught from behind and smothered in the arms of Bud Hopper.

"Jack, it wasn't Big Jim that won the game. It was you, when you dove into that bird and gave Jim his chance."

"I took a chance too, Bud," laughed Beresford, "only this time I took a safe one."

"Say, Jack," shouted Hopper above the tumult as the snake-dancing column swept their way, "when that French general pinned the Croix de Guerre on you after Soissons, did he kiss you?"

"Not on your life," he protested.

"Well, here's where I do!"

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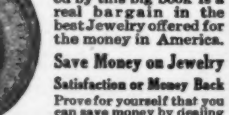
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THE IMMEDIATE JEWEL

(Continued from page 63)

to burn; the coat hung like a leaden weight upon her arm. She had held her head high, but she felt like a criminal. "I've got to expect it, though," she warned herself. "Women smiling, and whispering. You're in for it, you little idiot! You might as well make up your mind to that." Beth was always inclined to be stern with herself in her thoughts.

She was glad when she reached home, and turned in and climbed the familiar steps. In the front hall, she called to Lyn, and her sister answered from upstairs. "I'm awfully lazy, Beth," Lyn declared cheerfully. "I'm still in bed."

Beth, hanging up the coat and taking off her hat, said: "That's good, Lyn. Are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right."

"Did anybody come in?" Beth was going up the stairs as she asked this, and turned at the top toward her sister's room.

"Yes," Lyn said. "Annie Norton was here." The girl laughed delightedly. "Annie says it's all over town about you, Beth." She pointed a derisive finger at her sister. "Aren't you ashamed of yourself, you old hypocrite? It's scandalous, Beth. It's scandalous, I say."

Beth protested huskily: "Please, Lyn."

Lyn cried contritely: "There, Beth. I ought to be ashamed. But it is such a joke, the way we've fooled everybody. There's not a soul that so much as guesses. Oh I think it's the greatest joke, Beth."

"Yes it is, isn't it Lyn," Beth agreed gently. "How have you been, dear?"

"All right."

"Cough much?"

"Hardly at all, Beth. I've just been lazy."

Beth nodded, turned toward the door. "Take a little nap, if you can," she suggested. "I'll get supper."

"Oh, I've got to get up," Lyn said. "Curt's coming this evening, you know. To take me riding."

Beth looked at her curiously. "You'd better not get up, dear."

"Oh, a ride will do me good," the younger girl declared. "Besides, I'm going to give Curt Shelling a piece of my mind. I told you I was, and I am, too."

"You could do that without going riding with him."

"Well for goodness sake, Beth," Lyn protested. "Don't you want me to have any fun? Besides, I've been shut up in the house all day. I want to get out and get a little air."

Beth hesitated; then she said with a quiet insistence: "You stay in bed till after supper, anyway. We'll see." And when Lyn protested, the older girl's insistence overbore her. Lyn was really tired, and half sick. She was not unwilling to be made to lie abed.

JIM ELDER telephoned that he would not be home for supper. The delivery boy was out with the wagon, and there was no one to leave in the store. So Beth and Lyn had supper together, in Lyn's



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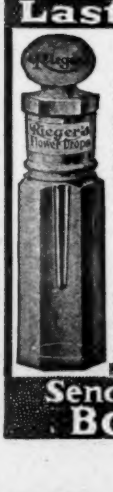
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room; and afterward, when Lyn insisted on getting up, and tried to do so, she found herself so weak and shaken that it was not difficult for Beth to persuade her to stay where she was. She sat beside the younger girl, stroking Lyn's head till Lyn drifted easily off to sleep. Then Beth gathered up the dishes hey had used and went downstairs.

While she was passing through the front hall, she heard Shelling's car stop in front of the house, and through the open front door saw him get out and start toward the steps. Beth hurried to put the dishes out of sight in the dining room, then came back to meet him at the door. She made no move to admit him; and Shelling stood, grinning down at her through the screen and asked cheerfully: "Lyn ready to start?"

Beth shook her head. "Lyn has a headache this evening," she said, and remembering Lyn's fictitious headache of the evening before, she felt absurdly like a parrot. "She's gone to bed."

Shelling laughed unpleasantly. "In those circumstances, I understand that it's customary for me to ask you to go along instead," he told her. "All right. Consider yourself invited."

Beth said: "I'm afraid not."

"Why not?" he insisted cheerfully. "You went last night. I hear?"

Beth, trembling where she stood with a mixture of anger and fear, asked: "Did you deny it?"

"I never contradict a lady," Curt assured her. "At least, hardly ever."

Beth opened the screen door and came out on the porch. She stepped to one side, into the shelter of the vines; and he followed her. Facing him there, she said quietly: "Mr. Shelling, I wish you wouldn't ask Lyn to—go anywhere with you, any more."

Shelling studied her, asked mockingly: "Do I understand that you're offering yourself as a substitute?"

She shook her head. "No."

"I hate to drive around alone," he assured her. "And I think you'd be just as much fun as Lyn."

"Please leave her alone," she urged.

He laughed. "See here," he said. "I've done nothing to be ashamed of, and neither has Lyn. You can't put me in the wrong this way. You've chosen to claim that you were with me last night; and I don't expect to contradict you. But I'm a sociable man. I've got to have company. If you wont come along, Lyn will."

She said: "You're in a position to say almost anything to me. Please don't."

"Come on," he urged. "That's a good girl. I'll show you a good time."

There was no particular passion in her voice, nor in her eyes, as she faced him. But she said slowly: "I'm—pretty desperate, Mr. Shelling. Lyn's all I have in the world. And she's sick. I think perhaps she'll die, before very long. I want you to leave her alone. Let people think whatever they choose of me. Don't—undeceive them. Please."

"You ask a good deal," he said. "But if you'll take her place, I sha'n't kick."

"I'm not asking this," Beth told him monotonously. "I'm bidding you to do these things. If you bother Lyn any more, or if you let people find out the



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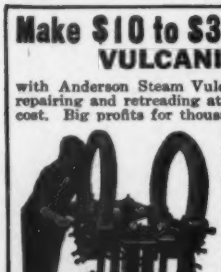
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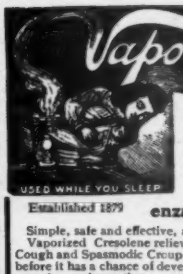
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truth about this, I—I'll find some way to kill you, Mr. Shelling."

He laughed. "It isn't done," he told her. "Not by ladies."

"I want you to go now," she said.

He started to protest again; she walked past him to the door of the house, turned to face him there. "Go away," she repeated.

Before he could speak, she had gone into the house and closed the door behind her. Shelling stood still for a moment, twisting his cap in his hands, his bald head showing strangely white in the dusk. Then he laughed unpleasantly, and went quickly down the steps and down the walk to his car. He started the engine with a roar, drove swiftly away.

BETH went to the dining room, walking like one in a daze, and she took the dishes to the kitchen and washed them slowly, mechanically. She was very tired. When her work was done, she returned to the sitting room and lighted the gas and tried to read; but her thoughts wandered. In the end, she went out on the porch, sitting there in the shadows of the vines, impassive.

She was there when Jim Elder came home, later than usual. He did not see her, would have gone into the house, but Beth spoke to him. Then he exclaimed:

"Why, hello, Beth. Sitting out here all alone? Where's Lyn?"

"Asleep," Beth said. "She's been in bed all day. Resting. She's sick, I'm afraid. I think we—"

Her father did not even hear her; he was too full of his own news. "Fight uptown, tonight, Beth," he interrupted. "Hear about it? Curt Shelling and Trav Hartley had a peacherino of a scrap. I didn't see it, but I heard about it. I hear Trav had the worst of it, too. Shelling's older, but he's bigger, and I guess he put it over Trav. They—"

Beth said quickly: "Trav? A fight, Father?"

"A real scrap," Jim Elder assured her. "Right outside the post office. Just after the mail came in. Curt was there, talking to some men about something. I didn't hear what it was he was talking about. Anyway, that didn't have anything to do with it I guess; because Trav came in and passed them and went to get his mail; and when he went out he says to Curt: 'Come out here a minute, Shelling.' And Curt went out after him. They were talking for a minute, and then Trav let him have it in the nose, and Curt came back at him." He slapped his knee. "Say, I wish I'd been there to see it, Beth. They were all over the street before anybody could stop them. I don't see what anybody would want to stop them for. But the marshal came along, and grabbed Curt, and some one else caught a-hold of Trav. They say Trav was marked up bad. He's got a black eye I hear; and his mouth was mashed. Shelling had a bloody nose, but he got that the first time Trav hit him. Trav had the worst of it all right."

Beth said nothing. She sat still, trembling, furious, tender and angry at the same time. And Elder babbled on, going over the story again and again, drifting into bypaths and returning to the main theme. Beth hated Trav for fight-

ing. She knew what it would mean. "Men are such idiots. Always trying to settle something with their fists," she told herself. And then: "But why didn't he whip him? Why didn't he whip him?" She was furious with Trav for fighting at all, and furious with him for not fighting victoriously, and tenderly sorry because he had been hurt.

ELDER talked on till at last a question from him brought Beth back to attention. "What's the matter with Lyn? Going to bed so early," he asked. "She's usually wide awake in the evening."

"Lyn's sick, father," Beth told him.

"Sick?" he echoed. "Why she was all right last night."

"No, no, she's been sick for months," Beth insisted. "You know her cough is getting worse. She's been in bed all day."

Elder laughed. "Fiddle, Beth. Lyn's a lazy little thing; that's all. Likes to make you do all the work. She don't cough to amount to anything."

"I think we ought to send her—to send her somewhere."

Elder shook his head. "Now, now. That's like as not what she's working for. To go off to some summer hotel and dance all night. Her mother was just like her. Always coughing a little. It never hurt her any."

"It killed her," Beth murmured.

Elder exclaimed: "No it didn't, anything of the kind. She ate something that went wrong with her; that was all. I always said it was boiled cabbage that made her sick. People aint meant to eat boiled cabbage, Beth."

"Dr. Holmes used to say—"

"Him!" Elder snorted. "A lot he knew. He died of a cancer himself, and he always claimed it was just a boil."

"Let's send her away for a little while," Beth urged. "She'd love to go." But she knew, had always known that there was no use in trying to persuade Jim Elder. Garrulous, simple, blind to the life about him, he was yet stubborn as simple people are apt to be, and utterly convinced of his own wisdom. He smothered her now in a flood of words, drifted from Lyn to her mother and back again. Beth was glad when at last he rose and said he guessed he'd go to bed. She bade him good night; and he yawned aloud, and walked slowly to the front door. The gas was lighted in the front hall; and he saw the new coat on the rack, and said:

"That new coat of Lyn's is right pretty, aint it?"

"She doesn't like it," Beth said automatically. "So I bought it from her. It's mine now."

Elder chuckled, slapping his knee. "If that aint just like Lyn! Get a thing, and get sick of it right away. It's a pretty coat, anyhow."

"Yes," Beth agreed. "Good night, father."

After he had gone upstairs, she stayed on the porch for a long time, thinking. Thinking of Trav Hartley, wishing he had not fought with Shelling, knowing that now the tongues of the town would wag indeed. And now and then she wished her father could be persuaded to send Lyn away.

She forgot his having noticed the new coat, almost as soon as he was gone.

(To be continued)

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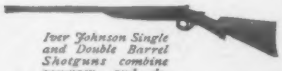
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and tried to ride a bike for the very first time? You thought that you would never learn and then—all of a sudden you knew how, and said in surprise: "Why it's a cinch if you know how." It's that way with most things, and getting a job with big money is no exception to the rule, if you know how.

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TEN DOLLARS A DAY

(Continued from page 52)

Number Seven one day, "how long have you been running an elevator here?"

"Eighteen years, sir—and long ones they've been."

"I'll tell you something, Jim," confided Sanford; "I'm going to make you supervisor of elevators, at two thousand a year. Come to my office tomorrow at ten." He walked quickly away.

Then for inscrutable reasons—which for a time got the whole axle department by the ears—Sanford reached down and plucked out Charlie Lipson, boosting him to the research department on the top floor—Lipson, the man who had demanded and obtained nine-fifty a day for the painters!"

SO it went for a year, until scarcely a department had escaped some such sensation. It was freely talked that something was wrong in Sanford's upper story. High time the directors interfered! Yet some of the shrewder ones perceived—or thought they did—a Machiavellian method in the president's madness.

"It aint crazy he is!" muttered Joe Moscovitch to himself, one night after a meeting of the Secret Strike Committee in Horak's Hall. "A crafty fox he thinks himself, he does. And to his face I'll tell 'im."

Next day Joe—chief of the new disturbers—braved the president in his office to play his little side-game. Joe had a breath born of an illicit highball, and wary eyes like a lynx.

"I'm wantin' a better job," he said, broadly but in cautious tones. He desired no witnesses.

"I'm always glad to hear men say that." Sanford was conciliatory. "It's a good sign when people want better jobs, instead of more money for the old jobs. What would you like, Joe?"

Joe was inherently ugly, and now, bent on a sinister mission, he lost no time in palaver—at which he was poor at best.

"I'm thinkin' I'll be vice-president to youse!" he exploded.

Sanford was urbane. He had been studying Moscovitch quietly for months —seeking a logical way to handle him. Here was a type most difficult to deal with, or to shake off. The serum of personal effort would be hopeless in Joe's case.

"Your ambition is laudable," said the president, after contemplating his caller. "At what salary could the company command your services?"

Joe was at sea. This wasn't the kind of reception he had counted on. Then through his thick skull sifted a suspicion that Sanford was making a fool of him; his face flamed.

"I show youse how much, before I'm through!" he hissed, leaning over the desk. "I'm on to your dirty schemes, Sanford. Every time somebody sticks up his head and kicks about the treatment the boys get, youse come 'long and buy 'em off with a fake job! Oh, the company'll buy me off, too, good and plenty! I want ten thousand dollars

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cash, or as sure as hell there'll be a strike that'll shut youse up for good. Ten thousand, cash!"

Sanford was pale. "From one standpoint your arguments are good," he said. "Any man who holds the power you claim, should be worth ten thousand dollars or more. We might, indeed, make you vice-president at twenty thousand a year. But look here, Joe! I don't believe that we'd deal with a man who deliberately offers to betray his own people."

Moscovitch's eyes blazed with anger and his voice rose to a bellow. He shook his clenched fists in the president's face. Sanford pressed a button on his desk, but Moscovitch, preferring not to be hustled out by the company's seneschals, made his exit ungracefully.

TWO days later the Strike Committee of ten, at Sanford's invitation, lined up in his office. Moscovitch, surly and defiant, headed the group.

"I've asked you here," said the president, "for a final talk before you decide to walk out. What I have to say may or may not influence your decision; but at all events it will interest you. Please sit down.

"A year ago," he began, when the men had bestowed themselves in comfortable chairs, "this company realized that it faced a crisis, and decided on a radical experiment. Our costs had reached their limit, if we hoped to continue in business without again passing along to the public immense increases in prices. Such increases, even if possible, seemed un-American. The rising tide of living expenses threatened the existence of the nation. As we looked at it, the solution could be expressed in two words."

Sanford stood up. "I'm going to hang this slogan on the wall," he said, "because it is the sum of everything I shall say. I want you men to fix it in your minds and keep it there."

He picked up a large square of white cardboard, on which a brief motto stood out in heavy black letters, and tacked it up where it stared at the committee:

PERSONAL EFFORT.

"The company believed," he continued, still on his feet, "that higher wages should be granted only on this basis; that men who received more must in some way compensate by giving more. This is the law of nature, and when we depart from it we invite ruin. If we continue taking everything from the soil without returning an equivalent, we reach the point ultimately where the farm fails us. If we go on using machinery without repairs and replacements, there comes a time when the factory breaks down and no longer pays wages."

Moscovitch, attempting to interrupt, stood up for a moment; but voices shouted, "Sit down—give the president a chance!"

"When I say that you men must give back something for your higher wages," Sanford resumed, "I do not mean you must necessarily give it in physical labor, or extra time. In our opinion, brain work is what we most need.

"Now it seemed almost criminal for the company to continue passing along higher prices to the public without giving any additional value. We were doing



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just what you men did—all of us seemed in the conspiracy together. It was the easiest way—and the great curse of the present era is the tendency to seek our ease. So the company decided to reverse its policy and develop personal effort all through the organization—beginning with the president and ending with the humblest worker. Let me tell you how the thing started."

Briefly Sanford told the story of Hawkins—how he had asked for six hundred dollars because he had married, not for any extra service he had to offer.

"During his four years as a department head," said Sanford, "scarcely anything had he contributed in the way of profit-making ideas or expense reductions. But I wanted to find out definitely whether Hawkins could respond to a real incentive, and I elevated him accordingly. That night I put the whole proposition up to the directors and we agreed to spend whatever sum was necessary to test my theory of personal effort.

"Well, we did our best with Hawkins. We threw in his way books, special outside instruction, and coaching by the best men in the department—besides giving him the sympathetic co-operation of the executive officers. But last week his year of probation expired and we put him back on his old job. This he declined—and quit. We were glad to see him go; he was a leech on us, and on the public. You men help to support thousands of Hawkins' kind. It is you who pay the cost.

"Yes, Hawkins was a failure—but not because he lacked ability. He would not grasp the philosophy that men can climb only through personal effort. We lost our gamble on Hawkins."

THE members of the Strike Committee were listening quietly. Moscovitch's pugilistic countenance, however, was portentous.

"Our next experiment was with Kropak—most of you know that until a year ago he was something of a disturber. He demanded for himself and associates ten dollars a day, instead of seven-fifty; yet for the additional two dollars and a half he offered—nothing. Had we acceded to his demands we must have added the increase to our own prices. Then in turn, it would have gone the rounds and come back to you men; at the grocery store for example.

"Now I studied Kropak—analyzed his abilities and characteristics. Yet he, himself, was the main obstacle in his own way—and in ours. For lack of personal effort he had failed to make his eight languages of any particular benefit to him; he could not write them correctly.

"Here again we went the limit in the way of assistance. We paid Kropak's tuition at night school; gave him half-time for study during business hours, saw that every difficulty was smoothed. For three months he floundered helplessly. Three times he came down to my office, declaring he would go back to the enameling department at seven-fifty a day—that he wasn't worth any more.

"Kropak was ashamed of his ignorance—he had discovered that some men were worth more than others. Three times I sent him back to his hundred dollars a

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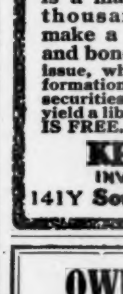
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"Five years before we had started bravely out together! The first month had taught us the old, old lesson that two cannot live as cheaply as one. I had left school in the grades to go to work and my all too thin pay envelope was a weekly reminder of my lack of training. In a year Betty came—three mouths to feed now. Meanwhile living costs were soaring. Only my salary and I were standing still.

"Then one night Mary came to me. 'Jim', she said, 'why don't you go to school again—right here at home? You can put in an hour or two after supper each night while I sew. Learn to do some one thing. You'll make good—I *know* you will.'

"Well, we talked it over and that very night I wrote to Scranton. A few days later I had taken up a course in the work I was in. It was surprising how rapidly the mysteries of our business became clear to me—took on a new fascination. In a little while an opening came. I was ready for it and was promoted—with an increase. Then I was advanced again. There was money enough to even lay a little aside. So it went.

"And now the fondest dream of all has come true. We have a real home of our own with the little comforts and luxuries Mary had always longed for, a little place, as she says, that 'Betty can be proud to grow up in.'

"I look back now in pity at those first blind stumbling years. Each evening after supper the doors of opportunity had swung wide and I had passed them by. How grateful I am that Mary helped me to see that night the golden hours that lay within."

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week. Then suddenly he got a foothold. The microbes of personal effort which we had put into his blood began to develop.

"In the succeeding nine months Kropak's progress was amazing—and only yesterday we gave him a contract at eight thousand dollars for the next year. He's worth that to us. Just think of it, men—for years Kropak was buried in the enameling department, working for a few dollars a day. Even at his own supposedly extravagant valuation, he was worth only ten dollars a day. Yet in reality all that stood between himself and eight thousand a year were twelve months of personal effort."

Sanford paused to give the Strike Committee a chance for comment; but no one spoke. Even Moscovitch had no argument handy.

"Then take the case of Miss McQuirk. I don't need to tell you that within a year she has become the strongest influence in this plant for quality workmanship. But probably you don't know just how it came about.

SANFORD rapidly recounted the story of the near-strike in Lizzie McQuirk's department.

"For herself she demanded only what she asked for the others—somewhere around twenty-two dollars a week. Now the company had been extraordinarily remiss—we frankly admit it—in not discovering Miss McQuirk. Like most of you workmen yourselves, the company hadn't used its head. All through the plant men and women of great possibilities had been undiscovered.

"Well, we gave her a real opportunity, with free swing to develop the girls down below. Let me tell you one thing she accomplished: By means of inventions originated by herself and some of the others, the earnings of those girls have increased forty per cent. They actually *earn* this additional wage by greater production, yet they do it with less effort.

"Miss McQuirk's salary is now five thousand dollars a year. She has raised our inspection standards throughout the plant, and ultimately she will be chief of the entire inspection division, at a salary worthy of such a position.

"Now just one more instance. I don't need to introduce 'Old Faithful.' We gave him fair trial as supervisor of elevators—though it worried us a lot. To guard against accident, one of our engineers spent most of his time for months watching Jim and undoing his blunders.

"In a word, we found 'Old Faithful' utterly incompetent. During his eighteen years on elevators he had not prepared himself in the slightest for promotion; he was no more competent for advancement at fifty than he had been at thirty-two; knew nothing about the mechanics of elevators, though he'd spent all these years on them. What had he done with his evenings? Where were his powers of observation? What was the matter with 'Old Faithful?' He wasn't faithful to himself, was he? And now you'll find him back on Number Seven."

Emotion deepened the lines on Sanford's face. In all the plant he himself was the most striking result of the philosophy he had just depicted so vivid-





It's well to Remember:



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Asthma
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ON SOME COMPLEXIONS WINTER'S WIND BLOWS LIKE A SUMMER BREEZE

Have you ever wondered why?

LIKE the weary, heavy laden traveler that it was, the big, dusty touring car had drawn up in front of the Wiltshire Inn. Slowly the passengers had emerged,—stiffly—awkwardly—

"Absolutely," exclaimed a smartly suited girl, resetting her rakish sailor at a still more rakish angle before the mirror in the hall, "I feel exactly like the grandfather of all nutmeg graters! I am *quite* positive that I have every grain of dust in the State on my person. Bernadine,—*do* let's freshen up a bit before we eat!"

It was only a few minutes later that the women returned to the cosy table which had been secured, freshened and dainty,—so radiant, glowing and fragrant that one unconsciously thought of a flower garden.

"By Jove, Bernadine, you look like a May morning in the country!" remarked a distinguished looking man with an English accent. "In fact,—" he added gracefully, "I must include all you ladies in that classification. But what is the magic? *I* still feel dusty,—my skin is like sandpaper from that beastly wind!"

"Be a good fellow, Bernadine, and let's have some of this wonderful stuff," chimed in her husband,—"what is it,—Hinds Honey and Almond Cream?"

"Of course,—you know it is, you dear silly boy,—I never use anything else, and especially after motoring it soothes you so and takes away all the dusty feeling. Oh! Billy,—do you remember what a time we had with sunburn last summer until we discovered Hinds?"

"Ugh!" grunted Billy, expressively. "I should say I do! And we've never been without it since, have we?"

"Of course not," answered Bernadine,—"no one who has ever tried Hinds ever is." With which enigmatical reply she turned her attention to her oyster cocktail.

* * * *

The ravages of wind and dust play havoc with delicate complexions, chapping the tender skin and often coarsening it permanently, unless care is taken. And a synonym for care is Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. It is the perfection of refinement in complexion creams and may be used at any time. Daily application assures a skin of exquisite softness.

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Hinds Cream Toilet Requisites selling everywhere or mailed postpaid in U. S. A. from Laboratory.

FOR TRIAL: Hinds Honey and Almond Cream 5c. Either Cold or Disappearing Cream 5c. Talcum 2c. Face Powder, sample, 2c; trial size 15c. Trial Cake Soap, 5c. Be sure to enclose amount required, but *do not send foreign stamps or foreign money.*

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220 West St., Portland, Maine



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"DON'T SHOUT"



"I hear you. I can hear now as well as anybody. 'How?' With the MORLEY PHONE. I've a pair in my ears now, but they are invisible. I would not know I had them in, myself, only that I hear all right. The

Morley Phone for the DEAF

is to the ears what glasses are to the eyes. Invisible, comfortable, weightless and harmless. Anyone can adjust it." Over one hundred thousand sold.

WRITE FOR BOOKLET AND TESTIMONIALS

THE MORLEY CO., Dept. 778, 26 S. 15th. St., Phila.

ly. Forty years before, he had begun work in that very machine shop—a boy without influence or money. But now he was not thinking of himself.

"Men," he said, "I have a proposition to make. But first I want to show you something."

He opened a side door, led the committee into a large room from which opened a number of private offices, and bade them look.

THE scene had been staged with an eye for dramatic effect. All the offices were deserted, though furnished with the usual accouterments of executive work; desks were closed, and an air of vacancy prevailed.

"Now," said Sanford, "the company is prepared to continue its experiment and broaden it. We will gamble money on the judgment of you men here today. Is there anyone among you, or among your associates in the ranks, to whom you are willing to trust the responsibilities of this corporation—some man who will give the tremendous personal effort and ability necessary to handle our complicated affairs and enable the company to pay the wages you demand? If so he can have my desk tomorrow, at a salary of twenty-five thousand dollars for the coming year. But if he doesn't make good, you men of course must suffer, along with the owners."

The members of the Strike Committee were mute.

"How about a vice-president?" asked Sanford, with a glance toward Moscovitch. "You may elect one from your ranks if you wish—perhaps this man here would fill the bill—at a salary of twenty thousand. Or if you choose, make him president."

A moment's silence—then a wave of laughter that grew boisterous before it subsided. Moscovitch did not join. But suddenly he stepped forward, his face red and his eyes filled with malice.

"I take your proposition, Sanford!" he shouted. "I'm as good as youse, or any o' your lyin' crowd, and I call your bluff right now. Show me twenty-five thousand bucks a year and I'll run your damn factory. You talk like a ham. Youse people can't put over that gag."

Little Hank Prodnak—whose blue denims at least bore evidence of honest toil—broke the moment of silence that ensued with sarcasm, inelegant but impressive:

"What's bitin' you, Joe?"

Moscovitch drew a great breath of rage. His lips worked impotently as he sought appropriate repartee.

Cries of "Cut it out, Joe!" and "Get the hell out of here!" rose discordantly. Moscovitch found his tongue. He stormed up and down the room, shouting incoherently. Losing all semblance of his own raucous bass, he trumpeted like a mad elephant.

Then half a dozen of the committee seized Joe and marched him out. Leaving him to his own devices, they came back and locked the door.

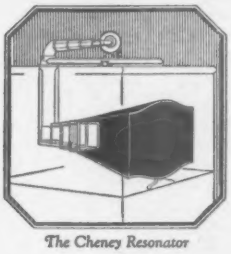
Sanford had been standing the while a silent spectator, with a suspicious twitching of the lips. Now he resumed, as if there had been no interruption:

"Before you vote to strike, men, I want you to consider this offer seriously.

The CHENEY

ALL MUSIC FINDS FULL AND TRUE EXPRESSION IN ITS MELLOW TONES



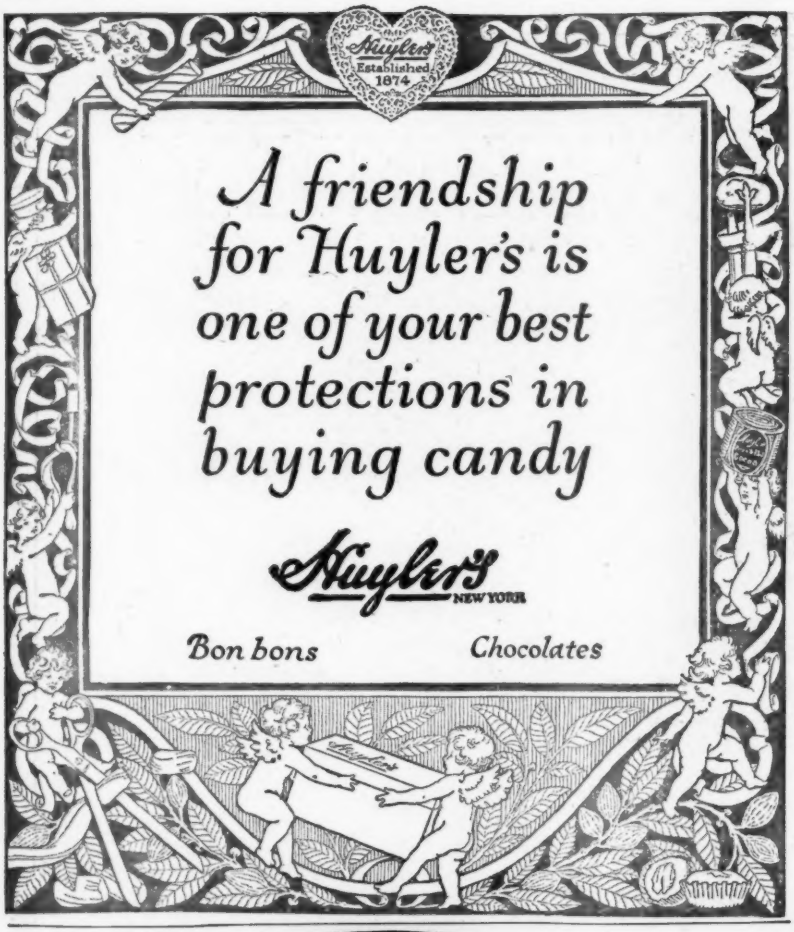


The Cheney Resonator

A VIOLIN'S *Resonance in The Cheney*

THE essential principles of violin construction are found in the resonator of each CHENEY. The form, the wood, the principle are identical. And so the true mellow tonal beauty of that wonderful instrument—the violin—is a distinctive feature of THE CHENEY'S musical quality.

THE CHENEY TALKING MACHINE COMPANY · CHICAGO · NEW YORK · DEALERS EVERYWHERE





These five doors open into salaries each of which runs well into the thousands. These positions are waiting for men who can fill them with greater ability than their present incumbents. But be sure you are not jeopardizing your own interests; feel certain that the men you pick will stand the gaff."

Not hearing any nominations, he went on:

"Well, if you believe you lack ability to fill these higher positions and draw the big salaries, the company offers you the same chance lower down. We want to be fair. Of course we don't expect men to step from the workrooms into the front offices. You men acted intelligently in letting my offer go by default. But now let's get down to a more reasonable basis.

"Select any ten jobs in the factory that you please," he explained, "and name the men competent to fill them—either members of your committee or any of the other workmen—and the jobs will be handed over. The company'll take care of the men now holding these positions; they will not suffer. You may try the experiment for a year, if you really believe any ten of you can produce results for the whole working force and pay the higher wages they ask. Come along, men! We want all the Kropaks and Lizzie McQuirks we can get—only be careful not to put in any of the Hawkins or 'Old Faithful' kind."

NOBODY volunteered, and Sanford took a new tack. "Now many of you men own homes?"

Three of them answered "Yes."

"Mortgaged, I take it," commented Sanford.

Again the three gave affirmative answers.

"Then the company will make its proposition even better," said the president. "You may select the jobs you feel competent to fill, and, if the men under you vote you a success at the end of the year, the company will pay off your mortgages. Now you have a double incentive for personal effort—and for making yourselves everlasting examples to the whole force. What do you say?"

The real meaning of all this was just beginning to simmer into the minds of the committee.

For a minute nobody said anything. Then Bill Sudansky spoke:

"I guess you got a straight flush, Mr. Sanford; it aint no bluff. I'm for stayin' in the game. I got my eye on one job; mebbe I can hold it down and mebbe I can't, but I'll never tackle it younger."

He turned to his companions:

"Look at them hands!" he said, displaying them, palms out. "Pretty good bunch o' calluses—what? But the trouble is there aint none on my brains—I always done all my work with my hooks. Personal effort an' me aint been introduced till today."

Then he faced Sanford, with a new eagerness on his face:

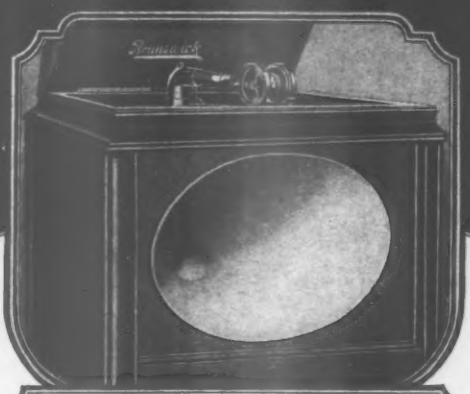
"Say, I'll take you up—and I bet you pay off my mortgage a year from today!"

A few minutes later the nine members of the Strike Committee at the Iron Products plant filed slowly out, and with their exit the impending strike died quietly, painlessly.

The Brunswick Method of Reproduction



An exclusive feature on The Brunswick—plays all records at their best



The Brunswick Oval Tone Amplifier, built to conform to acoustic laws. A great improvement in tone projection.



Among many models, there is a size, price and finish to meet your requirements.

Remove the Grill

Examine the Oval Tone Amplifier

WHEN you examine phonographs, seeking to decide which make you prefer, note the shape of the Tone Amplifier. How does it compare with the oval horn of moulded wood on The Brunswick, as pictured above.

Look at the rear of the Amplifier—is there a cast-metal throat? Is merely the front of wood? Note that no metallic construction is used in the Brunswick Amplifier.

These are vital investigations. For upon the proper application of acoustic laws depends the tone quality of a phonograph.

The Brunswick Tone Amplifier is a later-day development. It brings improvements and refinements. It avoids old-time deficiencies. It brings finer tone, truer artistry.

Other features of the Brunswick Method of Reproduction are similarly superior. The Ultona, for instance, not only plays each type of record better, but it is the *only* one that is counter-balanced. This cushions the contact between needle and record—doing away with the usual "surface" noises. It likewise prolongs the life and beauty of the record.



The Brunswick Method of Reproduction brings many epochal advancements. So no music lover, in face of such developments, can afford to choose a phonograph until he has heard The Brunswick and made comparisons.

Your ear will quickly appreciate Brunswick superiorities, and you will realize that great strides have been made in phonographic reproduction. And in addition, Brunswicks offer exceptional cabinet-work.

Go to a Brunswick dealer. Hear this super-phonograph. Judge for yourself. Ask also to hear Brunswick Records, playable on all phonographs with steel or fibre needles.

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PHONOGRAPHS AND RECORDS

SHEAFFER'S PEN PENCIL S



"I call it my true Companion"

YES, the SHEAFFER Fountain Pen, though a small, is a faithful companion; it says to those light hearts who receive it on birthdays or any other gift occasion: "The one who sent me was not only generous in his gift, but thoughtful in his concern for your happiness. Generous because he paid the price of the most beautiful of pens; thoughtful because he was insistent on obtaining the SHEAFFER, which will never defile your lovely fingers with ink stains, nor cause the shadow of a frown to cross your brow through failure to write at your bidding." Ask at leading stores or write for catalog.

Illustrated—Pen No. 29; smart ebony finish with 14k gold nib and band; $6

W. A. SHEAFFER PEN COMPANY, 215 SHEAFFER BUILDING, FORT MADISON, IOWA
NEW YORK CHICAGO KANSAS CITY DENVER SAN FRANCISCO



Painted for Deltah Perles by Willy Pogany

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"L'Art Moderne ne peut rien ajouter de plus au parfum, que je n'en ai apporté à ma conception suprême, le Djer-Kiss." —*Kerkoff, Paris.*

Translation:—Modern Art can bring no more to perfume than I have brought to my supreme conception, Djer-Kiss.

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An *odeur* so distinctive! So French! So smart! The charm of refined individuality is engagingly enhanced by Djer-Kiss. Supreme creation of that French genius Kerkoff, that master innovator in fragrancing, he makes it for you *Madame et Mademoiselle,* in Paris only.

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